BRITANNIA and EVE

MAY 1941

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1/3

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 22, No. 5 MAY, 1941

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by *Mold*

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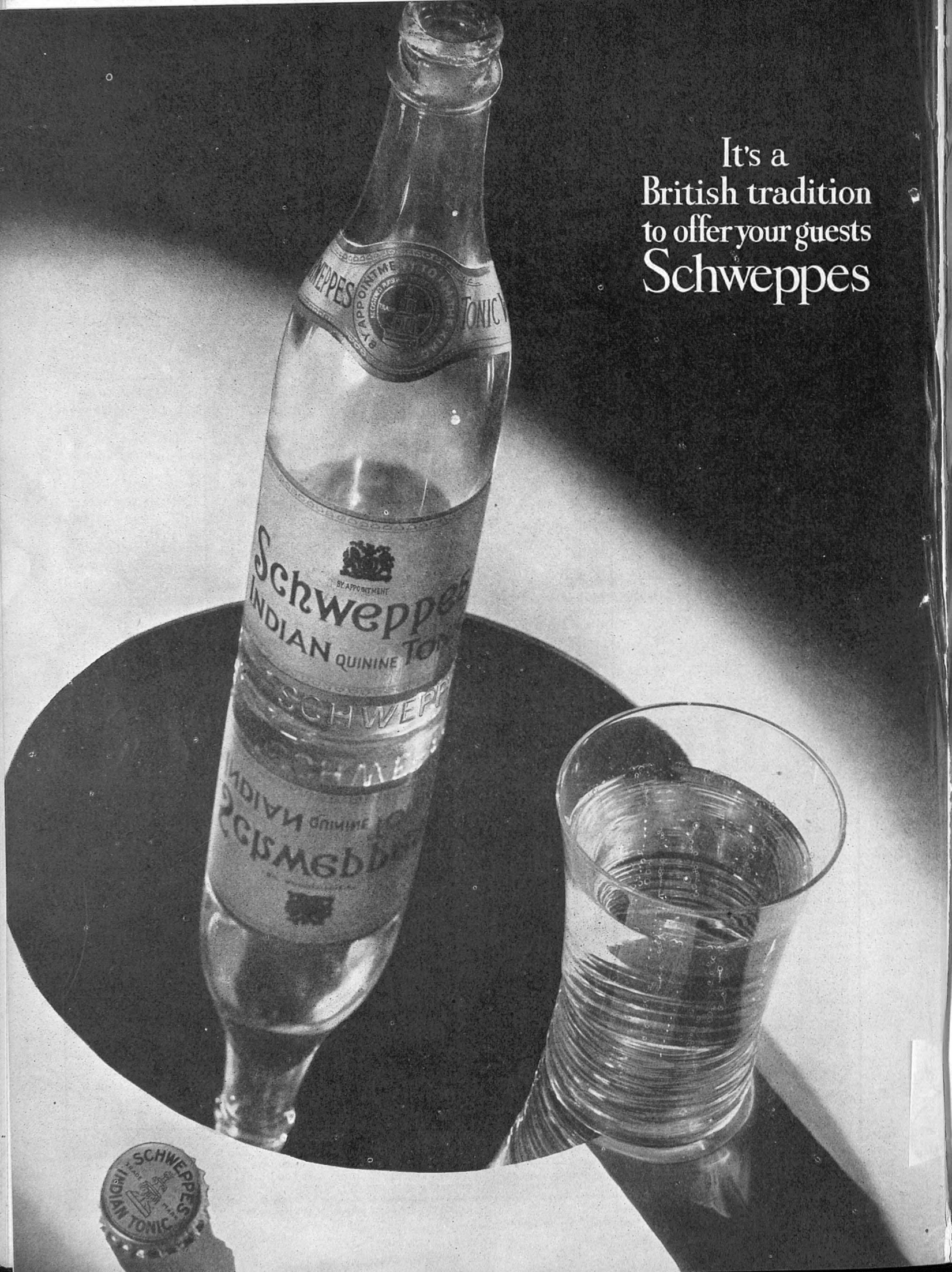
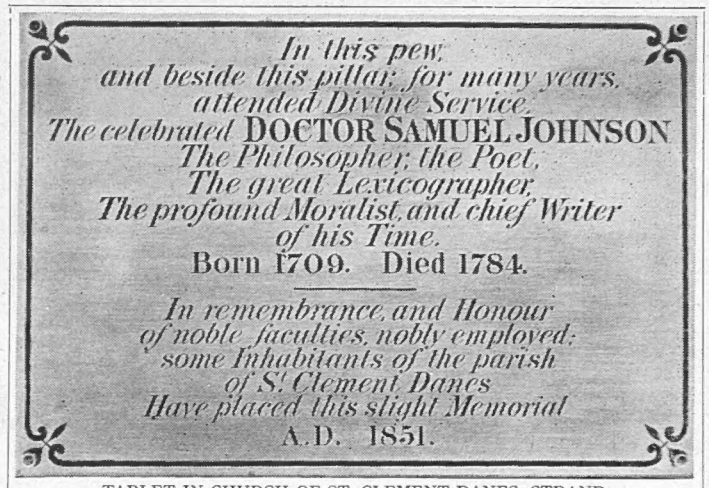

It's a
British tradition
to offer your guests
Schweppes
BY APPOINTMENT
INDIAN QUININE
SCHWEPPES
INDIAN TONIC

BRITISH HISTORY IN STONE

No. 5

Dr. Samuel Johnson


In this pew,
and beside this pillar, for many years,
attended Divine Service,
The celebrated DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON
The Philosopher, the Poet,
The great Lexicographer,
The profound Moralist, and chief Writer
of his Time.
Born 1709. Died 1784.
In remembrance, and Honour
of noble faculties, nobly employed:
some Inhabitants of the parish
of St. Clement Danes
Have placed this slight Memorial
A.D. 1851.

TABLET IN CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES, STRAND, REFERRING TO PEW 18 IN THE NORTH GALLERY

CRUELTY, wit, courage, dirt, patriotism, corruption, a good eye for colour and a strange assortment of sovereigns were all milestones of eighteenth century England. Hogarth's pictures of sweating humanity hung on one wall, with Reynolds's varnished noblemen hanging upon the other.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, sage and wit, spanned this century as did no other man. He was taken as a boy to be cured of the King's Evil by the touch of Queen Anne (without success) and remembered her as "a lady in diamonds and a long black hood."

He met Flora Macdonald in her own house, "a little woman of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred." He lived in the reigns of three Georges, and had an audience of the Third of them. He lived through the victories of Clive and Wolfe, through the Rebellion of '45, and he watched in London while the American colonies were lost by stupid statesmen.

But yet why was this boorish and scrofulous old fat man so famous?

Perhaps because he held the unofficial position of sage of London. He was consulted and listened to as Bernard Shaw has been in the twentieth century. His epigrams and definitions were quoted by the highest in the land. His eccentricities and John Bull rudeness were in the spirit of a grotesque and crude era.

Johnson was born in 1709 in the red-cathedral town of Lichfield, the son of a bookseller. He was brought up literally surrounded by books; a sickly and ill-favoured youth, shaking with the St. Vitus dance. But he contrived to get to Oxford, and was a student at Pembroke, where his poverty was so extreme that his clothes were usually in rags. Once a kind fellow student, noticing his shoes without soles, placed a new pair outside Johnson's door. But Samuel threw them away with proud anger. He was so poor, indeed, that he finally had to leave Oxford without his B.A.

STATUE OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON IN ST. CLEMENT DANES CHURCHYARD

After an attempt at schoolmastering Johnson drifted to London with a few pence in his pocket and an urgent desire to write, which he soon commenced to do in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, a high-class journal of the period.

From 1737 to his death forty-seven years later he was almost continuously in residence somewhere between Fleet Street and Holborn. And usually holding court to his admirers, the most assiduous of whom was the sycophantic Scot, James Boswell, a gossip-minded writer who focused all his alertness on the one man—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, David Garrick and Oliver Goldsmith were some of the regular attendants on Johnson.

Sometimes they would arrive at breakfast time. Then the great lexicographer would make some attempt to dress his massive frame. Usually he lay about in bed drinking tea all morning.

About two o'clock he would start dining, and would stay at the table in his club or a tavern until bedtime. A dirty, slightly deaf, palsied old man with one almost blind eye. But a brain sharper than most of his contemporaries; and a prodigious memory.

In 1747 he started on his great task of compiling a dictionary of the English language. It took him eight years, and he did it single-handed, save for six assistants in the more mechanical side of the compilation. Boswell says that a Dr. Adams questioned his ability to undertake it alone. "The French Academy, which consists of forty members," he said, "has taken forty years." But Dr. Johnson replied: "Let me see; forty

(*Continued on page 62*)

BUCKLAND IN THE MOOR

Britain Changing

THE map of Britain is in one of its periodic topsy-turvy states to-day.

Quiet towns have become industrial cities, neglected ports are ajostle with shipping, forgotten villages are thronged with strange foreign folk, wealthy residential districts are marked as "distressed areas," seaside towns are bankrupt and deserted.

Who can help wondering this spring whether it will ever be the same again?

But, of course, it never is the "same again." England is always in a state of flux, its population forever doing a caravan act from one side of the island to the other.

Brighton? A few weeks ago they put the senior seaside town into a Defence Area. To "run down to Brighton for the day" now means to do it in a Bren gun carrier or tank. It's very hard to get to the sea anywhere on the eastern side of Britain. And, bottled-up as we are, the urge to spread to the rim of the island is instinctive.

It was just this same urge that gave birth to Brighton in the reign of George IV. Until then bathing in salt water was considered almost as dangerous as fresh air in the bedroom at night. Then came the Court to Brightlingstone, and the Pavilion and Mrs. Fitzherbert; and, lo and behold, there were Sidmouth, Teignmouth, Bournemouth, Bognor, Hastings and two score more fishing settlements rushing up Regency-style buildings, where yesterday was shingle and, spread upon it, nets and lobster pots.

Who knows what will be Brighton's fate at the close of the reign of George VI?

This much is certain: the seaside towns have been reprieved for some years to come. Their enemy was the fleet of unwanted passenger liners which was created by the depression of the 'thirties. For one pound a day you could cruise about the world instead of being anchored to "The Marina" or "Bloggs' select Private Hydro."

There was a changing Britain for you! Now they can be sure there will be no unwanted ships for years.

But in wondering what England will be like after this war, see what happened in the last war.

The most remarkable change was in London, which became the most progressive industrial city in the Kingdom. Hundreds of new industries flocked southwards, attracted by the facilities of the capital. Great factory areas sprang up along the Great West Road and Western Avenue, where last war (indeed, until fifteen years ago) were orchards and farms. The growth of London was more rapid than any city in the world except Los Angeles.

What was one reason for this?

The English conservatism of the north. During the fifteen years after the last war not one new industry was introduced into Glasgow! Not a motor car was made, not a wireless set, not a talking picture. Enterprise drifted to London in a steady flow. So what do you have? The London tubes stretching their tentacles far out into the countryside, new "towns" with their own big shops and cinemas; so that when Hitler's Luftwaffe comes to bomb London it has a target of some four hundred square miles presented to it.

Changing Britain!

I went into an old inn in Worcestershire the other day. It has seen nearly five centuries of change. A hundred years ago it was facing ruin. The stage coaches were being driven off the roads by the steel horse. For nearly eighty years the inn (like tens of thousands of others up and down the country) was indeed a "local." The next village was furrin' parts. Then came the cheap-priced car. The inn woke up again. People from distant counties, from London, called in. Some even stopped the night on the way to resorts. Two more bedrooms were furnished. A new bath was put in.

And now this second war, which has brought to the inn people from all over

WEST WYCOMBE BUCKS

THATCHED COTTAGES, WELFORD-ON-AVON

Its Face Again

The Pendulums of Social Life and Industrial Development are Swinging Again

By Gordon Beckles

the world. The village has in turn been a Canadian town, an Indian village, a Polish encampment, another Canadian town and just at the moment it is largely cosmopolitan Ritz, and beneath the chimney pediment bearing the arms of Elizabeth flustered natives of Worcester struggle with "Old Fashioneds," "Manhattans," and "Horse's Necks."

Yet when many of our grandfathers were born, this village and thousands like it *were* England.

The bulk of the population at the time of the last would-be invader (i.e., the turn of the eighteenth-nineteenth centuries) was in a belt stretching diagonally across from Norwich and Ipswich to Bristol and the Dorset coast. Touching London, of course. The area embraced parts of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Middlesex, Oxfordshire, Dorset, and Somerset. It was distinctly a rural England. It was the England you can still—thank Heaven!—see much of when you leave the petrol-pump routes, notably in Oxfordshire, which is a county of culs-de-sac and villages that seem to have been lost even by the map-makers.

Then came the industrial revolution, which was to make England—and, in particular, a slice of Lancashire and Yorkshire—the factory of the world. Between 1800 and 1900 the population of England and Wales increased by twenty million people. Less than three million were added to the population of the villages. But to the new towns of the factory world went over seventeen million people!

Within a hundred miles of Manchester there was at the end of the last war :—

1. Half the population of the British Isles ;
2. Over three times the population of Australia, and more than the combined populations of Canada and South Africa ;
3. The equivalent of the total white population of the British Empire overseas.

All this could have been seen taking place by a man born in 1830, and told at first hand to a grandson still in his thirties to-day. And the man now still in his thirties can reflect that he, too, has seen one of the pendulums swing back in a dramatic manner. For with the industrial era came the demand for coal, and with it the demand for Welsh coal. The lonely Welsh valleys, notably the Rhondda, sprouted pit-heads. Before the last war there was so much work going on that opera and musical comedy companies used to start the first of their thrice-daily performances at eight o'clock in the morning!

But now it was to be an age of oil. Hundreds of thousands of Welsh "workers" did no work. And so it was that half an hour from London you could stroll into a club and hear only Welsh spoken, and that the booking office at Merthyr Tydvil sold more tickets to Slough than to any other place in the Kingdom. Slough had been a last-war military dump, and a post-war scandal. It has grown into a remarkably versatile industrial centre—largely Welsh in its character.

Districts like Becontree are interesting specimens of recent changes in Britain's face. The L.C.C. (*Continued on page* 54)

Fighters over France

The Adventures of a Polish Flight in a Daylight Raid

By Arkady Fiedler

ON January 23 of this year, the official war bulletin gave a report, in laconic and tense words, about a Polish Fighter Flight which had put up a good show the day before.

Six fighter pilots belonging to one of the most renowned Polish squadrons had made two attacks, in Hurricanes, on occupied France during daylight, and had given the Germans something rather bitter to think about.

"The Jerries will have some funerals to-morrow—and some strafe reports, too!" laughed one of the pilots crawling out of the cockpit of his Hurricane. Then he told me the amazing story of their adventure—an adventure which is now becoming almost an everyday occurrence to them.

The raid was led by a flight officer, an ace pilot and fine commander, who had already gained the Polish V.C. (called the "Virtute Militari") and the British D.F.C. in this war. One of the most valiant of the Polish fighters, he was a mild, suavely smiling, charming fellow to his friends, and a hard and bitter enemy to the Germans.

The flight had instructions to attack all military objects on the French coast, especially German aerodromes between Calais and the River Somme; therefore, the commander split up his unit into three groups, each of them consisting of two fighters and acting on its own.

When they started at noon the weather was ideal; the south of England was covered with dense clouds. In the usual English fashion the weather was only ideal over England. As soon as they left the coast the clouds dispersed and, after five minutes flight they found themselves in brilliant sunshine. The coast of France, sparkling under a cloudless sky looked like a paradise, but in reality it was a dangerous and forbidden Eden. An attack in such weather would have been a senseless courtship with suicide.

Consequently when, on approaching the French shore, the pilots saw patrolling Messerschmitts scattered about, they turned back. In this way the first group returned, then the second, and at last—the leader of (*Continued on page* 56)

1, The Field Mass which General Sikorski attended during his visit to Polish troops in North Britain; 2, General Sikorski, the Polish Premier and Commander-in-Chief, decorating the banner of the Polish Highland Brigade which fought at Narvik; 3, General Sikorski decorating a squadron leader wounded on active service

A Memory for Faces

Once Seen Never Forgotten Was Cunningham's Strong Point

By Stanley Jackson

LINDA inspected her finger nails. "If I manage to vamp this snake what then? And what about my work?"

THE Universal Café was humming with chatter. Clouds of tobacco smoke drifted to the ceiling. The band, consisting of the only five women left in Gibraltar, was rendering "Roll out the Barrel" with enormous gusto, while some Scottish troops of the Black Watch, their khaki shirts open almost to the waist, stamped their feet and joined in the chorus.

Sub-Lieut. John Cunningham was feeling the heat, despite his neat cool-looking uniform of white drill. But perhaps he was more sensitive than the wiry seasoned troops of the garrison. He was a bulky man of about forty with a rather florid face which set off the keen blueness of his eyes. He had been a rowing man at Oxford, and like most athletes, he had put on weight when condemned to a sedentary life.

But the heat alone was not responsible for the frown on his face as he sipped his coffee. At the outbreak of war he had been called up by the R.N.V.R. and sent out to Gibraltar.

What a thrill it had been to leave his chambers in the Temple and dash out into the Strand to be measured for his uniform! Years of practice at the Old Bailey, with all the excitement and drama of the criminal courts, had failed to cure him of a yearning for the sea. In the last "show" he had gone straight from Oxford to serve on a destroyer. He had never forgotten the rough-and-tumble and the glorious comradeship of life in the *Termagant*. And here he was in Gibraltar, not knocking hell out of the Italians but kicking his heels with the Contraband Control!

Ferguson tossed him a cigarette. He was a lean Scot with a rubbery face and a smile which needed little encouragement. In peace time he had been a customs officer; his new job with the C.C. was a busman's holiday, but he got a big kick out of boarding neutral ships and looking for contraband. They made a good team; while Ferguson's busy fingers poked into suspect cargoes Cunningham kept his eye on the crew and passengers, his legal training a great help in cross-examining people who might not be all they seemed.

"You know, Jack, I'm damned glad I met you," Ferguson observed suddenly. "If ever I decide to bump off my mother-in-law I know you'll get me off!"

Cunningham's massive shoulders heaved with laughter. You couldn't be moody very long with a man like that around.

"What about a bathe in Catalan Bay?" he suggested. "I'm not on duty until four."

Ferguson nodded, but his companion was suddenly engrossed in a photograph which he had just spotted in the newspaper on the table. He stared at it intently and then gave a little whistle of surprise.

"Ever seen that little fellow before?" he asked quietly, handing Ferguson the paper with his thumb on a front-page picture. It was a large picture showing Ciano shaking hands with Suñer, General Franco's brother-in-law, but Cunningham's thumb had rested upon a man who stood in the group of officials photographed at the station in Rome.

"It's too blurred to tell," replied Ferguson, scrutinising the photograph. "Looks like a little fat wop to me," he added.

Cunningham sat back in his chair. "Do you recall a Greek freighter named *Cyclops?*"

Ferguson scratched his left ear.

"Wasn't she out of Piræus heading for New York? Cargo of dried fruits, I believe."

The other nodded quickly. "Well, you'll remember that she was carrying a few passengers, mostly Greek merchants."

The Scot took another look at the picture. "Come to think of it," he murmured, "this bloke looks like one of them." He looked up suddenly.

"Wasn't he an oily cove, very keen to inform us that he was pro-British inside out?"

Cunningham stubbed out his cigarette and got up. "Come on, my lad," he said briskly, hailing the waiter, "this needs looking into."

On the way back to the base he said little, but his lips were pursed. The "oily cove" had left an unpleasant impression upon him at the time. Used to sizing up people of every class, he had taken an instant dislike to the little Levantine who looked like the cat who

Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

had just swallowed the canary. The man had answered his questions satisfactorily and his papers were in order, but his very blandness had worried Cunningham. The man seemed to be crowing to himself. What struck him most, however, was the Greek's lack of a front tooth. Whenever he smiled, which was practically all the time, the gap seemed to split his face.

Back in his room, Cunningham turned up the records for examinations since the beginning of the year. Yes, here was the *Cyclops* with details of her cargo and the passport number of each passenger. The man he wanted was "Nicholas Lupagos, Greek merchant and shipper—46—visa for the United States and Canada issued November, 1939."

Cunningham looked once again at the newspaper photograph. He could have sworn that Lupagos and the man standing behind Ciano were one and the same; he had always prided himself on never forgetting a face.

He stared uneasily out of the window with its beautiful view of the Bay of Algeciras. If his hunch were right this Lupagos had not wasted much time in the States; here he was, back again in Rome, and apparently very much *au fait* with Ciano's staff.

He paused on his way up to Naval Intelligence, deciding that it might be better to make sure before worrying Sir Reginald. He turned into the wireless room and asked Graham if he could lay his hands upon an epidiascope.

"Certainly, sir," said the operator. "I'll set it up for you in the dark room."

Five minutes later the photograph was projected upon a large screen. The enlarged features convinced Cunningham that he had made no mistake, but the little demonstration had brought out one feature which was not clear in the newspaper. Mr. Lupagos, the Greek merchant, was wearing the uniform of an Italian major!

He waited impatiently in the little ante-room outside Sir Reginald King's office. This was the first time he had ever been in that part of the building known to the staff as "I," but the Naval Intelligence chief was a member of his club in London and they had lunched once or twice in "Gib."

Sir Reginald appeared abruptly. "Come in, old man," he boomed, "Sorry to have kept you waiting."

They exchanged a little small talk but, at last, the intelligence man leaned back with a thoughtful smile. Cunningham, wasting no words, handed him the newspaper clipping.

"Do you know the man standing behind Count Ciano?" he queried.

Sir Reginald studied the picture through a magnifying glass before looking up with a slightly puzzled smile.

"Most people do," he remarked. "It's Bellini, one of the Fascist second string. I believe he's in Farinacci's department, but what he's doing masquerading as a Greek merchant defeats me." He tugged at his white moustache. "I'll get in touch with one of our men on the other side and try and find out what Bellini's up to in New York. Anyway, thanks very much for the tip."

They had a drink together and, apropos of nothing, Sir Reginald asked if Cunningham was enjoying life in Gib."

"Frankly, no. It's a bit dull poking into crates and bales," grinned the ex-lawyer stretching his long legs.

Sir Reginald waved him to the door. "You old destroyer men are all alike," he grumbled, "always wanting a fight on your hands. Still, I can't blame you. I'd like to feel a deck under me again instead of sitting at this desk all day." As he went out Cunningham saw something very like a boyish wink in Sir Reginald's right eye.

A MONTH later Cunningham was on his way to New York, to work for the British Purchasing Mission. How and why he was chosen he had no idea; you never could tell in the services. Here he was about to take up an administrative job without the slightest knowledge of business methods or finance! He had a suspicion that Sir Reginald might have put in a word about a transfer.

America seemed like a dream-world after Gibraltar; every one talked war, of course, but it was difficult to accustom himself to the dazzling street lights after blacked-out Europe; more than once, he felt a cad as he waded into a hearty meal, knowing that millions of people in England were suffering pain and discomfort. Contrary to his expectations, his job was quite interesting. He worked in the department which arranged for the purchase of American-built seaplanes. His special duty was to interview factory owners and manufacturers, and to sift preliminary details about sites, working capacity and personnel. Much to his surprise, he found that his legal training and experience gave him a solid background for this kind of work.

Had he been frank with himself he would have admitted that his secretary had a good deal to do with his contentment. Linda Mercer had been in New York since she was five and,

although she was London-born, her accent and personality were as American as the Empire State building. She was tall with a perfect figure, thick red hair and enormous blue eyes. And she was engagingly frank. Accustomed to a very deferential barrister's clerk, Cunningham had gasped when Miss Mercer greeted him with the words:

"So, you're my new boss. Well, I might have done worse, I guess!" But the warm friendly smile had taken the sting out of what would otherwise have struck him as the grossest impertinence.

From the start she had taken him in tow. She it was who found him a small quiet hotel not far from the offices in Wall Street. A little doubtfully, he had allowed her to show him the sights of New York. An evening which had begun with a drive along Broadway had ended in the early hours at the Cotton Club, where they had danced to Louis Armstrong's orchestra. Cunningham decided that he hadn't had so much fun in years; but the following morning he avoided her eye. There was a moment in the taxi when her face had lost its hard mask and he had nearly kissed her.

He had been in New York nearly three months when he saw Bellini for the second time. Once again, he had to thank Linda's cheekiness for this lucky chance. Much against his better judgment he had gone to a meeting of the "Friends of America."

Bellini's arms and legs were strapped down, and a policeman was standing over him with a rubber truncheon

"They 're cranks and probably Fifth Columnists, hiding behind a pacifist front," she had told him. "But it 'll do you good to see what we 're up against over here. Besides, there 's bound to be some fun, and I might need your protective fists."

Almost the first person Cunningham saw in the hall was the "Greek merchant." Bellini was on the platform, looking very bored while a speaker was explaining that America had no right to interfere in Europe. Amid a storm of boos and catcalls, he went on to denounce British policy, reminding his audience of the unpaid war debts, the number of American soldiers killed in the Great War, and the folly of selling 'planes to an all-but-defeated England. A free fight started in the hall, and someone crowned the speaker with a chair. He subsided with a very dazed expression.

Seeing Bellini hurry from the platform, Cunningham pushed Linda towards the exit.

"Sorry I can't take you home," he breathed. "I 've got a job on hand." Before she could protest, he was picking his way through the crowd. He stayed long enough to avoid a bottle and clip his assailant on the jaw. Bellini had meanwhile left the hall by the back-door, but Cunningham saw him a few yards up the street waving for a cab. The meeting had broken up before the scheduled hour, and all the cabs were taken. The Italian shrugged and started walking towards 52nd Street, his short legs snipping through space like a pair of scissors.

Cunningham was quite out of breath when his quarry stopped abruptly and entered the Lexington Hotel. He waited for a few minutes, not quite knowing what to do. It might be risky to ask the reception clerk if Bellini was staying there; the Italian might be in the lobby, and would, quite possibly, recognise him. After all, he wasn't the only man on earth with a good memory for faces! He entered a drug-store and looked up the 'phone number of the Lexington.

A thrill of excitement ran through him as he waited for the operator to put him through. There might be nothing in Bellini's visit to the States, but he had a hunch that the fellow was as vicious as a mamba.

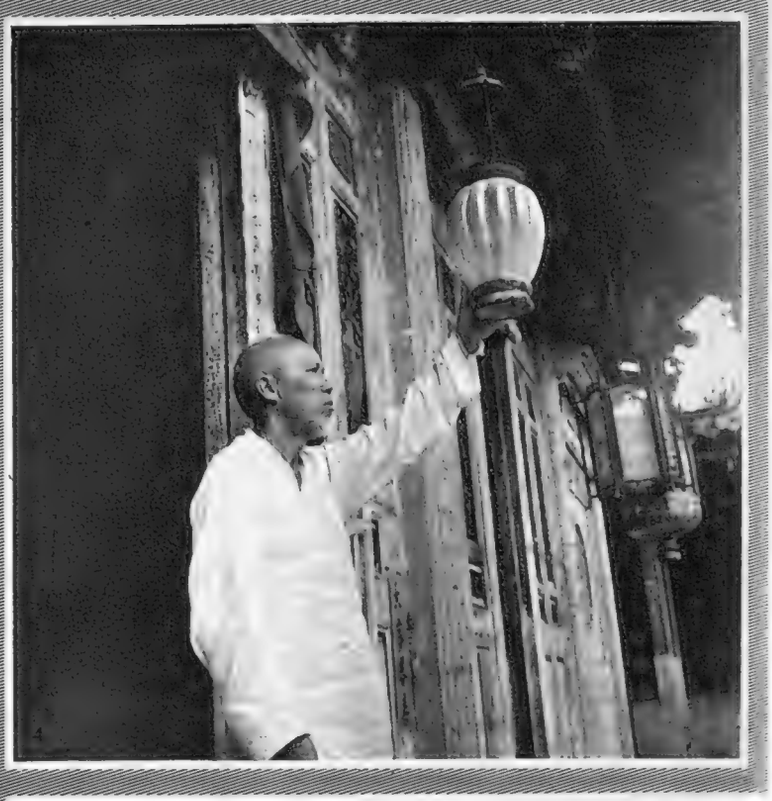
A canned voice crackled over the wire. "Hotel Lexington. At your service."

"Can I speak to Mr. Lupagos?"

There was a pause. Had Bellini stuck to his assumed name or switched back again? To his relief, the girl's voice replied, instead of the Italian's.

"Mr. Lupagos has a private line, sir," she answered. "Would you like the number?"

Cunningham noted it down, but did not telephone. Private number, eh? Apparently Mr. Bellini (Continued on page 75)



1. An open-air Chinese restaurant in Singapore. The principal items of food served are rice and dried fish.
2. A roadside fish market in the Chinese quarter.
3. The roadside is the native craftsman's workshop. Here is one repairing a gramophone motor.
4. A Chinese priest lighting a candle lantern prior to devotions at the Siong Lim See Temple.
5. A gong shaped like a monstrous fish in the Siong Lim See Temple.

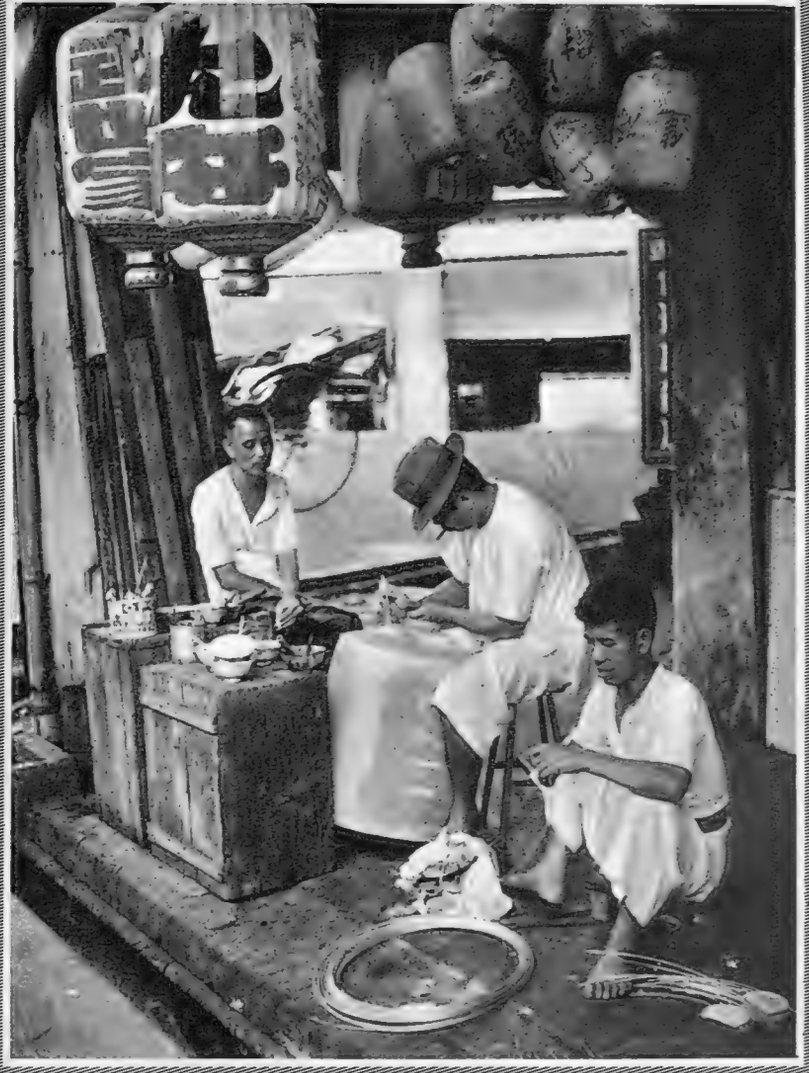
In Wartime Singapore

A SHELL screamed overhead. "Some gun!" remarked a traveller to a British Tommy on the Bund at Singapore. When asked the calibre of the weapon he wittily remarked: "Can't say; but if you picked up a 2-ton elephant and hurled it 25 miles that would not beat it."

Just why we should have spent fifteen years of labour and many millions of pounds sterling upon the fortifications of this far-flung outpost is obvious. Along with Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Colombo and Hong Kong, it guards our trade routes to the Far East and to Australia. A large expeditionary force from Australia has landed at Singapore, which is now acknowledged to be the strongest military base in the Far East. Bombers and other aircraft have been flown there from the United States.

America realises the importance of Singapore, dominating as it does the south-east corner of Asia, from which she gets nearly all her much-needed rubber, tin, quinine, and certain other strategic commodities. If some unfriendly Power took Singapore and the Netherlands Indies and closed these sea lanes to commerce, America's position as an industrial nation would be seriously affected. So says the United States Army and Navy Munitions Board in its study of America's raw material deficiencies. The report names fourteen "strategic" items as necessary to that country's wartime defence.

Singapore has been described as the wonder city of the East. When Sir Stamford Raffles, an adventurous Englishman, purchased the island upon which Singapore stands from the Sultan of Johore for the sum of £12,500 and an annual annuity upon his life of £5000, it was an unhealthy, fever-stricken tract, the haunt of pirates, the habitation of tigers, poisonous reptiles and giant pythons, inhabited by a few score of savage Malay fishermen. The transformation of this island into a healthy, habitable region and the building upon it of a great city, tenth among the ports of the world, is, in brief, the romantic

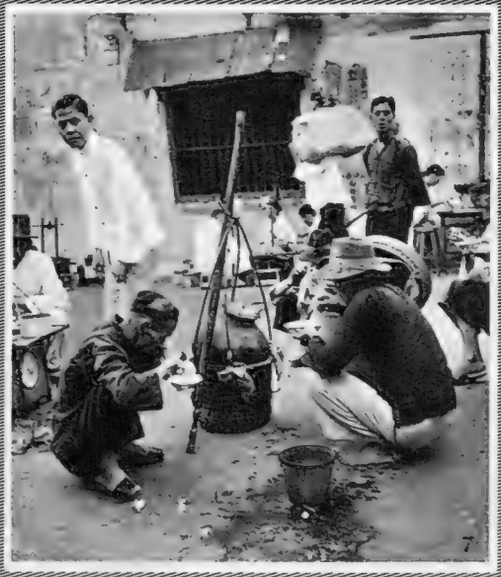


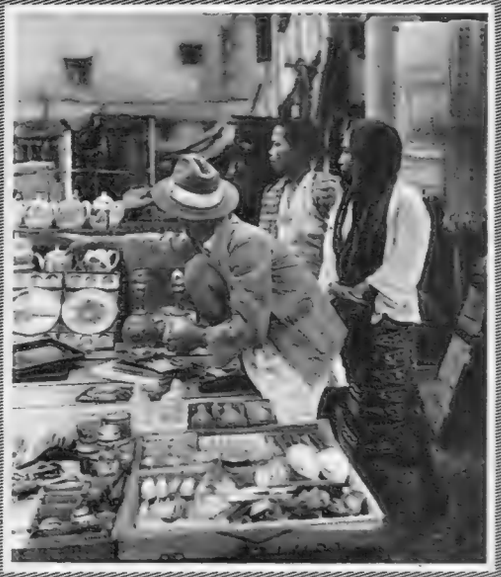
6. Native craftsmen at work making Chinese lanterns.
7. Business is brisk at this roadside restaurant. A case of sitting on your haunches.
8. Malay women contemplating purchases at a Chinese street stall.
9. Spare parts for all purposes. A junk-vendor's street display at Singapore.
10. Another version of the roadside snack-bar. One man, one basket, one customer.

Sights and Scenes in Britain's Far Eastern Stronghold

By

Harold J. Shepstone





story of Singapore. To-day the island, which is about half as large again as the Isle of Wight, separated from the mainland by a narrow strip of water less than a mile in width and now spanned by a causeway carrying road and railway track, is covered with thriving plantations. Piracy has been put down. The tigers have gone, so have most of the reptiles, and the savage natives have been tamed.

The story of those pioneering days has never been fully told. This is what one historian wrote of Singapore in pirate days. " All along the beach there were hundreds of human skulls, some of them old, some fresh, with hair still remaining, some with teeth and some without." Pirates would go aboard a ship as passengers, with guns in their hand baggage, and then, at an opportune moment, shoot their way to the bridge and seize the ship. They would even report by wireless to company's agents, giving false position and saying " All 's well." Then, at a convenient place, would they run the ship ashore and loot her. (*Contd. on p.* 56)

Palante instinctively drew back, though his fascinated gaze barely left the hissing, eroding pool on the floor

"LARGER pipette, please, Collins!" said the man in the stained white coat over his shoulder. He was absorbed in the maze of chemical apparatus before him. A moment later he repeated the order, turning in annoyance, and saw that the laboratory was empty. He then realised that it was, of course, Saturday afternoon. No wonder he had vaguely noticed a desolate air about the huge building on his return from a hasty lunch. And his three personal assistants were naturally away—probably, on a sweltering day like this, off to the country. He frowned. He knew he was forgetful, and there was a tricky experiment he had particularly wanted to get ahead with: his mind had been bent on it all through his meal. Still, he could manage. His small but spare form bent to the table. His pale, keen face was once more alight with enthusiasm, the lips half-parted over the firm chin. It was a strange mixture of a face, the features of a man of action, the eyes of a dreamer. A queer fish was the general verdict on Arthur Phillips. No one really

Summer Afternoon

A Blackmailer, to His Discomfort, Receives a Lesson in Chemistry

By Anthony Armstrong

knew what was going on in that wonderful brain which dealt with chemical formulas long as your arm as though they were pet names for a bunch of kids.

For at forty-five Arthur Phillips was already accepted as one of the most brilliantly original research chemists in the country. Large as his salary was, it was still probably far less than he was worth and Messrs. British Commercial Chemists knew it. He might be a queer fish and his moods might unpredictably vary from charming vagueness to offensive autocracy, from complete aimlessness to complete self-absorption, but he was a most valuable man. The perfectly equipped private laboratory, the three personal assistants, the many lesser fry, and the deference with which the firm treated him, testified both to their open realisation of his value and their hidden fear that he might one day leave them for a rival concern. Not that the idea ever occurred to Arthur Phillips. Nothing much, outside his immediate activities, occurred to him, until the actual situation came up and slapped him in the face.

He continued to work.

A LOST breeze strayed through the window, bringing the general warm-asphalt, burnt-petrol smell of summer London and, as an overtone, the particular Camden Town aroma of sultry decay. It touched his brow clammily and he straightened up, easing his back, and let his brain run idle a moment. The sun-splashed laboratory was silent as a tomb. He thought of Collins and the others away off in the country with their girls. He broke off suddenly. Girls! By, god, Marjorie! He went quickly to his coat hanging in the little office and fingered through a diary. Wasn't he to have dined with her last night and gone down to . . .

No, thank heaven, it was to-night. That was a near one! Not that Marjorie would have minded—very much. She always made allowances for his little weakness. She just laughed her serene comfortable gurgle and never grew petulant at his mental lapses. That was because she loved him, he supposed, and his lips suddenly curved in a tender smile. She'd never loved any one before, he reckoned—certainly not her husband. And that was another thing he kept forgetting, that she was married. Luckily she always organised their meetings so that suspicion never touched them. Her husband was a nasty little bit of work.

REPLACING the diary his fingers encountered a battered carton of cigarettes. As he pulled one out his thoughts went off on another tack. He remembered for the twentieth time that, having recently lost his cigarette case, he had promised himself a really good new one, to celebrate his discovery two weeks ago of Compound 214; for each time he achieved some minor triumph, he awarded himself, as it were, a decoration to chronicle the event. Marjorie—the knot in his handkerchief, as she called herself—kept reminding him about the case, of course, but there was never an opportunity when he was with her—stolen meetings at obscure restaurants, or week-ends in country villages when her husband was away. His mind reverted to her husband. Slimy, drunken little brute, bullying and cruel. Somehow that made his own love for the girl seem right, though in the eyes of the world, and the law, it was a crime. One day he supposed he'd have to tell the fellow. Then there'd be a flare-up all right. His work would suffer badly. He was on a big thing right now. Abruptly Marjorie went out of his mind as figures and formulas crowded in. He went back to his apparatus.

The knock at the door was repeated twice before he heard it.

"Oh, come in!" he called mildly, and a man entered. Phillips looked at the stranger in surprise. He saw a big, powerfully made man about thirty-five, well, if a little flashily, dressed. He had a self-confident, arrogant stare in a swarthy face. A typical man-about-town as represented by the shadier fringes of town's society. He looked very out of place in the hard bright efficiency of the laboratory.

"My name's Palante," said the newcomer genially. "Albert Palante." Phillips only stared. "Sorry it's such a queer name. I'm quite English," he added, with a contradictory flash of white South European smile. "But my family originally came from Italy."

"Delighted," murmured the scientist vaguely, wondering whether he knew the fellow and had forgotten him, as he so often did. "Er—have we——"

"We haven't had the pleasure of meetin'," the other answered for him in studied upper-class English, "though I know of you, of course. Wanted a little talk, though."

"I'm afraid I'm terribly busy," muttered Phillips, knowing it wasn't much use, for the other obviously wore his self-confidence like a rhinoceros his skin.

"YOUR coat was behind the door. Four letters were in the pocket. Were, *mark you"*

"I'm sure you are. But this is important." He drew out a monogrammed gold cigarette case and offered it. "Smokin' allowed here, I hope? Don't know anything about chemicals and so forth. Nothing to blow us to pieces, is there?"

"Only if taken internally," said Phillips apologetically, looking at the serried rows of bottles. Then with a sudden change of manner: "Well, what is it? Hurry up, please, because"—he waved his hand—"all this is——"

"Oh, I know, old boy, I know. You're one of those really brainy chaps. I admire 'em. But they do make mistakes sometimes, don't they?" He smiled at the bewildered look in the other's eyes and went on: "I suppose we're alone all right? I watched you go in alone, but we'd better make sure."

"*If* it matters"—Phillips's voice was chilly—"the building is empty except for the normal watchmen."

"Good!" He made as if to sit on a bench near by, but Phillips said a little ironically: "Better mind your nice suit! There might be acid about," and led the way into his little office.

"Ah, that's better! Now, Mr. Phillips! I'll come straight to the point." He paused—savouring the big moment. He was going to make this dreamy scientist snap out of his dreams. "Mrs. Maguire is a very charming young woman, isn't she?"

Phillips's heart missed a beat. So the well-kept secret was out, was it? "She is. And to save you beating about the bush, I'll tell you I see a lot of her."

"I guessed you did. That's why I'm here."

"How did you find all this out?" Not very worldly-wise, Phillips had not yet seen what the other was driving at. His mind was racing ahead in other directions—misery and more cruel bullying for Marjorie if Maguire found out, scandal, perhaps divorce. Well, that mightn't be so bad, perhaps; they'd discussed the possibility, but Marjorie was dead against it—for his career's sake he supposed.

"I know Marjorie Maguire, *and* her circumstances," the other man was saying airily. "So when I spotted her with you some weeks ago at Bartelli's in Frith Street looking very pally I thought to myself, in the vulgar tongue. What ho! Is it or am I? So I did a bit of followin' up. There's a little hotel in Surrey you may remember—with pleasant memories, I hope. And then I trailed along here one Saturday afternoon when you were alone, like to-day. You luckily popped out for something and I popped in. Your coat was behind the door. Four letters were in the pocket. *Were*, mark you."

That was what had happened to those four letters then. Arthur Phillips had assumed he must have destroyed them and forgotten all about it—his cursed memory again. He passed a hand across his forehead, found he was sweating. The heat, of course, but he noticed Palante grin triumphantly at the action.

"Look here!" he said, suddenly harsh and domineering. "What in hell have my private affairs, or Mrs. Maguire's, got to do with you?"

"Nothing, old boy, nothing! Keep calm! Just wondered if her husband knew. It's his private affair too, you must admit."

"Let's get this straight. You have followed me about and guess Marjorie Maguire and I love each other——"

"Not guess. Know. And with the proofs——"

"Are you going to tell her husband, or aren't you?"

An amazed hand was raised in protest. "My dear fella, of course not! I'm not a spoil-sport."

"Then what on earth——"

"Well, it's like this. I'm thinking of going off to the Riviera for several months—London's too beastly hot."

Arthur Phillips jumped up angrily. "Give me those letters you stole, or I'll send for the police." Even as he spoke he realised that he would do no such thing, and added quickly: "Where are they?"

The other man also swiftly rose. He towered broad-shouldered over the slight scientist and laughed as he deliberately emphasised their big physical disparity. Then he tapped his pocket. "Quite safe here! And you haven't a chance of taking them from me by force. So you must think of some other way of getting them."

"Are you trying to blackmail me?"

"Good lord, no! What a disgustin' word! As I was saying, I'm off to the Riviera and I've got a system I want to try out at

(*Continued on page* 66)

"YES, I managed at last to pick one up," he said, and with a sudden surprise added, "and, by gosh, I had my initials put on it too"

The Giraffe-Necked Women

Amongst the Padaungs of Burma

A TRIO of young "lovelies." As the neck stretches so more brass rings are added. (Right) Beauty is a matter of long necks. A Padaung woman in full dress which includes beads, chains, enormous silver earrings and headdress with a silver spike

WHEN a party of the "giraffe-necked" Padaung women of Burma toured Europe in a circus a meeting was held in Rangoon by the Burmese to protest at the references in the Press to "giraffe-necked" Burmese women. The protest was justified as the Padaungs are not Burmese at all but are a tribe of Karen origin, and differ entirely from the Burmese in customs and appearance. The charm of Burmese women is proverbial, but it is most unlikely that it would have become so, at least in Western eyes, had the average Burmese woman a neck a foot long covered with brass rings.

Padaung country lies to the south-east of the Shan States of Burma and covers only a small area comprising not more than about a hundred villages, right off the main tourist track. This inaccessibility doubtless accounts for the small amount of attention the people attracted before they allowed a party of their women to join the circus referred to above, as the appearance of the women is certainly as striking as anything one could wish to see.

From early childhood the Padaung girl winds rings of malleable brass round her neck forcing it up by pressure on the chin. In time her neck stretches and more rings are added at the bottom till by the time that she reaches maturity she may have as many as twenty rings, about half an inch in diameter, round her neck; and this may well be over a foot in length. Beauty amongst the Padaung girls is, however, a matter of the length of their necks, so they cheerfully submit to the inconvenience and, indeed, dangers which accompany this neck stretching.

POLISHING up her brass-ware. In the absence of metal polish the women use straw and water for their polishing. (Below) A Padaung girl in full ceremonial dress. Brass rings are wound round the legs as well as the neck

I say dangers, as many of them develop sores which become poisoned from the constant rubbing of their brass rings and often end fatally. In spite of this the women are cheerful and apparently happy and do more than their share of the field work besides the house work and keeping their brass ornaments bright and shining.

THE village of Hwariku where the accompanying photographs were taken is one of the largest of the Padaung villages and boasts over a hundred houses and a small wooden church. Most of the people are Roman Catholics, a tribute to the unselfish work of Italian priests who for years have lived amongst them and have done much for their improvement. (*Continued on page* 65)

Laughing Venus

"VENUS, England, 1941." The American correspondent I was collecting for lunch slid over the photograph on which he had scrawled the caption : an illustration for a mail story he had done on the British women's war services. I looked at the comely young woman displaying the new A.T.S. coloured walking-out hat, and saw his point. The face was beautiful in its modelling; the whole head, with its neat, close hair, had a certain classic quality. Not too young, either : Venus was mature and experienced.

But I raised the question of draperies. "Or is it your idea that a contemporary goddess of love, grace and beauty in this country would necessarily go around in Amazonian uniform?"

"It's an idea," conceded the correspondent. "But not mine, exactly. I was being a bit erudite. You're thinking of the conventional Venus–Aphrodite. Didn't you know that when the Spartans went Nazi, they worshipped Venus as Aphrodite Areia, the goddess of war?"

He had me there. But I found a flaw.

"She is laughing. There never has been a laughing Venus, even as a goddess of love, let alone a goddess of war."

But he thumbed the date : 1941. "Believe it or not, things change. So do people. The women are laughing now. They're all laughing. I don't know what they've got to laugh about. Look at these photographs. Look at the papers. Look at the women in the streets. Dammit, look at them even in a blitz. I don't know what's the matter with them, but I tell you, they're laughing. So over she goes as the 1941 Venus, and if they don't like my subtlety, they can find a new line."

At lunch I had twenty-eight women in eye range. I worked over them methodically. Twenty-one were laughing or smiling. Only three could be included in the serious or earnest bracket. That, of course, was not a conclusive test, being a restaurant bevy, and the Savoy at that.

Back at my desk, I investigated further the strange phenomenon of the Laughing Venus. I indicated to my secretary a three days' accumulation of papers, English and a batch of American arrivals, untouched, since I had been too busy to read the hot news before it got cold. "Dig into those and give me women pictures as they come. Rip them out. Any women, anywhere, but preferably with a war angle or background. No showgirls, cabaret shots, Bahama beaches, Florida clubs, or café society on Havana cruise liners."

That lot of cuttings provided a better cross-section. It was an eye-opener. The trousered wife of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek stood with two women companions amid the ruins of what had been a street of houses in a Chinese city before the bombs fell; and the trio smiled. An old aproned woman squatted on a chunk of chimney stack outside her blitzed home in a London East-end street, and turned up an eloquent thumb,

No Longer Type of Capacity

1. A.T.S. smiles although the spuds have many eyes in them.
2. Katharine Hepburn provides the laughs, mostly against herself, in "Philadelphia Story."
3. A "clippie" with a smile congratulates her driver for keeping up to time.
4. A happy group of W.A.A.F.s in their new coats.
5. A Land Army girl exemplifies the cheerful spirit which is typical of her kind.
6. H.M. the Queen cheers up the people of a damaged town with her cheerful smile.
7. A provincial bus conductor.
8. A sailor's wedding. Wartime marriages are much more cheerful than peace time ones.
9. Nurses in training enjoy a joke as well as a cup of tea.
10. Section Leader Lindsay of the A.T.S. wears a tartan skirt of the Gordon Highlanders and is extremely happy about it.

and grinned. Queen Elizabeth stepped in high heels delicately over the debris in the courtyard of her damaged palace, her smile wider than usual. Three Chinese army service corps girls posed for the photographer in their khaki tunics, slacks, and rope-soled shoes, laughing, and one had a rifle under her arm.

Mrs. Roosevelt, caught at some function, had her head back, mouth open, roaring with merriment. Miss Anne Rendel, daughter of the British Minister to Bulgaria, was all a-chortle — one gathered because she had just driven between lines of German transports in Sofia with the Union Jack on the radiator of her sports car, which in the circumstances seems as good a way as any of thumbing one's nose at the enemy (this was before the Gestapo tried to blow up her party in their hotel). Mrs. Jean Knox, good-looking new "ideas" woman of the A.T.S., wore a cheerful smile, possibly at thought that her R.A.F. husband would now have to salute her, she being a colonel to his squadron-leader.

And here were the seven members of the Women's Consultative Committee that formidable body —grouped around Mr. Bevin, whom they advise on women-for-war-work matters. Five of them were smiling at the solemn and bulky Minister of Labour and National Service in a way which irresistibly reminded me of a chorus grouped around Vic Oliver in a song-and-dance number.

The list could be extended to cover these pages.

As between Heraclitus, the weeping philosopher, and Democritus of Abdera, the laughing philosopher, men have always—except in odd Puritan, communist, and like spots—preferred Democritus. But it looks as though historians of this war will have to devote a special chapter to the social and sex psychology of the period: otherwise, for all the "Baptism of Fire" films, bomb damage, (*Continued on page* 63)

is the Woman with the Mask-like Face Counted as Beauty. To-day for Fun and Companionship gets the Male

By C. Patrick Thompson

By Maurice Walsh

EAMON OGE, moving in and out on his boxer's feet, thumped him this way and that way in the general direction of the back door

Son

ILLUSTRATED BY S. TRESILIAN

EAMON OGE CALLAHAN was a tinker born and bred and, so, an outcast by race; but his father had ambitions for him, and belted him to school four days a week from November to March when the camp was in winter quarters. But Eamon Oge was a warrior by race too, and his father dead, he took the King's shilling, and joined up with the Kerry Militia Battalion, the Tinkers' Battalion, famous in war, notorious in peace, for every male tinker from Kenmare to Shannon Mouth was in it.

And then, came the so-called Great War of 1914–18, and that was the end of the battalion. The remnant was disbanded in 1920, and Eamon Oge was of it. He had come through unscathed, and with distinction even in a regiment of doughty warriors.

He was incredibly tough in body and spirit. A smallish, wiry, supple-shouldered young fellow with a high-cheekboned face of clean pallor—the blue, dancing, long-lashed tinker eyes, black bar of brow, and curled bush of crisp black hair.

Eamon Oge came back from war to a changed world—and for him a hungry world. He had his trade of course, his father's trade, the tinker's trade, the making of tin cans, the mending of pots and kettles. So he strapped on his father's budget—the old leather bag that holds the tinman's tools—and went out into the country to ply his wandering trade.

He found the hoeing hard. The age of the cheap store had dawned in Ireland: the store that supplied the housewife with cheap utensils and did not make repairing worth while. Eamon Oge began to know want; not actual hunger, but he wanted a shilling for the essential pint of stout, for a shirt or a pair of boots or even a bed to lie on once in a while.

"Begobs!" said Eamon Oge, "I'll be forced to take on a job at this rate."

He fell so far in the tinker scale as to take to plain peddling, which is the tinker woman's trade and beneath the dignity of the male. He half-filled his budget with small articles—all the little gadgets to wheedle the farmer's wife out of the copper or two she has saved from her egg money.

But again want pursued Eamon Oge and slept with him many a night under a haycock. For the travelling shop also had found its way into Ireland: motor vans covering Eamon Oge's territory with celerity, fitted and stocked with all the articles he had for sale—and immensely more besides, and selling at a figure he could not touch and live.

But the country people, young and old, liked him. He was gay hearted and tongued with honey laced with vinegar, and many a farmer's wife bought a penn'orth or two when she could ill afford it. The men liked him because he had that type of courage that is not the bully's courage. He often humoured a quarrelsome man, but he would back down from no man when it came to the bit.

"I can keep this up, but for how long?" he asked himself. "Five years or so pulling the devil by the tail, and after that a tramp goin' the roads. Very well so! Wouldn't it be better for me to be enjoyin' life loose an' aisy now while I'm young, robbin' me way through Ireland, spendin' the cold weather in jail, and dyin' in a ditch airly?"

He had summed up the tinker's life, and considered it bleakly, for there was a sound core in him who so recently had been a soldier and a sergeant.

"No, begobs!" he decided. "Give everything its wan chance. I'll try a job first to see if I can stand it. I'll beer the lion in his own den. Matthew Murnahan and son is the man for me—an' may the divil melt the same son!"

Murnahan and son ran a travelling shop. Their motor vans seemed to swish about him ten times a day, and Ignatius Murnahan, the son, had an unhumorous habit of hooting his horn in Eamon Oge's coat-tails.

Eamon Oge forthwith circled into the town of Cairnglass, and marched straight to the Murnahan store. There was a long flaunting sign on it: MATTHEW MURNAHAN AND SON, GENERAL EMPORIUM. And it was a general emporium: groceries, drapery, hardware, boots and shoes, every blame thing—and a saloon bar on the side—an astonishing store.

Eamon Oge, bold-fronted, marched till he came to a big young fellow slicing ham. This was Ignatius Murnahan himself, and big he was: a fair-skinned, buck-toothed, thick-waisted young fellow, with hands on him like the hams he handled.

"Well, tinker me lad!" said Ignatius. "Is it a drink you're after—if you have the price on you?"

"I have not," said Eamon Oge firmly. "I'm after a job from your father. Where is he?"

Young Murnahan threw back his head and roared. A man past his middle years came out of the office. He was loosely fat but a jut of strong jaw stood out above dewlaps, and small grey eyes looked out under a penthouse roof of brown and grizzled hair.

"Stop your bull's bellow, Natty!" he ordered. "What do you think is funny to make you laugh at a customer?"

"Customer!" said Natty. "A tinker lookin' for a job!"

# of a Tinker

To Work Seven Years for the Hand of his Master's Daughter was more than an Irishman could Tolerate

"What's your name, young fellow?" old Matt asked.

"Eamon Oge Callahan, sir."

"Ah! You're the lad cuttin' into my business?"

"I was," said Eamon Oge, "but the slice I cut didn't keep me teeth in practice."

"And you're wantin'?"

"A job," said Eamon Oge boldly. "A job worth three square meals a day, a bed to lie on, a shirt on me back, a shoe to me foot and a bob or two in me pocket come Saturday. That's all I'm asking of ye."

"'Tisn't much you're wantin', the world knows," said Old Matt, "but most men I know have to root hard for less."

"And I'll root me share." Eamon Oge swung his empty budget around. "Fill that for me out of your shelves, give me a fair run in the country, and I'll empty it once a day for you on a reasonable commission."

"Is that all, me boy?" the old man inquired of Eamon Oge.

"It isn't all. I'll get orders for you—on a small commission—I'll get orders for heavy goods I can't horse meself. You're losin' them now to shops in Tralee. You needn't take my word for it, but you can give me a week's trial—an' you won't if you're your son's father."

"I am and I amn't," said Old Matt equably. "I need an agent right enough. Come in in the mornin' an' I'll talk to you. Shut your gob, Natty, an' give young Callahan one pint o' ale." And he sidled back to his cubby of an office where his young daughter kept the books.

Natty Murnahan, growling, gave Eamon Oge a pint of stale porter. He took one mouthful, put the pot on the counter, looked smooth-faced at the big lad, and walked out of the store. But he was back early next morning with his empty budget.

"Go in to your breakfast in the kitchen, boy," Matthew Murnahan said. "My daughter Roisin has it ready for you."

The breakfast was more to his mind than the girl, Roisin, who poured his tea. She was a young, hobbledehoy sort of a girl, with no great looks on her, and red hair. Eamon Oge, who looked at every girl twice and courted one here and there for dévilment, looked at her only once. She looked at him out of grey eyes, but kept her thoughts to herself. Ten words did not pass between them.

When he got back to the store Old Matt had his budget filled with a nice assortment of small articles to take a housewife's eye.

"You are on your trial, young Callahan," he said. "The commission is as usual, ten per cent on what you sell and five on future orders."

"You're a fair man," said Eamon Oge. (*Continued on page 70*)

Books:

Reviewed by

Noel Thompson

I DO not like being asked to decide at third hand in what proportion Rasputin was a saint or devil, a mere peasant or a clever courtier, especially when the evidence may or may not be genuine. But there is an undeniable fascination about reading "Rasputin Speaks" (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.). The author is George Sava who is a doctor, with Russian blood, and a number of excellent books already to his name. He claims that he was introduced in London to a medium, a Russian peasant, and that sceptically he asked her to get in touch with the spirit of Rasputin. This vivid book is the result of many séances.

The facts were spoken in Russian in a voice and accent unlike the medium's own, and certainly the author was justified in recording them. He makes no claims, but again so clear and definite, so detailed and frank are the facts, that he is justified in putting them in the first person as though Rasputin actually spoke them.

There is no concealment of the immoralities, or the scheming, but there is justification and explanation, and a fuller picture of the Russian court than we have had yet.

The second part of the book, after a grim description by the victim of his assassination, shows Rasputin the diplomat or politician discussing the policies open now to the Soviet and the probable results of her moves or alliances; and that also makes topical reading, well reasoned. George Sava is such a good writer, and he has such good material here that the book could not fail to grip. Everyone must judge for themselves. I refuse to be drawn into a discussion of the likelihood of the origin of the information.

CURIOUSLY enough another Russian doctor, though now American, has turned author and written the story of his life, Eugene de Savitsch. His "In Search of Complications" (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.) runs from first page to last so smoothly and entertainingly that there is no need to pick out high spots. His youth in Russia, his exile in Japan, his brief period with the White Army, his efforts at earning a living, his entry into America and collapse with tuberculosis, his further struggles, and finally his research into the disease which once attacked him, and his passing as a doctor and development as a surgeon are full of incident described with a light pen which yet knows when to bring in a serious note with full emphasis. An Englishman would never have been allowed by the G.M.C. to write such a book on his work, though there would have been little harm in this case. Its frankness is one of its greatest charms.

THERE are points of resemblance again between the above book and Eric Linklater's autobiography which he has called "The Man on My Back" (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.). The title comes from an old Norse proverb "Bare is the back who has no brother," for in this book he answers at the end the question "Am I my brother's keeper" with a strong affirmative. Here is a book of which the writing is distinguished, the humour ("at school my report said I was handicapped by a sense of humour") outstanding in places and the incidents of no importance so well described that all criticism is disarmed. It is modestly and frankly written, too, and from Aberdeen University to Bombay, and back via Persia and Russia; from Italy to America and back, finally to the Orkneys there is joy and interest in this book. Especially I recommend a description of a fight on the North-West frontier of India, which, he "picked up" from soldiers who took part.

BEFORE I turn to the fiction I must draw attention to the biography of the remarkable man, "Joyce," by Herbert Gorman (Bodley Head, 15s.). James Joyce is to literature what Epstein is to sculpture, and I'm ready to be shot at by friends and enemies of both for that remark. Ignoring for a moment his writing, the story of his life, from a spectacled schoolboy, who was nicknamed "Half-past Six," through troubled and always impecunious times, to his early death last year, is one of studied courage. You can trace the formation of his literary character, and full emphasis is given to his love of literature, his worship of the correct use of words, and his determination to form his own style. At the age of nine his first work was published, a pamphlet on Parnell. The battles over his early books "Dubliners" and "Chamber Music" (with its delicate, unique verses), are described in detail. His (*Continued on page 62*)

Two Books of the Country

I DO not claim to be able to tell a good farmer when I see one. But when he turns himself into an author he treads on my land and I can use my judgment.

A. G. Street is a farmer, now engaged in ploughing up more land and generally growing for victory. In 1932 he wrote his first book, "Farmer's Glory," and it proved a best seller. Gradually he became also a star broadcaster, a lecturer, a journalist, and agricultural expert, while further books ran off the tip of his blunt pencil. Now, in "Wessex Wins" (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.) he tells the story of those last eight years, when, as a result of his activity in the literary world, his farm suffered, and a very good story it is, frankly and amusingly written. He tells of his fight to remain a farmer and not let authorship swamp him. Finally, the circle is completed, and as he indicates in the title, the country wins. The war finds him harder than ever at work on his farm, short staffed, but doubling up production, sitting his tractor from dawn till dusk. But after dusk he must find time to write if books like this are the result. I enjoyed it all.

In his moments as a critic A. G. Street said once of Crichton Porteous that he seemed to be the only honest-to-God farm-worker who wrote not only books but very good books. Now Crichton Porteous has produced his first novel, "The Cottage" (Michael Joseph 8s.), and curiously enough it is the antithesis of Street's latest, for the town wins. It tells of a Lancashire family living on a farm outside Manchester, a detailed description of Victorian and Edwardian life, in which the father tries to keep the farm going while working daily in the city. His family life, his trials and problems, are splendidly worked out with pages of vivid description. But circumstances are too much and he has to retire beaten to the town. This is so good that any one can read it and enjoy it.

Old Tales Re-told

Rowena—beautiful Saxon Temptress, who Enslaved King Vortigern's Heart, Mind and Kingdom

Written and Illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.

THE collapse and disintegration of the powerful Roman Empire was not an event that happened all of a sudden. Yet it was not until the huge drama was drawing to its close, the army being practically withdrawn from British soil together with the outward semblance of government, that England realised her plight. She was left like a ship without a rudder.

For over four centuries the Romans had colonised this island. They had developed every kind of civilised institution, built roads, cities and temples. Beautiful villas dotted the landscape. Coastal navigation and the use of rivers had linked together the many centres of social and academic life, and created new ones. Activity in every branch of commerce had produced a steady flow of wealth that placed England on a footing with the other great centres of civilisation. But, with the weakening of the hand that held the reins, the country found itself deprived of military strength, and the inevitable result was invasion.

A multitude of Scots and Picts came swarming out of their carroghes

Invasion by hordes of Scots and Germans, who ravaged the country from north to south in an orgy of plunder and destruction. The trail they left was one of complete desolation.

This unhappy period of English history has been recorded by the historian Gildas, who lived through it. He wrote with such depth of feeling that I cannot resist the temptation to avail myself of his measured prose. I quote certain paragraphs which

give colour and authenticity to the story I am about to relate. They are taken from that part of his narrative called "The Groans of the Brittains."

"As soon as the Romans had left Brittain and were returning unto their home, forthwith hideous multitudes of Scots and Picts came swarming out of their carroghes, wherein they passed the Pictick Vale (Irish Sea) like whole armies of duskish vermine which at high noon when the sun is at its greatest heat crawl forth of their narrow holes; an infinite number of hideous Scots and Picts, which two kinds of people, though in condition somewhat different, yet consorted but too well in greedy desire of bloodshed."

He goes on to describe the calamities caused by the disorganisation of the defence and the abandonment of cities, and ends by saying:

"They took themselves to flight and were dispersed in a more desperate manner than ever before, for the enemy was more hot in pursuit and more cruel in the slaughter, the woeful inhabitants being by their enemies massacred and rent in pieces like lambs in the hands of bloody butchers, or in the jaws of cruel and savage beasts."

Later, Gildas himself decides to make application to Attius, the Governor of Gallia, and in the year 446 A.D. he addresses the Governor in the following words:

"The barbarians drive us back to the sea. The sea again pushes us back upon the barbarians. Thus, between two kinds of deaths, we are either slaughtered or drowned."

But the Roman Empire existed by this time only in name. The poison of dissolution had entered every vein, and the giant who had conquered the known world and spread civilisation everywhere was breathing his last and could give no aid to anyone.

THE Britons, in their distress, decided to ask help and protection from the Saxons. Their application, addressed to the "Most Noble Saxons," reads more like humble supplication. After describing the free life they had led under the patronage and protection of the Romans, they proceeded to offer land and property in payment, and ended thus: "Whatsoever service ye shall impose upon us, that will we willingly abide."

Evidently they thought they could trust their new lords as they had trusted the old ones. But a Saxon is a Saxon. And the British lion was then but a tiny cub with eyes still closed.

They got their "Saxon protection"—but there is no need to state that the remedy was far worse than the disease.

The invitation was joyfully accepted. An army arrived in England and the marauding Scots were driven off English soil; but—and here starts Gildas's narrative of the Saxon (or German) exploitation of his country. He calls them "a people savage and of a hateful name, odious both to God and man." Apart from the obvious differences of weapons and in methods of warfare, we almost get the impression, when reading Gildas's account, that we are really reading about topical events. The German idea of peace and protection appears to have been exactly the same then as now. . . .

AS time went on, they thought it politic to appoint certain English kings to positions of authority, in order to make the people believe that they were under British rule. Thus, in the year 473 we find an English king, Vortigern, ruling over the country. But he was ruler only in name. In actual fact he had delegated his power to a Saxon called Hengest, one of the craftiest foxes who ever sprang from Germanic soil. This man had ingratiated himself with the king by professing great love and devotion for him. In return he had obtained the right of administration of the entire territory of Kent. Not only that, but the king had granted him the right to summon more German troops from their native shores, despite the fact they were continuously swarming into England from every side. Vortigern had reached an age when discretion should have guided him. But he had given himself up to a life of blind dissipation that caused endless unhappiness to the queen and his grown-up children. He was an indifferent father, a bad husband, a worse Christian and an irresponsible king. Love of women had enslaved him to the point where he thought nothing in the world more important than the momentary pleasure some new beauty could afford him.

HENGEST, who had had plenty of opportunity to appraise the king's character, knew too well that by skilfully pandering to his vices he could gain for himself whatever advantages he desired. He had already received in free gift a large piece of land that had been measured out for him by the same immemorial means that Queen Dido had used thirteen centuries before to measure the ground for the erection of the city of Carthage. A bull's hide, cut into innumerable strips as thin as pieces of string, were joined together and laid on the ground to form the circumference of the plot. There Hengest had built his castle, which took its name from the word "thong" and became by usage "Thong's Castle."

Hengest presents his honour of sitting

Great festivities took place at the inauguration of the castle as Hengest's seat. The king himself was invited, and a sumptuous reception prepared for him. Everything had been carefully calculated to please him; but the scene in the banqueting hall must have delighted the old Don Juan more than anything else. It must have looked something like a scene in some dazzling modern revue. Groups of beautiful maidens advanced, rousing the appetite of the king to a state of frenzy. In accordance with Saxon custom they kneeled as they approached the king and stepped aside, thus making way for their central figure—a tall and regal blonde

daughter Rowena to King Vortigern. She desired to pay homage to him and gain the beside him at table. She is depicted toasting the King with a gold cup of sweet wine

young woman of striking beauty. Hengest presented her. She was his daughter Rowena, who desired to pay homage to the king and gain the honour of sitting beside him at table. Her Teutonic impassiveness soon disappeared when the dazzled monarch almost opened his arms to receive her.

LET us see how Bede the Venerable (who lived a little later) described the meeting: " Rowena, with a low reverence and pleasing grace, saluted the king with a gold cup full of sweet wine, incharming it with these words in her language: 'Waes heal hiapopb cyning'—which is in English, 'Be of health, lord king.' He, demanding the meaning, would be taught to answer her to her own understanding, and said: 'Drinc heal!' That is, 'Drink health.' Whereof when he had pledged her, this bowl infected his senses with no less scottishness than that of Belus is said to do with Dido when Cupid had placed the child Ascanius between Enea and her."

ROWENA'S beauty played havoc with the susceptibility of the king. His eyes, glued to her soft and flexible body, were scrutinising every inch of her. Two thick plaits hung down upon her breasts and coiled in her lap like golden snakes. The influence of Roman fashions had wrought great changes in the attire of Saxon ladies, who were glad of the opportunity to make themselves look more attractive. Sleeves, as well as tunics, were split up the side; necks were lower, and jewels—already used extensively across the North Sea—were worn still more lavishly. Rowena, conscious of the devastating effect she was making on the king, used every artifice and subtlety to enhance it. At the end of the feast King Vortigern

The Archbishop Vodine reproached the king for his marriage to Rowena

was enslaved absolutely. He returned to his palace with his head swimming with visions of the seductive temptress. His serenity was destroyed. He could not rest or concentrate on anything else.

THIS was but the overture of Hengest's huge and ambitious plan; and it was successful in the extreme. Soon the infatuated king was ready to invent any kind of pretext for meeting Rowena, discovering each time some added charm. There was no happiness or peace of mind for him when he was away from her presence. Every affair of state, however important, was neglected. Other people's company became for him a vexing imposition, every other occupation a waste of time, every duty a torture. In coming to the conclusion that he could not live without her, he completely disregarded the fact that his wife was still living, to say nothing of the unpleasant truth of his own middle age. Rowena was only just entering her twenties. He was debarred by law and religion from polygamy, and there seemed faint use in appealing to the Pope, or attempting to bribe him, into granting a divorce. So, taking the bull by the horns, he tried to override all obstacles and simply made formal request of marriage to Hengest for his daughter. . . .

Feigning deep emotion, Hengest humbly tried to explain to his sovereign that Rowena was not of royal blood and ought not to aspire so high. He pointed out that he himself was but a servant, who was already sufficiently proud and grateful for all the honours that had been bestowed upon him. Needless to say, these were the *only* objections raised by Hengest. He waved other obstacles aside as matters of no importance. After all, the king himself was the representative of the law and at liberty to improve upon it when his heart dictated. Actually, had there been no other barriers of orthodoxy and tradition, Hengest's daughter was a fit mate for a king. Bede tells us that he was "a prince of the chiefest blood and nobility of the Saxons, and by birth of Angria in Westphalia."

Everything took place according to plan. The nuptials of King Vortigern and Rowena were celebrated with much pomp and magnificence. The Britons, already well under the heel of Teutonic oppression, were forced to applaud the thing they most loathed and condemned. As soon as Hengest had become the father-in-law of the king, he seized all the reins of government. He called in so many of his own soldiers from overseas that the little nation reached saturation point. Putting his forces under the command of two Saxon captains, Octa and Ebissa, he embarked upon his scheme for the invasion of North Scotland. His motives were the usual ones— (*Continued on p. 61*)

The duel between Horsa and Catigern. Each had slaughtered the other and they died at the same instant

The Atlantic flying-boat "Clare" disembarking passengers from America at an English port. (Below) The control room of the new Pan-American Airways Strato clipper. This giant carries a crew of six

Transatlantic de Luxe

Travel by Air is Certain to be Popular after the War, and the Luxury of Today may well be Commonplace Tomorrow

"THE Clipper arrived at Lisbon at noon today after an uneventful crossing. Among those on board the famous air liner was . . ." Then follows an interview with an ambassador or a front-page celebrity or one of the numerous workers in the cause of Anglo-American co-operation.

There is a good deal behind the little news item with which I have commenced this article. Its face value is apparent enough; a safe and rapid transatlantic air service, just when the two great democracies are making such a mighty effort to pool their resources, is a link of the greatest importance to our common cause. The time factor is all-important in this war, and anything which lessens the gap between this country and the United States stands as both a symbol of our united effort and an implement in the task of defeating a ruthless foe.

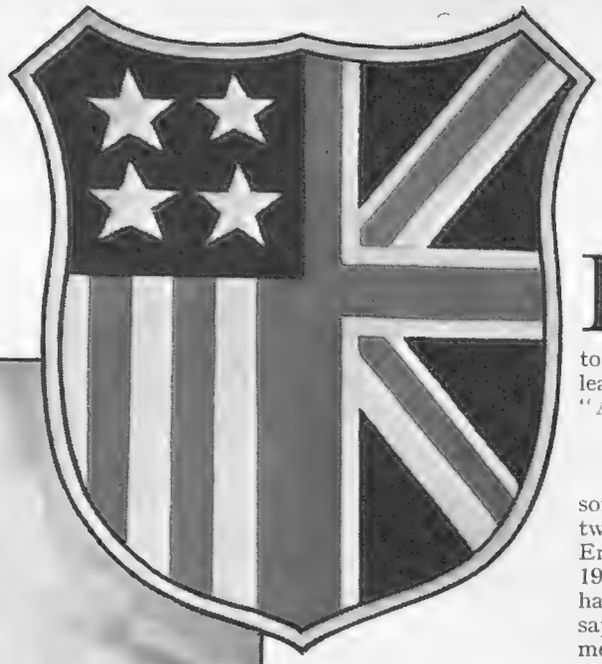
But there is something of even greater significance in the vast civilian air services maintained by this country and our great ally across the Atlantic. These mighty flying boats cover the trade routes of the world, linking Britain with her great Empire, apart from bridging the huge expanses of ocean which separate us from our neighbour's strongholds in the Pacific. Immune from the menace of U-boats, and defying the *Luftwaffe*, these leviathans of the air race across the world as super-luxury ambassadors of goodwill and commerce.

When war broke out civil aviation automatically "volunteered for the duration." The pilots were ready to drop high explosives instead of the smoke rings of advertising. Men and machines were swallowed by the eager R.A.F. Aviation authorities on both sides of the Atlantic were confronted (*Continued on page* 60)

THE luxurious sleeping berths on the China clipper, one of the giant planes now flying the Pacific

(*Above*)
THE bridal suite of one of the Pan-American clippers, built at the Boeing plant at Seattle, for transatlantic and transpacific service

(*Left*)
PART of the promenade saloon of one of Imperial Airways' well-equipped Empire flying-boats



The Anglo-

IT was at a little fishing hotel down in Somerset, and as I got up from the table an Englishman said to me (he was one of those leathery 'colonel' types): "Are you an American?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, I congratulate you."

I went upstairs and took some aspirin. In all the twenty-six years I've known England, ever since August 1914, I had never had that happen to me. I've had them say—*nth*-power of compliments: "Why, you're almost like an Englishman!" And I knew I should have blushed and been thankful. But I wasn't; I was furious. And the only time I have been gratified by being accepted within the British Empire was in Cairo, when an Australian slapped me on the back (nearly cracking my spine), saying: "You know, I *like* you, Farson—you're just like *us*."

That's the nearest I ever got to you—an Australian. Although I did palm myself off on you as a Canadian. In signing the next-of-kin entry I had myself born in so many Canadian towns I forgot my New Jersey birthplace. As far as three years, and a passport, went—I was British. It has all been very amusing, instructive, and highly useful in my work. Because most of the sixteen years I spent in strictly professional journalism were devoted, even though obliquely at-times, to the state of the British Empire.

That is why (I hope I'm not exceeding the butter ration) when the blizzard of the World Slump hit Throgmorton Street I went back to my office and began my cable for the day with this prophecy: IF CHARACTER COUNTS ENGLAND WILL BE THE FIRST COUNTRY TO RECOVER FROM THE WORLD SLUMP STOP etc., etc. And why did I write that? Well, I felt by that time, after fifteen years, I knew something about Englishmen. And this had been confirmed by what I saw in your 'Wall Street' that morning. The street was packed; the bottom had fallen out of the market; shares were crashing—but I saw no one jumping out of buildings. I saw no frenzied speculators. There was only one man, one wretched individual who had lost his head. He was running up and down, shouting gratuitous advice: "Buy commodities! Buy commodities!"

"The damn fool!" said a man next to me. And the whole street glared at him. People were taut, but they were not rattled. That is how you performed the miracle of the Pound—a pound was still a pound *inside* England; you could walk into any shop and see that prices hadn't soared—while outside your fortress island the Pound went down to $3.15 on the New York exchange. And, believe me, although it wasn't tangible enough for its drama to be apparent (to any but the economists) that was almost as much of a miracle as the appearance of the Spitfire.

This is not an emotional article. I shall give concrete examples, and supporting evidence, for the points I want to prove. But as I believe the millennium has arrived—an authentic Anglo-American accord, even unity, will be welded by this war—I think it is worthwhile to work for it on both sides of the Atlantic as hard and as fast as we can. Only, as Helen Kirkpatrick, the brilliant American correspondent in London wrote lately: "We must 'Stop Playing at being Friends!'" We must *be* friends. And the first thing to make that possible is to understand each other. Helen pointed out that in the American Section of your Foreign Office there were only two men who had ever seen the United States! And when you have worked with the F.O., as I have, on international affairs, you can guess what that means.

IN Brusa, the ancient capital of Turkey, I ran into a horrible young *Attaché Honoraire* you had in your Embassy at Constantinople in those days. We had finished an excellent dinner at Madame Bott's, a famous Frenchwoman, when, warmed by the Anatolian wine, he said:

"You know, Farson, I cannot understand you Americans."

"How could you?" I asked.

"Why not?"

"You have never seen the United States."

He prepared to leave the table in a huff. Earlier on in the meal, when things were pleasanter, he had informed me that he intended to enter Parliament. Now I said:

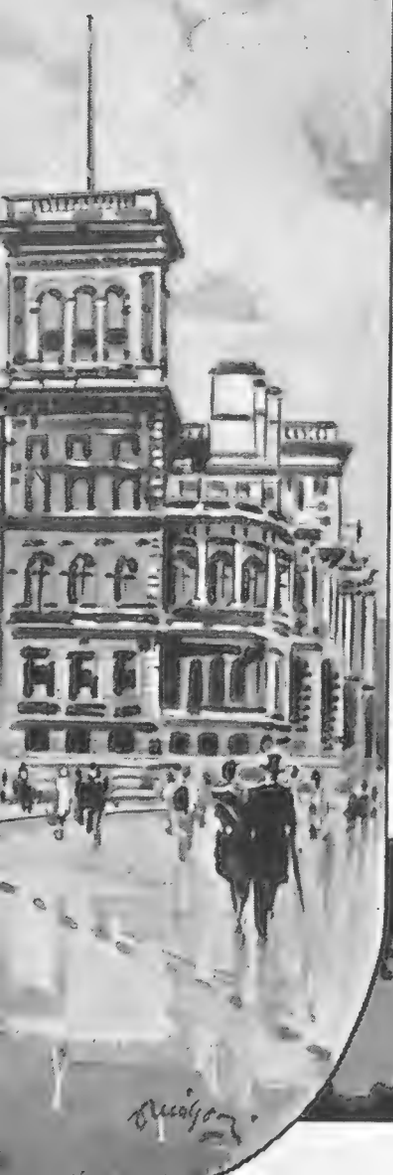
"For God's sake—and for England's—before you enter Parliament take a trip—buy a ticket for New York. But don't stop there; keep right on going across the United States. It will be an education."

He left at that. A week later I called at the British Embassy to see the second secretary, a friend of mine. He said:

"You know young X . . . he told us about that tiff he had with you in Brusa . . . this was at lunch, with the Ambassador and myself."

The secretary chuckled: "He went on, talking about the Amuricans (as he pronounced it). He was very funny. Then you should have seen his face; it suddenly dawned on him that both the Ambassador's wife and mine are Americans."

One man like that can do more permanent harm to Anglo-American friendship than a hundred German propagandists. But you are getting after that type of



-Maniac...

person yourselves over here: the man who is fond of saying: "The British yokel always knows a gentleman when he sees one," or "You mustn't forget, my dear chap, I have the benefit of a university education."

They are poisonous.

THE fundamental point is that there is a vast, pent-up force of frustrated decency in both our countries, which easily-identifiable forces have prevented functioning. In the United States these forces can be easily challenged: they are (this is before Roosevelt) the corruption of politics—which has prevented the best type of young American from choosing that sphere as his career. And towering over this the unholy grip which Big Business had upon the American imagination: the opportunity to make good was turned into the *obligation* to make good. Making good meant making money. Professors were expected to be silent at the table when the big banker began to speak. Perhaps the greatest service Roosevelt has done the United States is to arouse the enthusiasm of young Americans for a "national cause," such as he has done under the N.R.A.

In England your outstanding obstacle has been snobbism. Snobbism that accepted it as if ordained by God that the right to a higher education (yes, I know about scholarships) should belong to the privileged classes, as should positions in the services, such as colonial and diplomatic, as well as every other well-paid office within the province of the Crown. A snobbism that has murdered thousands of eager English brains; because they were never given a chance. But principally, for I am speaking of Anglo-American relations now, a snobbism which prevented these two great races from ever coming together on a free and equal basis. A snobbism which *you* saw was the greatest enemy of England almost as soon as you entered this war.

Yes—you are going after your bad angels just as we Americans have debunked the big business barons and an entirely new type of young American—eager, honest, idealistic—is appearing in American politics today. Like your miracle of keeping the pound stable in 1930–1935 Britain, this is perhaps not obvious enough to have caught your eye. But we Americans know; we, over here, are exhilarated by almost every new appointment that Roosevelt makes. They are just the right sort of men—Americans we are delighted to see being sent to represent us abroad.

In the United States the old gang is dead, even if it won't lie down. And you know yourselves how pleased you are when you see a *new* name filling one of your high Government positions—not just the same old titled incompetent, shifted from one office to another in the frantic hope that he will make good.

Never before have the United States and England approached each other with so much of the dead wood cleared away.

And when I throw bouquets at you I do want you to know that it is a privilege I have bought and paid for. My friends in the United States used to call me an Anglo-maniac because I contended you couldn't buy an English judge—whereas, in Chicago, we had the best judges that money could buy. They thought I was mad when I declared you incontestably did have some peculiarly "English" virtues.

Take, for example, this question of "nerves." Hitler hoped to win a nerve-war against England. What a chance! Here, you will say, I have tackled a point where I simply could not find tangible evidence to support my premise; that the Englishman is not so susceptibly "nervous" as the German. But if you knew that the greatest medical "racket" in pre-war Germany (and Germany is full of medical rackets) was the Nerve Sanatorium, you might begin to be convinced. During the Hitler regime these nerve sanatoriums sprang up like mushrooms all over Germany. In the Harz mountains, among the life-giving pines, you found a sign *nerven arzt* every few miles. If you went in you would find what had once been a pleasant and large country house, full of people who were shot to bits (or being shot to bits—because many an inmate has been ruined in these homes); and you would be astonished to see what a vast percentage of its inmates was made up of what seemed healthy, able-bodied, financially-well-off men. When I asked the housekeeper of one of these establishments why this should be—why so many *men?*—she gave a vast sigh and replied: "Herr Farson—you do not understand the *strain* of life in Germany these days!"

She was a Fraulein von Tirpitz, by the way.

Therefore when an American friend of mine came out of Berlin and said: "They don't respond to their victories—they are *grey*" I knew what he meant. I am not trying to kid myself, or you either; and this question of "nerves" has no reflection at all upon German courage. I just happen to believe (and know it in my bones) that the Berlin population would never have taken the Blitzkrieg as calmly as the Londoners have.

In England you will find very few Nerve Sanatoriums; and these are mostly for frustrated women. You will find plenty of dip-and-dope homes; but that comes from an excess of both good and bad living. If Lord Woolton is right, that the ubiquitous carrot and the ghastly parsnip will make us a healthier race, then these dip-and-dope homes should be up for sale soon.

DEMOCRACY? Now, now—don't try to put anything over about that one. But I can. We foreign correspondents had become afraid even to quote that word—it had (*Continued on page* 74)

Negley Farson, *the famous American journalist, who has spent many years of his life in England, passes us some compliments in this article, and also offers us some advice*

The White Lamb

SINCE all things, including the British officers of native regiments, must go by comparison, it was hard lines on Filgate that he should have had "Buck" Hogan as his predecessor in command of D Company of the Royal Pathans.

For "Buck" Hogan had been all that Filgate was not. A pirate of a man, a big black son-of-a-gun from the County Kerry whom the Pathans from *Subahdar* Nur Din down to hulking Sepoy Mizzan Ali, the reformed dacoit, had worshipped. They'd loved him for his joviality, his recklessness, his ready fist and his ready laugh, and they would have followed him through the gates of hell and beyond.

So when, as was only his due, Hogan had been given accelerated promotion and selected for a course at the staff college, Filgate had had, as it were, to step into the field boots of a popular hero.

Unluckily, Nature had not designed him to wear those boots. He differed from Hogan physically as well as mentally. He was small and his flaxen hair gave him a childish appearance. Also, he was gentle, timid and conscientious, whereas Hogan had been a jovial character who didn't give two hoots for anybody or anything.

D Company watched him very critically that first morning he took them on parade. And (apart from the shirkers who flattered themselves that life was going to be much easier under this little sahib than it had been under their late commander) they were offended. They felt as might feel a class of tough schoolboys who find themselves placed under the supervision of a school-ma'am.

Hulking Sepoy Mizzan Ali summed up popular opinion after parade.

"Are we children to be given such an officer?" he grunted. "He is no *jewan* (proper man) such as Hogan Sahib was. He is but a little white lamb wearing a sahib's uniform."

IN native regiments where the rank and file find English names difficult to pronounce, nicknames for the British officers are common.

Some are complimentary, some are derogatory. The one bestowed upon Filgate by Mizzan Ali was distinctly one of the latter variety. It underlined the difference between him and Hogan, who had been known to his men as the "Elephant Sahib."

He might have rid himself of the name had he only had a little more experience of Pathans. A touch of the iron fist, a spot of illegal field punishment and plenty of doubling about in the sun with full packs must have made the sepoys revise this estimate of his lamblike disposition.

But Filgate didn't believe in "rough stuff." His notion was that by kindly, fair treatment he could win the respect of his men.

He would have succeeded with British troops. But Pathans are an unregenerate lot, tough as steel, appreciative of stern discipline, scornful of softness and apt to mistake kindliness for weakness, and the result of Filgate's treatment was to make them more convinced than ever that their new commander was only a white lamb. They behaved accordingly, with the result that the colonel, who knew all that went on in the regiment, took Filgate aside one evening after mess.

"Look here, Filgate," he said, "D Company isn't pulling its weight. It's gone to blazes since Hogan left. What's the trouble?"

Filgate made no attempt to deny the charge. He was only too miserably aware how true it was.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "The men seem to have taken a dislike to me for some reason. If you want me to hand over to someone else——?"

The colonel massaged his chin. He had had the same idea himself, but against all evidence he still believed in Filgate.

"We'll wait a bit and see how you get on," he said at last.

WHILE the question of Filgate's retaining the command of D Company was still in abeyance, something happened to incite the whole of the Furious Gomal.

Thanks to the negligence or corruption of a *chaukidar* (watchman) twenty-five Government rifles of the latest pattern disappeared from an armoury at Abbotshah. On the North-west Frontier the loss of one rifle is a serious matter. Twenty-five was nothing less than a calamity.

Gomal Intelligence got busy, their spies, some of whom were British officers disguised as tribesmen, sallied forth in scores. From village to village they made their dangerous way, gossiping, bribing, keeping their eyes and ears open for any clue.

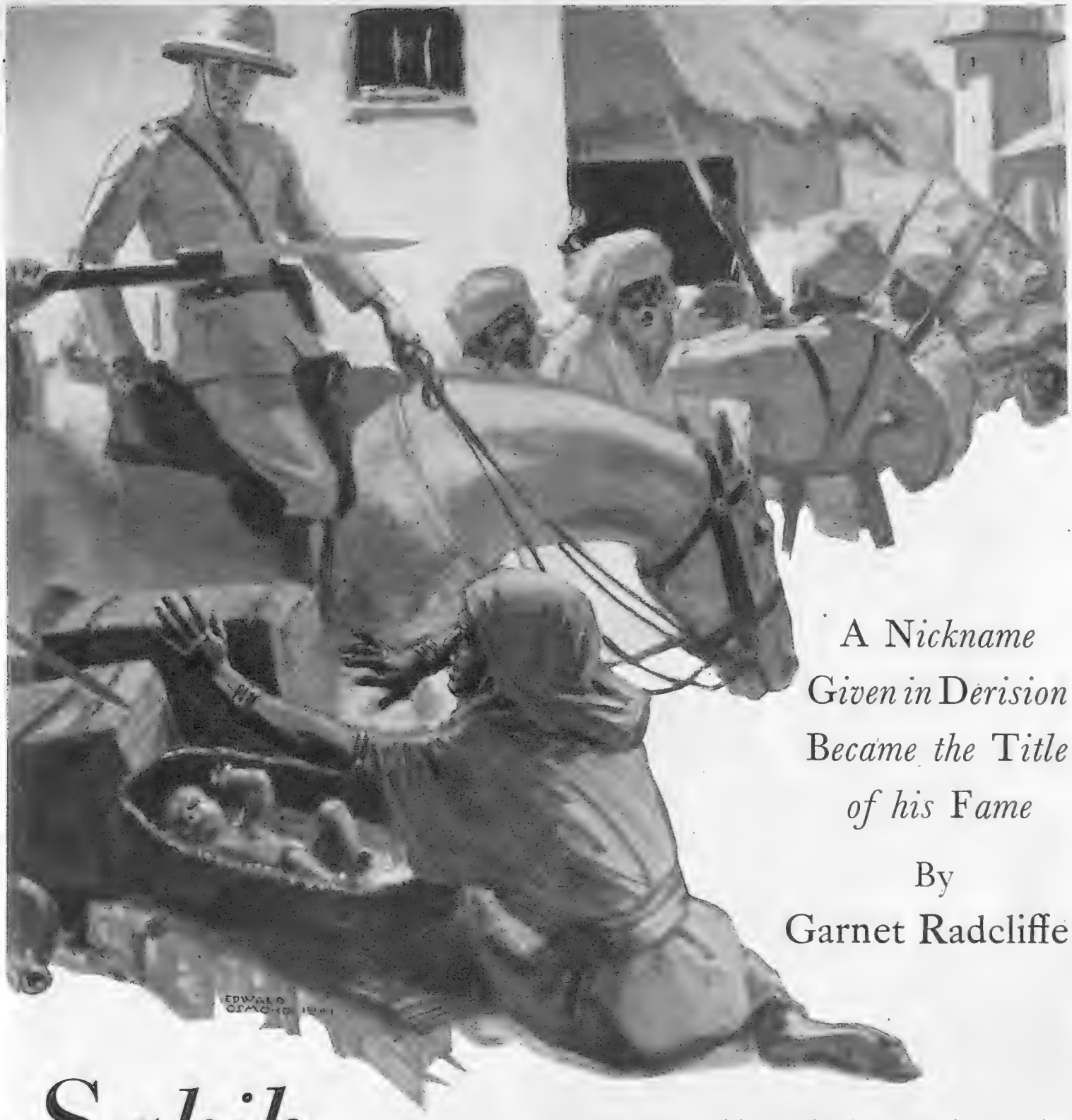
THE Pathans searched the village and its environments with more zeal than consideration. They thrust their bayonets into walls, ceilings and floors, they even invaded every possible privacy

It was a British officer dressed as a Baluchi shepherd who at last located the rifles in the Mahsud village of Pur Than. He passed word to the authorities, and the authorities (possibly on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief) decided that a company of the Fifth Royal should have the honour of recovering the stolen property.

And it so happened that D Company was the only company available to send.

"Anyway," said the colonel, trying to look on the best side, "it will give Filgate a chance to get to know his men, and vice versa. He'll be out in the wilds, running his own show with no one to interfere. And I'm prepared to wager he'll have them perfectly in hand when he brings them back."

"If he ever *does* bring them back," the second-in-command said gloomily. He had nothing against Filgate except that



A Nickname Given in Derision Became the Title of his Fame

By Garnet Radcliffe

Sahib

he just didn't consider him the right stamp of man to handle Pathans.

D Company received the news with mixed feelings. As Pathans of the Bungi Khel they were delighted to have the chance of having a slap at their detested Mahsud consins. On the other hand, they didn't trust the White Lamb Sahib to allow them to do themselves justice.

Had it only been Hogan Sahib who was leading them! They spoke wistfully of how the Elephant Sahib would have handled this matter. He'd have razed the village, shot every Mahsud he couldn't catch, suspended the headman from the lintel of his own hut with his toes barely touching the ground, and would have left him to dance until the rifles were produced. A proper man, Hogan Sahib—almost as proper as a Pathan.

But they couldn't see the White Lamb Sahib acting like that. If he couldn't cope with his own men, how much less could he cope with the Pur Than Mahsuds, the craftiest tribe in the Gomal, a tribe notorious for their cunning and their skill at telling lies? Especially when the said Mahsuds had as their headman old Shere Gul, the cleverest of them all! Shere Gul's nickname was "The Fox," and his deceitfulness was a byword from Balla to Abbotshah.

The absurdity of opposing the White Lamb Sahib against The Fox was so manifest that Nur Din, senior *subahdar* of D Company, felt constrained to have a private word with the adjutant.

"Sahib," he said, "the recovery of these rifles is going to be no easy matter. If I may speak straightly Filgate Sahib has neither the experience nor the wisdom. Shere Gul will fool him as if he were a baby. Could it not be contrived that some other sahib take command for this expedition only?"

He was voicing the wish of the whole company. And though the adjutant told him off for presuming to criticise the ability of a British officer, he secretly sympathised.

Since the Fifth Royal are old in the Indian Army List and held high in the esteem of all who know them—especially

AT some risk to life and limb he climbed down to the ledge and lifted the struggling, bleating creature from the rock trap to safety

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

their enemies—the less said about D Company's march to Pur Than the better. They meant to show their resentment at being commanded by a White Lamb, and they did. They did it in subtle ways difficult to check.

For instance, when they numbered every man contrived to make his voice sound more or less like the bleating of a lamb. More or less except in the instance of Sepoy Mizzan Ali, who simply opened his mouth and gave vent to a prolonged, unashamed "*Baa-aa*"!

Even the *odedars* (n.c.o.s) thought it funny to give their orders with a sheeplike intonation which did not help the cause of good discipline.

The actual marching was disgraceful. In vain did Filgate ride up and down the column shouting till his throat was sore. D Company grinned in his face and sang a song composed by Mizzan Ali which concerned a white lamb of dubious ancestry and doubtful morals.

To sing that song was not a military crime that could be punished, but it was very trying for Filgate, who had to pretend not to know his nickname.

He was relieved when they neared Pur Than which, for a Mahsud village, was large and prosperous in appearance, standing on the summit of a hill and surrounded by a twelve-foot wall with watch-towers at each corner. Although it was unlikely the Mahsuds would offer any active resistance to such a strong force, he was taking no risks. A quarter of a mile away he extended the company into open formation and dispatched a platoon under a *jemadar* to the rear of the village.

There was no sign of any ambush. Instead, as they neared the main gate a deputation of the village elders came out to meet them.

It was headed by the redoubtable Shere Gul himself, a dignified Shylock-like figure in the white robes of ceremony. Venerable, bearded and vulpine, he salaamed to the ground before Filgate. This was an unexpected pleasure, he said. It was years since he had had the honour of welcoming a sahib of the British Raj to his humble village.

His manner was so frank and friendly that it pained Filgate to have to explain this was no friendly visit. Twenty-five Government rifles had been stolen. They were reported to be hidden in Pur Than. What had Shere Gul to say to *that?*

Shere Gul's answer was a blank stare. *Rifles?* he repeated. *Rifles?* Was the sahib making a jest?

"It is no jest," said Filgate sternly. "I have information those rifles are in Pur Than and I have come to demand their return. Also, there will be a heavy fine to be paid by the village to the Raj."

"Twenty-five stolen rifles in Pur Than!" Shere Gul repeated. The joke seemed so good he had to share it with the other elders. "Hark to what the sahib tells me! We have twenty-five Government rifles in Pur Than!"

The elders looked at one another like so many Fagins and wagged their hands. Their laughter made Filgate feel foolish.

"This is good news the sahib has brought," one greybeard cackled. "Since we have twenty-five rifles we are wealthy men. I wish to Allah, though, I knew where they were hidden!"

Shere Gul turned to Filgate. His smile was fatherly, almost pitying.

"Sahib, I am afraid you have come to the wrong village. There are no firearms in Pur Than, saving some sporting guns for which we have permits. Perhaps some lying dog of a Pathan"—he looked at *Subahdar* Nur Din—"has invented the story to make trouble between us and the Raj."

"So we're lying dogs, are we?" *Subahdar* Nur Din growled. "Beware what you say, Mahsud pig. If the sahib gives the order we'll burn the village about your ears in quick time."

Shere Gul made a scornful gesture.

"What care I for your threats, Pathan! The sahib will not give the order. The sahib is wise and just and knows when a man is speaking the truth. Sahib, don't let this Pathan jackal sway your judgment. I will swear with my lips on the Koran and kneeling on (*Continued on page* 68)

On Duty and Off

Mainly Off Duty

YOUNG WOMEN FIND IT EASY ENOUGH TO BE PRETTY AS WELL AS PATRIOTIC. NO ONE OBJECTS TO A WOMAN IN UNIFORM BEING AS PRETTY AS A PERMANENT WAVE CAN MAKE HER AND AS FRESH-LOOKING AS NEW PAINT. IT IS THE OLDER WOMEN WHO FIND IT HARD TO KEEP UP AN APPEARANCE. THE STRAIN OF WAR IS INCLINED TO MAKE THEM LOSE INTEREST IN THEIR PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND WHEN THEY LOSE INTEREST IN THEIR LOOKS THEY LOSE INTEREST IN HEALTH.

GOOD LOOKS AND GOOD HEALTH ARE SO MUCH TIED UP TOGETHER THAT IF YOU TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEALTH YOU WILL FIND THAT YOUR LOOKS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES UNTIL SUCH TIME AS YOU REGAIN AN INTEREST IN THEM. MEANTIME, DON'T FORGET TO BRUSH YOUR HAIR BEFORE YOU GO TO BED.

QUITE APART FROM THE GOOD SERVICE DONE TO YOUR HAIR THE BRUSHING WILL SOOTHE YOUR NERVES AND HELP YOU TO SLEEP. A WOMAN WHO ALLOWS HER FIGURE TO GO TO PIECES IS LOSING HER HEALTH AND SHE IS NOT ADDING ONE IOTA TO THE NATIONAL EFFORT.

By Jane Gordon

WEEK-ENDING in the country not long ago I was most amused to see how my hostess had trained her husband in the art of housekeeping. As he is quartered only a few miles away he can live at home and each evening he arrives with his shopping in the conventional string bag. What he doesn't know about the price of chickens, fish and vegetables isn't worth knowing. The only disadvantage is that while you are eating your dinner he is apt to say: "How much do you think I paid for this cauliflower?" and "the price of this chicken was so-and-so." A little mental arithmetic will tell you exactly how much each mouthful costs.

Goodness knows, housekeeping is not as easy as it used to be, but I am lucky enough to have the perfect wartime cook. She knows how to conjure the most delicious dishes out of next to nothing and she has some American specialities which are possible even in these days. For instance, her chicken Maryland is every bit as good as it is in Maryland. She par-boils a young chicken, cuts it into small joints, dips the joints into egg and rolls them well in flour. After this they are fried in a pan of fat, butter, or margarine until they turn a golden brown. Small golden brown squares of fried hominy are served with the chicken. For these you use hominy porridge. You cut the cold hominy porridge into moderately small slices, dip into the beaten egg and fry in very hot fat. Then to half a pint of milk she adds a tablespoonful of flour and one teaspoonful of celery seed. This mixture is brought to the boil while stirring well and it is then added to the butter or margarine in which the chicken was fried. The chicken is placed in a serving dish and the sauce and hominy squares around it.

HAVE you ever eaten garoupe? It is one of the loveliest looking dishes you can serve, and quite delicious. All you have to do is to find a nice large bowl and fill it with the raw vegetables in season. The only thing is that they must be whole and not cut about: small whole beetroots, spring onions, radishes, tender little baby carrots, little heart lettuces, watercress, and small cucumbers. Place the bowl in the middle of the table so that everybody can help themselves at once and have a sauce-boat filled with mayonnaise to which you have added a little curry powder.

IT is bad enough to be ill in bed, and insufferable to discover what has happened to your appearance by the time you reach convalescence. For instance, blanket baths, "soap and spirit rubs" and the drugs you get while you are ill, dry up your skin until it flakes off. It is hard to believe that even the finest bed linen will roughen your elbows in no time at all. Drugs that produce sleep also produce a spotty complexion, and if you have been ill beware of your neck. The mere thought of these disasters is quite enough to cast you into the slough of despond and the depths of despair. But cheer up; with a little care and a couple of weeks everything can be put right again.

A convalescent woman should be very firm with her neck. A throat can be extremely badly behaved after illness. It may do a kind of disappearing act leaving the sinews standing out starkly and covered by crepey skin. It can get lined and scraggy, in fact it seems to wilt. However, a few exercises and a little almond oil will soon put all this right. Stand up straight, bend your head back, clench your fist under your chin, bend your head forward against the pressure of your fist. Repeat six times. This also helps to prevent the formation of a double chin.

Lean the head towards the right shoulder as far as possible, press the left hand against the left side of the head, raise the head against the pressure of the hand. Repeat six times. Alternate by bending the head over as far to the left as possible, press the right hand against the right side of the head, raise the head against the pressure of the hand. Repeat six times.

ANOTHER good exercise goes this way. Tilt your head back, open your mouth wide, then slowly close your mouth by pulling up the lower jaw. You should be able to feel the tension under your chin. Hold your head in this position for an instant then lift your head to the normal position by pulling it up by the cords at the back of the neck as though someone were lifting your head by your ears. You should feel your muscles pulling right down to the waist. Repeat four times. Rub in a little almond oil before you have your bath. If you have a rubber nail brush, or can get one at your chemists, use this for massaging the neck. It whips up your circulation, makes the skin smooth and tones up the muscles in double quick time.

The almond oil and rubber nail brush can also be used for your elbows. Pour a little oil into the palm of one hand, rest the hand on the table and let the opposite elbow "stand" in the oil for a minute or two. Then rub the oil in with a brisk circular movement of the brush until all the oil has disappeared. Repeat with the other hand and elbow. Do this every day for a fortnight.

(Continued on page 69)

Services

If their nails are broken, faces weather-beaten, hair curly-dry as tow.

They man the ships. You man the jobs men have left, some of them involve hard manual toil, but you have to keep your looks.

White iodine at the base of the nails, a touch twice a week, stops them breaking. Let the sides grow up away from the cuticle, a fair way, then file them ovally.

If yours is a thin, dry skin, the type of English complexion that shrivels under contact with winds or becomes veined, use a preparation called Clover-milk, immediately after cleansing. It penetrates far down into the skin, builds up the under tissues, thereby ensuring bloom, transparency, and resistance.

Restore over-dry hair to gloss and curvability—as against fuzz—by a bio-herbal oil shampoo. One of these among four head-washings a month keeps hair in luxuriant condition and banishes dandruff. If, with every shampoo, you massage your head vigorously, pulling the scalp up from the skull, you will quicken your circulation and break up acid-forming secretions.

Let your bare arms in off-duty summer frocks cause that same sharp intake of breath in the beholder as does, invariably, a company presenting arms.

This effect cannot be obtained without effort. Foremost is the care you bestow during the bath. You simply cannot step out of the steaming water, curl into a bath-wrap, sit, dream, and let yourself dry. The result is rough red back arms, with goose-flesh, if there is any suspicion of rheumatic acid in the system.

The secret of fair arms is rub. First lather in good bath soap, Cuticura is best for this, then loofah ferociously—in order to expel the gland secretions thrown out at the back of the arm—and next dry equally hard. You can then slip in a skin-food, especially round the elbow, to counteract rucks or pointed thinness. Always treat the elbows to any skin-food that is over from a face creaming. Elbows fare best, incidentally, if they are not leaned upon. There is a thinning ingredient which will reduce fat upper arms quickly. A wax to remove hairs; a one-colour wash which will give them even tone. But all this is of no avail unless you *rub*.

Lastly, keep an emollient handy, in case you find yourself obliged to do chores or heavy work with bare arms and without the protection of gauntlet gloves. Cover hands and arms with it sparsely, it will not be sticky but just tacky enough to arrest grime and stop it from becoming ingrained. Then when you dip your arms in water, the lubricant froths away as soap. Very saving on the hands and arms.

His task is to clear the skies of all who would ravage by night, yours to clear the face of all that has ravaged it by day.

There's a new skin-food for this purpose, aptly named "Sleeping Beauty"—one of the luxurious Jennifer Graham preparations. Blush-pink, suave and reviving, it practically vanishes into the skin, leaving it non-greasy, yet working away at its job of nourishing, feeding, softening. Just the stuff for those who wish to look their best while bettering.

Another invisible aid is an anti-wrinkle lotion which irons out lines swiftly, and keeps them ironed out till concentration creases them in again. Wonderfully refreshing it is, midnight or mid-day. Can be left on under make-up, or be used over the eyes to soak gauze or wool pads. It eliminates tales of weary nights.

If you require a treatment to purify your face-skin through and through, paint on a mask which will leave you looking pale and interesting. It is worked off with cream and a soap and water wash next morning, and reveals an unguessed of limpidity of cheek most pleasing, but too drying to be used more than once a week.

Other points to remember are : Whisk dental floss between your teeth to save them from debris and conclude with a peroxide mouthwash. Pin up your hair with a setting lotion which will stimulate hair-growth. If you are unbelievably tired, take an *anti-toxic* bath before flopping into bed. Half a pound of Epsom-salt in the water will neutralise and consequently clear your body-skin of fatigue acids and leave you ready to gain strength in sleep.

By Chrysis

for Beauty

He does it with water. Water is your aid, too, if your face is aflame with spring rashes and your chest with heartburn.

Spots and acid in the blood-stream go hand in hand. Indigestion is present because of acid. Drink as much water as you can daily—up to two quarts if possible. Water is the means of extinguishing this blaze. Take one pint, hot, on waking, and the rest at intervals during the day, not with meals.

A course of douching, termed " higher irrigation," will sweep your colon of catarrh and other rubbish, diminishing acid. This can easily be followed at home. Nettles, the top shoots, cooked as spinach, are an invaluable blood-tonic. Carrots, all too plentiful, are wonderful for the blood.

External treatment varies according to the nature of the eruption. Shingles and nerve spots have to be kept dry, dusted with boracic. Acne and blackheads are soothed if washed with Resinol soap—if unobtainable, Cuticura—and the affected areas coated with an ointment of castor-oil and zinc, equally mixed.

Fireman Save my Hous

A·F·S·A·F·S·A·F·S·A·F

Old soldiers never die

Neither does the attraction of women who look after themselves. Their charms often increase with the years.

Skin-glands may lose their elasticity and be really tiresome, particularly in the neck, but they know the antidote for this is turtle oil. If the turtle oil is impregnated with herb juices of a proved lifting quality, it becomes more powerful. More powerful still if used over an astringent. This trick is a reversion of the rule for young skins, which is to close the pores down over a skin-food with an astringent. In this case, nourishment is applied over the astringently corrected moulding of the skin.

Then there is an eye-cream which keeps away pouches and can be slipped round the lids without ever fretting the eye. It continues its good work under make-up and should be ever-present.

To counteract contour-slipping there is a marvellous liquid that can be patted on and left for a while. Two applications, the second twenty minutes after the first, render the face fatigue proof. Beauty-lift lotion is the name—a true help in trouble.

One other secret. A health one. Wise women rest for ten minutes before as well as after their meals. This habit requires great self-control, often seems a waste of precious minutes, but it ensures the proper assimilation of food and the proper restoration of energy. It blocks the advance of Time.

In the days when we had visiting film-stars, this was always their cry. You will excite admiration, too, if only you cease to rely on magically-transforming beauty aids for your good looks and place your trust in daily care instead.

Beauty routine can be of the simplest. The rule that governs it is—keep your face clean. If, of course, you school yourself to follow—without breaking—a special system of skin-feeding, allotting each defect of yours a night for treatment every week, you will have a magnolia skin.

Select a good foundation : Rubinstein has a fluffy pink one which is good for half-greasy normal skins ; while her Town and Country Foundation, slightly emollient, does the trick for dry ones. This specialist's Aquarelle Make-up is lovely, with apple-greens, soft yellows, hazy blues and all spring shades ; while her " Apple-blossom " range, based on a vividly romantic lipstick, is ideal for deeper tones.

If you are one of those who suffer from shine round the nostrils and in the chin crevice, place a touch of astringent over your foundation.

One last hint. Use castor-oil—a streak—at the base of your lashes beneath eye-shadow. The oil will grow your lashes for you. Brush them up with a new mascara made on an oil base. This does not melt in rain, under tears, or with excitement ; it does not clot ; it is, in fact, almost invisible, except that it adds almost three times their length to lashes, imparting a punch to glamour.

War conditions have created their own crop of beauty troubles. If you want help with yours or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me at Commonwealth House, Number One, New Oxford Street, W.C.1

Your Policemen are wonderful

THIS YEAR NEXT YEAR

January. February. March. April. May. June. July. August. September. October. November. December.

This year, you must honestly admit, you have scarcely felt the war, as far as your personal and household buying is concerned. The price of linen sheets is up . . . but you still have plenty to go on with. No more aluminium saucepans are being made, but cook hasn't yet produced that as an excuse for a poor dinner. Only 15 per cent. of the woollen materials produced is available for civilians, but you still managed to get a first-class tweed for your new spring suit.

This year you have, with patience, been able to shop more or less normally, but next year . . . next year is going to be a very different story.

All the restrictions which have as yet produced a marked stint only in the cosmetic trade, will by then have affected every single thing you want to buy, from pillow-slips to pins. Goods will be unobtainable, or so expensive that you will simply have to go without. And this means that from now on you must cherish and cosset and patch and eke out as you have never before dreamed of doing, in this land of plenty.

In fact, sisters, look to the pretties you 've got, for goodness knows when you will be able to lay your hands on any more.

Of course, wise woman, you saw this coming, and have laid in a little hoard of this and that. A dress length or so, enough silk for some underclothes, a few pairs of stockings. They 'll hibernate this summer, reversing Nature, and be there to comfort you next winter.

That 's what you think, but unless you treat them right, you may have a nasty shock when you come to use them, and find them falling into shreds before your eyes.

Silk stockings will keep indefinitely in an airtight jar, away from light, heat and damp. Wash them, dry them thoroughly, and pack loosely into a fruit-bottling jar, which you should warm slightly first to make sure it is bone-dry. Screw the lids on tightly, put the jars in a dry cupboard, with no central heating near it, and forget them with a light heart until the moment when you want to knock someone's eye out by wearing pre-war silk stockings.

Pure silk materials will keep indefinitely with the same care. They need not be in an airtight container, but the rules about light, damp and heat apply in the same way, so do beware of hot pipes which run through your store cupboards. Use plenty of tissue paper when wrapping up silk—a layer for a layer, if you can, preferably blue. It is better to roll silks than to fold them. You can make a roller to start on from a couple of newspapers, firmly rolled into a baton.

I have kept crepe suzette for years this way, but don't risk it with materials which have a tendency to split at the best of times, such as taffetas and metal cloths.

Rayon fabrics do not, as a rule, hibernate happily for more than nine months ; otherwise the same rules apply.

Woollens can be left in the folds in which they are sold, but do not cross-fold them more than this.

Here, the great enemy is moth, and do not delude yourself that because the fabric is new, and therefore clean, moth won't fancy it. I know a girl who put away a pair of blankets so new that they had never been taken from their cellophane packing. A year later, she found the cellophane in shreds and the blankets in crochet-stitch. This story is true, and I would implore you to take it to heart.

To guard against moth, you can store things in a moth-repelling cedarised chest or bag. These are mostly imported and scarce, but there still are a few in the shops. You can add Era wardrobe sachets, which claim to be 300 times stronger than moth-balls. (D. H. Evans ; 1/- a box of four.) Or Petal Dust, which smells flowery and is quite effective. (D. H. Evans ; 6d. a packet.)

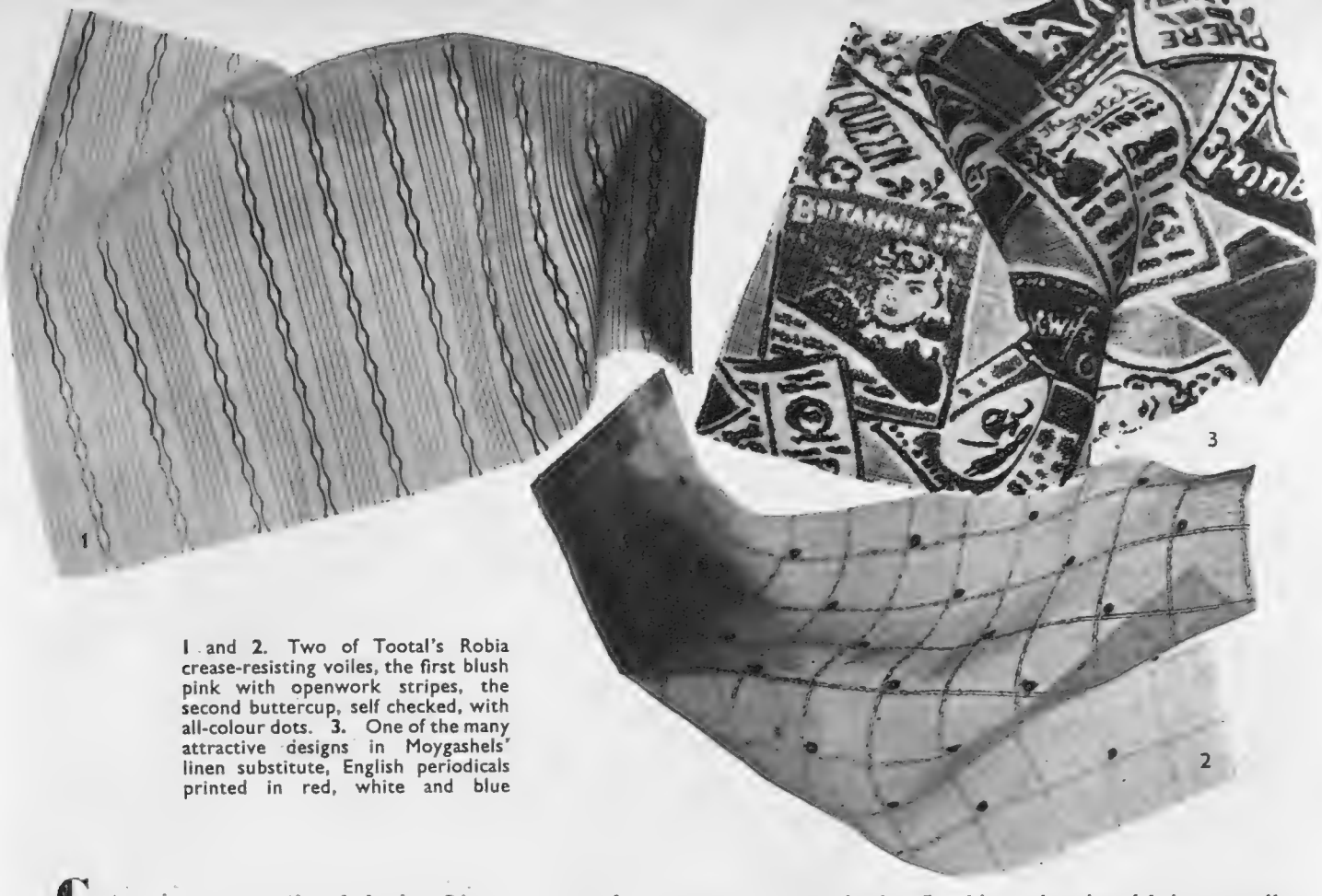
If you are storing things in a suitcase, trunk or drawer, use plenty of cedar paper, which costs 6d. for a roll 8 ft. by 22 in., or newspaper, which may be unglamorous but is a tested old faithful.

If you can lay your hands on it, spray wardrobes, trunks, carpets, even clothes themselves, with Mothdoom, which prevents any moth dreaming of laying an egg near it. But this liquid cannot be sent by post, so you must hunt for it locally.

All this about moth-prevention applies also to blankets which you are putting away for the summer, but blankets should always be washed or dry-cleaned before they are stored.

Pack them off to Clark's Dyeworks, Ltd., of Retford, Notts., and they will Vita-clean them and return them looking as good and as fluffy as new. These people will dye your clothes or household belongings, too, and not only are their charges moderate, but every (Continued on page 78)

By Vere Denning



1 and 2. Two of Tootal's Robia crease-resisting voiles, the first blush pink with openwork stripes, the second buttercup, self checked, with all-colour dots. 3. One of the many attractive designs in Moygashels' linen substitute, English periodicals printed in red, white and blue

Cotton is on a rationed basis. Linen, except for pre-war stocks, is practically non-existent. But neither of these stark facts need give you, Madam, a sleepless night. There should be enough cotton prints and linen substitute this summer for your essential needs, and for Miss Junior's needs, too. But there will not be the choice of pattern and colour that were yours for the taking before the war. Not because we *haven't* got the dyes, the designers and the fabrics, but *because we have them*. Second to none they are. And the overseas buyers know it.

To the U.S.A., to South America, to the Colonies is going the flower of the cotton and rayon industries. And it is selling like hot dogs on a cold day.

Every pound spent by our American and Colonial buddies on British fabrics is bringing us a day nearer peace. And you can take it as read that the smart American does not buy clothes for charity. She buys British cotton prints and rayon because she knows that she cannot buy better.

Take dyes, for instance. Before the war we mostly got dyes from Germany. Now Britain has got Germany beat on her ace-high hand. Stronger colours and unusual colour combinations flash dramatically into the cotton world. Deep purple with solid blue ; exotic greens against a dead-white ground. Prune, amethyst and a marching army of red in a wide variety of tone. Even the demure polka-dot voiles show sophisticated colour patterns, like magenta and green, daffodil and china blue ; while the voile overchecks (tremendously modish this spring) come in burgundy on white, punctuated with dots of light blue and green, and other refreshing schemes.

The wartime rayons " copy-cat " linen so cleverly and have so many advantages over the real thing. Moygashels' new linen substitute, made with Courtauld's rayon, won't shrink or fade or crush ; I, for one, feel quite apprehensive for Miss Flax's chances when she wants to stage a come-back. In this enchanting fabric, as well as choice of texture there is a choice of colour that ranges from off-white (chosen, by the way, by Paquin and Worth for their export models) and pearly pastels to solid black and navy. You will find the cotton prints and pastel linen substitutes of which I write, in all the good shops, though if colour-range and choice are limited, you will know the reason why. Plains, 36 in. wide, range from 2s. 11d. to about 7s. 11d.

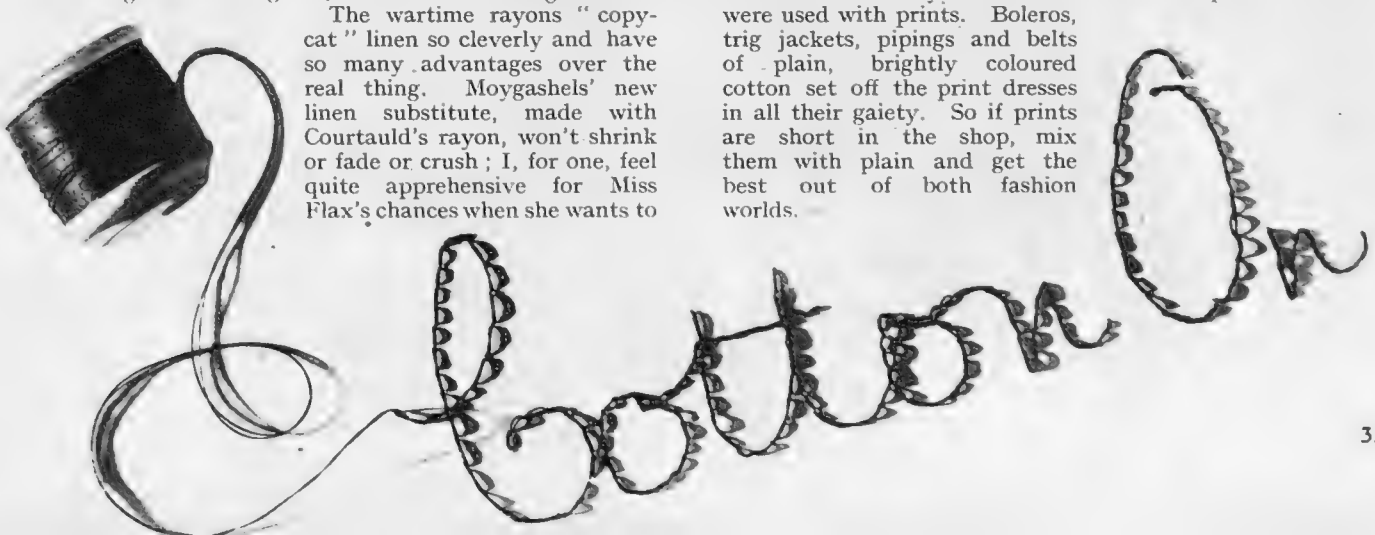
When you go a-shopping, then, don't say : " Yes, but I hear that wartime fabrics, dyes and patterns are better and rangier than ever before, and yet you tell me that I have only got a choice of two prints ! "

Take the blue and white instead of the green and red that teases your fancy so ardently, and rejoice that the little green and red number has gone overseas and is doing its bit for Britain.

On hot summer days, organdie or voile is a favourite choice of American women. And it is good news that English organdie is taking the place of this typically French fabric in their hearts.

Voile is as good for lingerie as it is for frocks and blouses, and on account of its price (around 3s. 6d. to 5s. 11d.) and wearing qualities, is an economic wartime choice. It wears and washes right to the end of its long life. It is about 45 in. wide. Tootal's voile is covered by a guarantee. If it fails its wearer in any way, Tootal replace the yardage and refund the making-up charges.

And talking of making-up, a dressmaking hint straight from the first fashion-designers in this country was seen at the Cotton Board's show of dresses for export at the Dorchester recently. Here I noticed that plain colours were used with prints. Boleros, trig jackets, pipings and belts of plain, brightly coloured cotton set off the print dresses in all their gaiety. So if prints are short in the shop, mix them with plain and get the best out of both fashion worlds.



On This Page Are Five Women . . .

DRESSED IN PERFECT HASTE

In other words, they bought hurriedly, inadvisedly, which was ever foolish, but in times like these, when money is short and clothes must last long, it is high treason. When you are out buying, if you don't know what you want, want what you *know*. Buy the clothes which you feel in your bones are *right*, both for your present mood and for merging into the background of your current wardrobe. Never, never be overtalked by a hypnotic saleswoman. You will do better to stay in last year's clothes, unless last year you were overtalked too. In that case, there is nothing much to be done with you. These five little outfits, all new, not one of them inexpensive, sketched in and out of doors this late Spring, bristle with errors in selection and assembly. They are prime examples of what to avoid. Turn to page 52 for their descriptions.

FASHIONS
By
JEAN BURNUP
Editor Women's Department

And Here You See Them . . .

DRESSED IN PERFECT TASTE

You have to be born with green eyes or racehorse ankles, but good taste can be cultivated. Learn to profit by your mistakes, learn elimination, train the eye to appraise good detail, line, colour, character.

The war, with its ruthless editing of all fussiness and extraneous detail in our clothes, with its stress on the functional rather than the fashionable, is helping to re-shape women's ideas of good dressing.

Good taste is eloquent in every line and movement of the clothes on this page. They have one common quality, they are effortless. They appear just to have happened, like a lovely day, or a child's thick lashes. That is the aim.

6. Flowered rayon with one of the new frilled yokes, a slender waist, comfortable skirt, elbow muff sleeves, makes an afternoon dress of infinite charm.

7. The new sweater line in a dinner dress made from the dull and shiny sides of the fabric. Six little bows add six little touches.

8. Beneath this trim single-breasted jacket, with its bloused back and fine pockets, is a short-sleeved shirt waist-dress, buttoning to the fitted waist, with four groups of pleats coming from a high yoke line.

9. Fine black wool jersey, a good choice for a sweater bodice joining a skirt of unpressed pleats. The pockets have appliqued bows.

10. Interest in this coat focuses on the seamed back yoke, which dramatically masses the back gathers. The front is high revered, double-breasted.

1

2

1. The gaily printed skirt ends at the waistband. Its matching brassière shows through a chiffon top. **2.** Muriel Bellamy's Viyella shirt exploits this versatile fabric in a new manner. **3.** A flattering new line, the knee flounce, in a navy woollen street frock, punctuated with white pique. (*Herschelle*). **4.** Two tones of grey worsted flannel make a natty bolero suit, notable for good detail. (*Herschelle.*)

3

4

New, early summer clothes flaunt colours as gay and assertive as the brass in a band. Burnt sienna, cinnamon, brick red, nostalgic terra-cotta, tulip-leaf green, violety pink, lime and purply blue are among the vivids. The sobersides cover all flannel grey tones, clerical grey, lavender grey, grey green, sage green. These are often enlivened by good team work, such as sage green with rose pink, lime, or yellow or burgundy; grey with anything bright you fancy. Blue and black, as ever, carry white piqué details. A dark suit with white piqué revers, deep white bandings and white evening tie bows on large hip pockets is laundering trouble, but worth it.

Sophisticated summer dresses achieve piquancy in nursery colours, straight tussore, rose-pink, sky blue, buttercup, in polka dots on coloured grounds, and neat flower rayon prints. You won't wear linen, but who cares, the Moygashel linen substitutes are as good as. They come in heavenly colours and very fine designs.

New and pretty is the sweater line, the shaped bodice long and fitting to a hip-bone break, the skirt full with unpressed pleats or gathers. Many dresses are cut with a long contrast top, pastel, say with a black skirt. Big coats, unless cut on casual, no-fastening lines with very wide cuffs, are almost uniformly high revered, with flared skirts, and back fullness coming from yoke or belt.

Tucked chiffon, black lace, spangled net blouses, sequin-trimmed jumpers and tunics are worn with black suits for festivities. So are vivid print dresses, the print picked out in sequins or crystal beads. These are made on simple, little-girl lines with quiet, tight tops, full skirted from waist or hips.

LIFE GOES ON AT *Number 3 Acacia Gardens.*

7.15 *a.m.*—Mr. Spenlove's woollen scarf swathed about the alarm clock dims without deleting the announcement of another morning. Mrs. Spenlove, waking with the usual nagging head, resolves to try the head-rolling exercises recommended by newspaper. Mentions head-rolling intentions to Mr. Spenlove, who says it sounds like the French Revolution. Mrs. S., brewing early tea with electric kettle, reiterates need for Mr. Spenlove to curb partiality for occasionally boiling kettle without contents.

8 *a.m.*—At breakfast Mrs. S. suggests that space formerly devoted to radishes and beetroots in vegetable garden should be given to onions, and that brother Jack had discovered new means of overcoming difficulty with onion seed by cutting long inch-wide strips of tissue-paper, covering with gum or treacle and sowing seeds in the treacle, afterwards planting the paper in prepared drills. Mr. S. admits ingenuity of the device, but still thinks that radishes should have their place.

8.10 *a.m.*—John, aged sixteen, eager to join the Navy, says boy at school has a cousin who has a friend who joined the Navy when he was fifteen. Mr. Spenlove reiterates conviction that John will be in the Navy soon enough if he waits until the Navy send for him. Breaks off to remind Mrs. S. that he is on Home Guard duty this evening, and please to remember the sandwiches and coffee.

8.15 *a.m.*—Temporary interruption of family unity on account of Myra, fourteen years old, offering prime portion of solitary bacon rasher to importunate family mongrel.

8.25 *a.m.*—Mr. Spenlove and children depart.

8.35 *a.m.*—Mrs. S. and Daily Help start removing best bedroom curtains from windows for washing purposes. Mrs. S. makes note for shopping reference to buy new Ruflette Tape to replace tatters existing.

8.50 *a.m.*—'Phone call from Commandant of Local Emergency Nursing Unit. Mrs. Spenlove hears plans now completed for each member of unit to assume nursing responsibility (with others) for two streets.

9.10 *a.m.*—Return to bedroom where Daily is removing bed-cover for washing purposes. Expresses personal and rather contemptuous opinion that it won't survive another wash. Mrs. S., privately agreeing but somewhat piqued, declares intention of replacing it with a new Vantona cover of which there are many exquisite examples. Adds silent comment about inexpensiveness.

11.15 *a.m.*—Interviews local Council official on the subject of Waste. Explains that conscientiousness and enterprise in collection of refuse have merely led to creation of garbage dump in the rear of 3, Acacia Gardens, no dustmen having been sufficiently war-minded to remove same. Official says dustmen are getting scarce, and anyway the Government wishes to regard some waste as *Reserve*. Mrs. S., anxious to accommodate Government, points out injustice of creating reserve dump on private premises.

11.45 *a.m.*—Better luck at the Grocer's where masonic signs lead to acquisition of tins of treacle, also of condensed milk, and a packet of razor-blades.

12.5 *p.m.*—Meets friend, known to be a "wonderful manager," who suggests exchange of two pounds of sugar for two pounds of onions. Partiality for Irish stew on part of Mrs. S. seals the bargain.

12.30 *p.m.*—Home to prepare lunch for children. Large potatoes baked in jackets, partly hollowed out and filled with sausage meat. Lunch curtailed by appearance of Mrs. Smith calling for contribution to stirrup-pumps for use of Acacia Gardens. Shows strong disposition to spend afternoon giving eye-witness accounts of air-raid disasters, but is finally ejected.

2.45 *p.m.*—Consultation with dressmaker about two-piece for Spring. Decide upon dress and coat in grey-green with burgundy trimmings. Also discuss making of fresh bathroom curtains of the new cretonne backed with rubber. Cheap and light-proof.

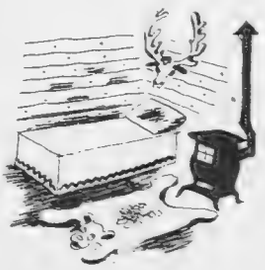
3.15 *p.m.*—Back to Acacia Gardens to receive old friend Anne for cosy chat and knitting.

3.45 *p.m.*—Anne arrives looking charming in new hat with veil tucked into the slit crown and cascading at the back. Is informative about chickens, of which she has just acquired six. Declares egg supply of her family now permanently assured, as chickens can be fed on scraps mixed with Balanced Meal devised as complete diet by Ministry of Agriculture for Anne and copyists.

4.15 *p.m.*—Tea and cakes made with lard, treated with remarkable new chemical butter flavouring, meet with restrained approval.

4.45 *p.m.*—Elsie departs as children return from school to tea and treat in shape of treacle extorted from sympathetic grocer.

5.5 *p.m.*—Doctor's wife rings up to say that certain ladies have undertaken to entertain lonely Canadian soldiers, and would Mrs. Spenlove care to be one. Mrs. Spenlove enthusiastically engages for two guests for approaching week-end. Next hour spent in feverish investigation as to tastes of average Canadian. Wonders if spare room can possibly be arranged so as to resemble log cabin, but reluctantly abandons thought of Canadian decor to concentrate on food, which promises to demand all ingenuity available.



6.30 *p.m.*—Return of Mr. Spenlove, much pleased by acquisition of half a pound of bootleg butter bought from a man he met at lunch. Mrs. S. responds with gift of razor-blades. Admiration mutual.

7 *p.m.*—Introduction with the chicken soup of subject of poultry keeping, interlarded with dazzling visual prospects of omelettes for dinner. Mr. Spenlove, apprehensive on the subject of erecting suitable pen, carpentering being a weak link in his chain of accomplishments. Chicken theme persists throughout dinner, at one point of which Mrs. S. is impressed with the advisability of substituting a goat for the chickens as tool-shed would serve as stable. Further reflection urges wisdom of making it a goat *and* chickens, then, come weal or woe, the Spenloves cannot starve. John intervenes to point out that if he could join the Navy, there would be one Spenlove less to suffer the dreadful consequences of undernourishment.

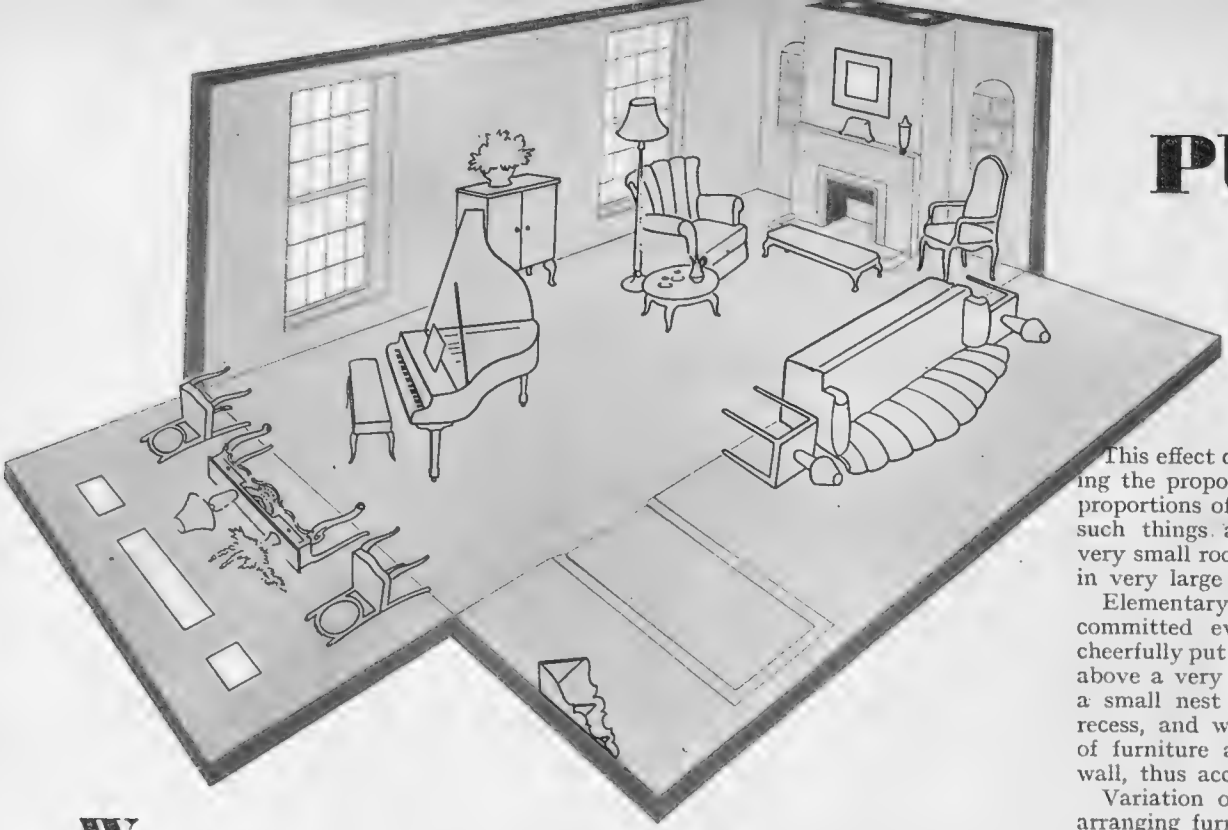
7.30 *p.m.*—Mr. Spenlove, tolerably resigned to poultry proposition if handyman can be found to take over responsibility of pen-building.

8 *p.m.*—Contributions by all hands to task of preparing Mr. Spenlove (Corporal) for Home Guard duty.

8.25 *p.m.*—Mrs. S. suggests advisability of enquiring among widely travelled Home Guards as to what form of hospitality lonely Canadians are most likely to appreciate. Mr. Spenlove says simple hospitality ought to be enough for any man, no matter what country he 's from.

8.45 *p.m.*—Departure of Mr. S. with coffee flask and sandwiches.

9 *p.m.*—Arrival to keep company with (Continued on p. 67)



PUT IT

The disposal of a room is as effect as the

We all know the type of house, expensively furnished and equipped, which achieves nothing very much in the end. Charm and character obviously depend as much upon the manner in which the furniture is disposed as upon its intrinsic worth. It is arrangement which gives the point and emphasis to its character, and furniture just casually disposed about a room—however attractive in itself—will never display its full charm.

In arranging furniture we are much too often inclined to overlook the relation between the room itself and the things that are to go in it.

Just to arrange the furniture around the walls and across the corners without further thought for balance and proportions is to ask for a commonplace room, perhaps even for an ugly one.

The ideal is, of course, to select your furniture piece by piece with a specific room in mind. But as this is only possible when one is newly furnishing a home, we must consider how existing furniture can best be adapted to any given room.

In a general way, the average room is overcrowded and falls down sadly on this account. We are creatures of habit, and furniture which has become familiar clings to us as we cling to it without any better reason than that we are used to seeing it there.

Thus we are constantly finding ourselves with odds and ends of furniture and decoration which have no real relation to the decorative theme, which upset the balanced proportions of the room and chip off valuable and agreeable space without even the excuse of being necessary.

We allow ourselves, too, to be severely hampered by convention. We stand the clock upon the mantelpiece because that is where clocks are traditionally known to be. We put the table in the centre of the room because that also is an established custom, just as suspending the light from the centre of the ceiling has come to be, but our reasons for doing these things have no better foundation than that of habit.

When you have so arranged the furniture that it appears to belong where it stands, you have the secret of restfulness and beauty in a room, a fusion of the furniture with its background and a friendly understanding between both.

This effect can be arrived at by balancing the proportions of the room and the proportions of the furniture, by avoiding such things as very large furniture in very small rooms, or very small furniture in very large rooms.

Elementary errors of balance are being committed everywhere by people who cheerfully put a large mirror or overmantel above a very small fireplace; who stand a small nest of tables in a very large recess, and who place a very low piece of furniture against a lofty expanse of wall, thus accentuating its bleak height.

Variation of heights is important in arranging furniture. It is a mistake, for instance, to set a high bookcase or tallboy alongside a piece equally high. On the other hand, it is good to give variation to a group of low chairs with a high one.

Sometimes you can introduce height by hanging a picture behind a low piece of furniture, by standing a low table near to a high chair or bureau, by appropriately placing a tall vase of flowers.

The practice of putting furniture across the corners of a room can hardly ever be justified. It is not only ugly but a waste of space, unless the room is unusually spacious. Where a piece of furniture is set across the corner of the room because it will not fit anywhere else, the piece is obviously quite unsuitable to the room.

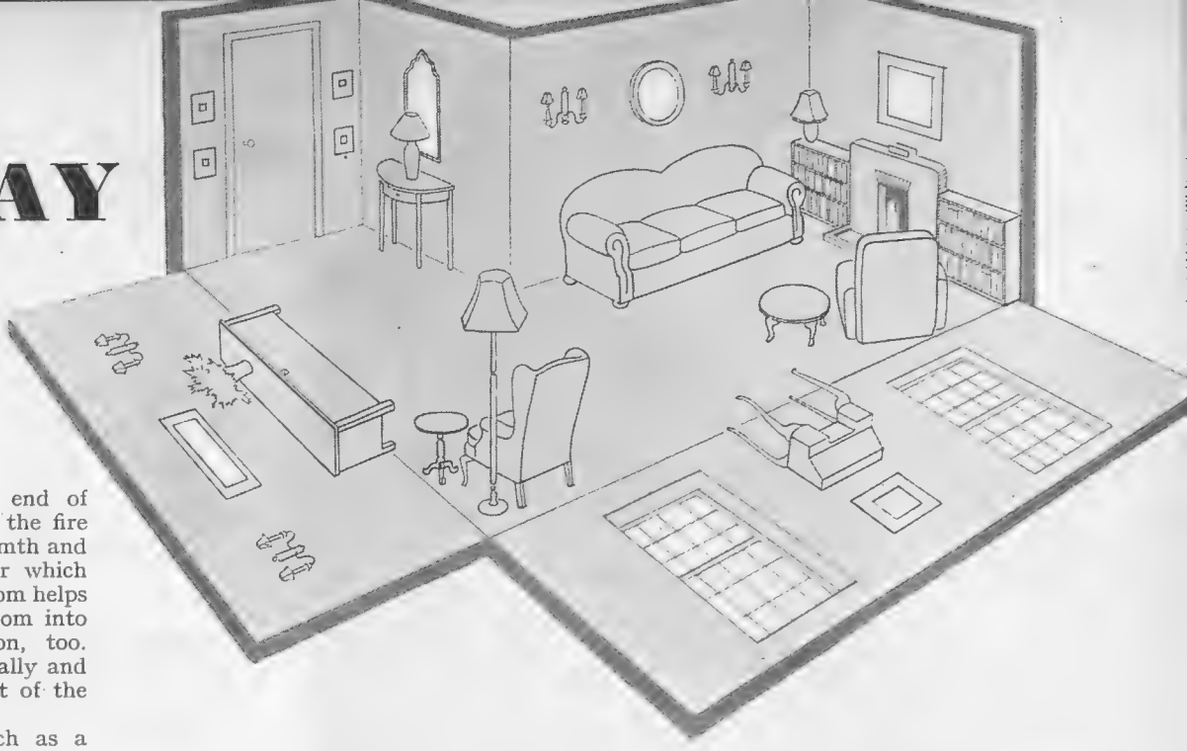
Far too many rooms have an air of being occupied only in one part. This applies more particularly to larger rooms. Around the fireplace there is homeliness and comfort, but at the other end of the room it is bleak and formal so that one could never dream of sitting there.

This is quite wrong. Every corner and angle of room should be studied so that by practice or only by inference it is

(Above) The furniture in this long narrow room is arranged to draw attention from its long narrow shape. This is achieved by grouping objects in the centre and keeping the side walls simple. An important group at the end farthest from the fireplace is helpful in the same way. *(Right)* In this cottage bedroom high furniture is kept on the opposite side to the sloped ceiling and low pieces are used near the window to accentuate its height.

THIS WAY

furniture about important to the furniture itself



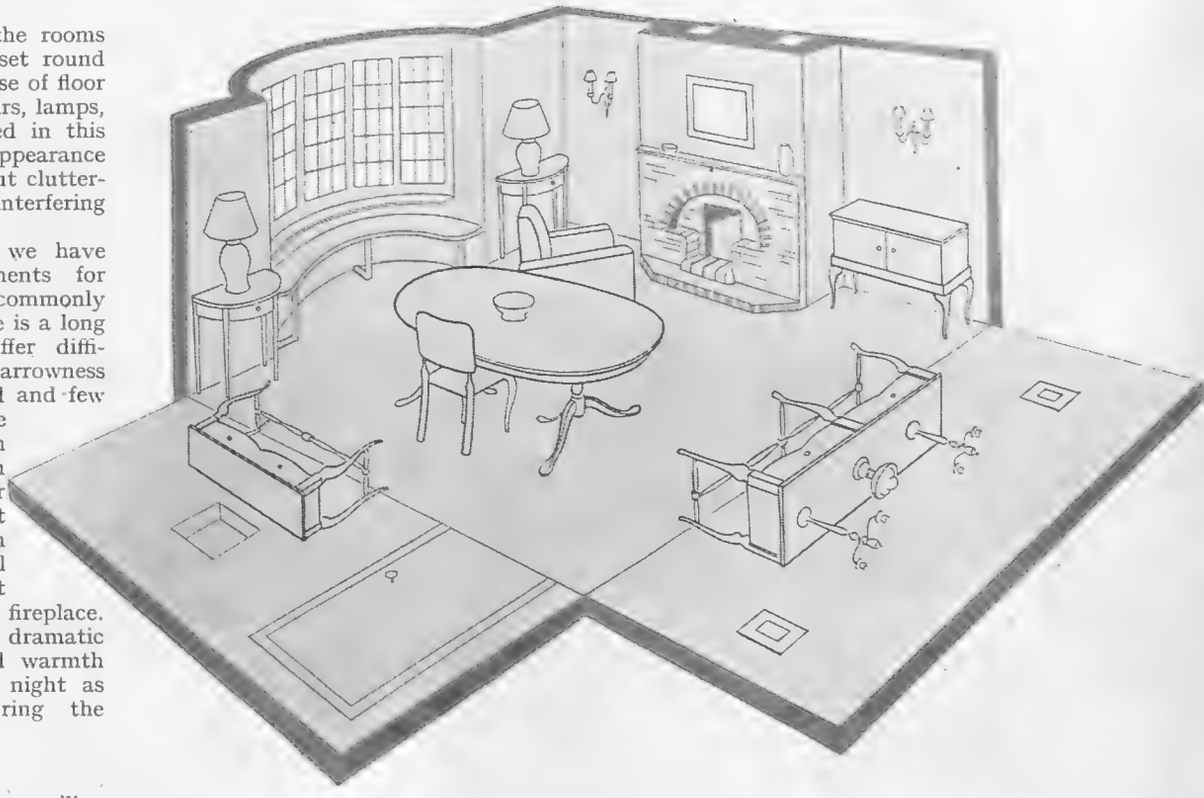
The L-shaped room must be comfortable even at the end remote from the fireplace and viewed from the fireplace end it must be friendly and have the appearance of belonging. Good grouping, generous lighting and an armchair group at the L end of this scheme gives it cohesion and balance. *(Below)* The bay-window too frequently has a detached and unfurnished appearance. This diagram shows a simple treatment —two console tables flanging the bay—which brings the bay-window into friendly understanding with the rest of the room which is quietly furnished but has a balanced charm

inhabited and usable. The far end of the room which is remote from the fire should be softly lit to give it warmth and feeling at night. A long mirror which reflects the fireplace end of the room helps to bring the two ends of the room into contact. Corners need attention, too. They should be studied individually and made to seem a component part of the ensemble.

Some very small things, such as a lamp, a group of pictures, a decorative corner bracket, a tall vase will do so long as the corner is furnished rather than concealed. Too often we adopt the expedient of putting a piece of furniture across the corner in an attempt to cover up this awkward angle, but this is really shirking the issue. There is no reason for the angle to be ugly.

Another error is found in the rooms where the furniture is stiffly set round the walls, leaving a bare expanse of floor in the centre of the room. Chairs, lamps, small tables should be grouped in this area so as to give the right appearance of comfort and cohesion without cluttering the central floor space or interfering with easy movement.

In the diagrams sketched we have suggested furniture arrangements for four rooms of the shapes most commonly met with. At the top left there is a long narrow room which might offer difficulties of arrangement. The narrowness of the room has to be studied and few pieces of furniture as possible are set on each side of the room so as to avoid any accentuation of its narrowness. On the other hand the apparent length is cut by the grouping of furniture in the centre of the room, as well as by an imposing group at the farthest end from the fireplace. This includes a lamp and a dramatic flower group to give light and warmth to this part of the room at night as well as colour interest during the day.



The bedroom with a sloping ceiling presents obvious difficulties and in the diagram a suitable layout is shown for such proportions. Low slung furniture on the sloping side and higher effects on the others gives a neat sense of balance. The bed and side tables are low, but the fan over the bedhead gives the required effect of height in this part. The dressing-table is not so well situated for daylight as one could wish, but this sacrifice had to be made in the interests of balance and plentiful artificial lighting is given to make up.

An L-shaped room, such as that sketched at the top of this page, needs careful arrangement so that the part of it which is "round the corner" is not too detached from the rest. In the simple grouping shown in the sketch there is effect of cohesion. The greatest comfort is, naturally, round the fireside, but the far end of the room, viewed from that end, is attractive and friendly.

The final sketch shows a bay window dining-room. Perhaps the most commonplace of all room designs, though not easy to handle effectively. The bay window is frequently left out of the scheme, as it were, and in that sense so much wasted space.

The window seat is very hard to beat and can be fitted easily and inexpensively. In the sketch the two small tables on either side of the bay, make a charming frame for the window treatment (not shown in the sketch) and at night give an appearance of light and warmth round this wall.

Some artists' licence was allowed in these sketches in order to show the grouping of the furniture against the dropped walls. This does not interfere, however, with the general plan for the most appropriate arrangement of the furniture.

ONE PAIR

Just as you can sometimes pep up an old dress with some new trimming, a clever piece of jewellery or with a new hat and shoes, so you can give a shabby room vitality with fresh detail. A new dash of colour, a fresh form, will draw the eye away from the dimness of shabby things and invest the scheme with Life.

A chair cover, new curtains, cushions, lampshades, all these things stand out when they are new and gay, and the room, though fundamentally the same, assumes a new vitality. These are things which one pair

If you can make a dress you can make a chair cover, and if you can make a chair cover you can have a bright new scheme in any room of the house this summer at a very low cost.

You may not be ready to tackle the covering of a whole suite right away but by trying out your skill on an odd easy chair you can gather experience and confidence and so, later, pass on to bigger things.

You will be much helped by a pattern. These are obtainable in many styles. If the chair already has an old slip cover you are in a very strong position. All you have to do then is to undo the seams of the old cover and cut the new one from it, allowing in the fitting the necessary margin for stretching of the old fabric

The final effect of a loose cover depends as much upon the choice of material and trimmings as upon the fitting, though a snug fit is important. Odd lengths of material can be used up effectively, for instance, by making the front of the chair in a fabric of one colour and the back of another. Again, the body of the chair can be plain, the loose cushions and the frill contrasting.

The sketch at the left shows a wing chair with a slip cover made from a length of cretonne in jade green with petunia and deep clover coloured flowers. The back is cut from a plain material in clover. Curtains to match are made from the plain fabric with a deep hem and pelmet of the cretonne, both deeply scalloped at the hems.

A new bedspread and curtains are, in themselves, sufficient to make a bedroom gay again, even without the help of a redecorated background.

As a focal point of the scheme the bed demands some interesting treatment. Theoretically, the large area of one colouring represented by the average plain silk bedspread is bad. It is better for the scheme if the line and the colouring are broken.

We have sketched a bed covering (top of facing page) easy for the amateur to make, using two materials, either stripes for the top as in the sketch, or a floral pattern and plain for the valance.

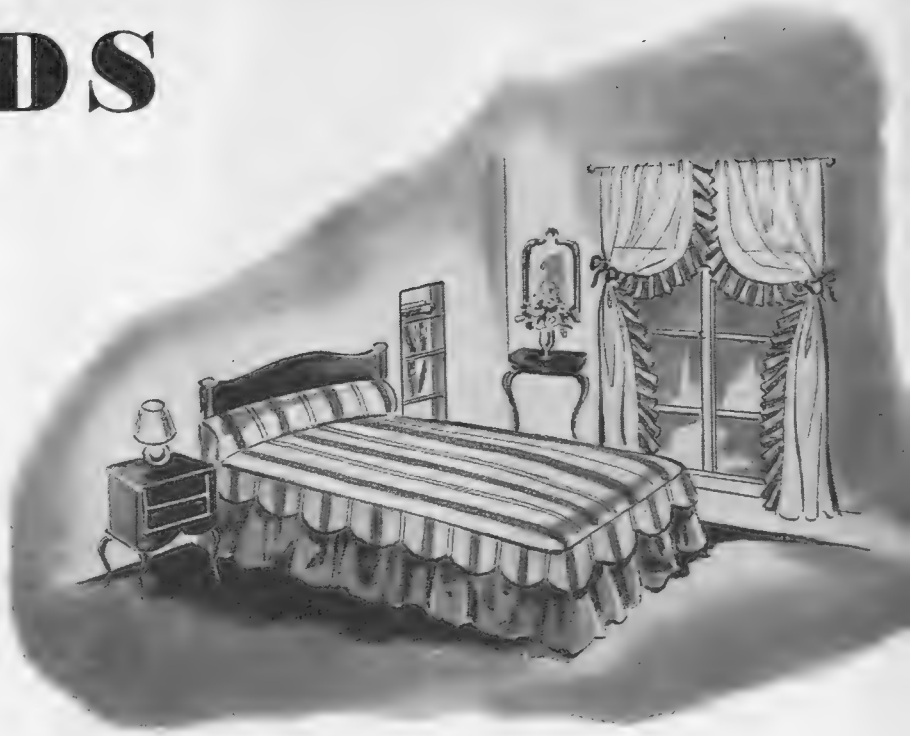
In either case the upper part of the cover is of a lighter tone than the under valance. For instance, the striped material might be pale fawn with maroon and salmon pink stripes while the under valance could be of plain maroon.

This effect could be varied by using glazed chintz for the top with an all-over pattern of shaded rose and cream on a brown ground. In this case the valance should be plain brown glazed chintz.

To assure a snug fit, the valance is attached to a lining top which fits over the bed and under the figured top which lies snugly upon it.

A delicately pretty curtain treatment to go with the bed cover shows looped organdie (which wears and washes well) with deep pleated frills of the striped silk used for the bed. Cretonne frills would do equally well

OF HANDS



of clever hands can fashion for themselves. From odd lengths of fabric, from ribbon and paint, from this and that, you can make your rooms like new. That is if you are not afraid to try out things that you have formerly left to others. If you have never covered a chair before, do so now. Things are never so difficult when you get down to them with common sense and patience. Look around for renewals that you can carry out yourself.

Get busy experimenting. Prove to yourself what one pair of hands can do.

if the design were a small one. Observe the high-waisted looping of the curtains; it is new and different.

A fireside stool which asks to be brought into line with the new colour scheme of a room can be very easily and effectively treated as the sketch at the bottom of the page suggests. For the covering of the seat use a velour, cretonne or any plain material, perhaps identical with the chair covers or the curtains, or alternatively matching in colour with the rug or carpet upon which it stands. For the rest, two rows of overlapping fringe are used as decoration. You can make the fringe yourself from coloured cord, or if you prefer a finer one, furnishing fringe is obtainable in many good colours.

This is a very inexpensive renovation and the whole job could be carried out in an evening.

Another similar effect can be had by using two overlapping valances of box-pleated cretonne or furnishing taffeta in the place of fringe. These fabrics are, however, better suited to use in a bedroom or where the wear and tear upon the stool is not too great.

Coarse coloured sacking or hessian is another good thing to use as a covering. This should be piped or trimmed at the edges and seams with a very bold braiding in a contrasting colour to get the best effect. Coloured hessian is attractive, hard wearing and correspondingly cheap.

Transfers which used to fascinate us as children can still be had, only now we are buying them to decorate the home. The new transfers for decoration are coated with a special cellulose lacquer which not only gives them a skin which adds to their strength and brightness, but also renders them easy to transfer.

You can apply these transfers to glass, pottery, wood, bakelite, in fact to almost all smooth surfaces, which opens up a fascinating field of experiment.

Table mats are very simple to treat in this way. Buy a set of plain table mats from any of the stores and repaint them to the colour you prefer. Any good cellulose paint, given ample time to dry, will serve for this purpose. Afterwards apply one of the flower transfers to the centre and the mat is complete.

Old trays, pottery jugs, screens, lampshades and furniture can be given a new life with these charming little designs. The group sketched below includes a renovated tray, some table mats and a china doorplate and handles upon which the transfers have been used.

The transfer method is the same as when you were a child. First soak the transfer in tepid water for about twenty seconds, then gently slide the transfer along the paper until it projects a little over the edge. Place the projecting piece on the object to be decorated and hold it down with the finger, then gently slide the paper from underneath leaving the design behind.

Old furniture, stripped and repainted can be very charmingly decorated with flower transfers. Door panels, kitchen tiles and even the plain coloured tins in which you keep your kitchen stores offer further fields for experiment. There are special designs for cocktail glasses, others for bathroom decoration showing birds and water lilies, and plenty for use on nursery furniture and walls. Children's Christian names come into another series of transfers and give a lot of pleasure to the little ones when used on personal possessions.

By Winifred Lewis

ABBREVIATIONS

K.= knit; p.= purl; m.= make; s.= slip; rep.= repeat; st.= stitch or stitches; tog.= together; beg.= beginning; inc.= increase; dec.= decrease; patt.= pattern; in.= inch or inches

MATERIALS

3¼ lb. Briggs "Kwiknit" Astrakhan wool; 1 pair No. 3 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 24 ins.; across back underarms, 18 ins.; across each front, 11 ins.; sleeve from shoulder, 23 ins.

TENSION

4 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 3 needles, cast on 84 sts. Work 4 rows plain knitting. Then continue in stocking st. (1 row k., 1 row p.) until work measures 1 in. from the beg. **1st dec.**—* K. 12, k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to end (78).

Work 6 ins. without dec. **2nd dec.**—* K. 2 tog., k. 11; rep. from * to end (72). Work 6 ins. without dec. **3rd dec.**—* K. 10, k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to end (66).

Work 6 ins. without dec. (Work now 17 ins. from the beg.)

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Work 7 ins. on the remaining 42 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 7 at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 3 needles, cast on 42 sts. Work as for back until work measures 24 ins. and 33 sts. on needle.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (wrong side facing)

Cast off 4 at the beg. of the next and every alternate row following until 21 sts. remain. Work 5 ins. on these 21 sts.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 3 at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Work 2 ins. on remaining sts., at the same time decreasing 1 st. every row at the neck edge until 14 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER (wrong side facing)

Cast off 7 at the beg. of every alternate row, until all sts. are cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

With No. 3 needles cast on 42 sts. and work as for back until 17 ins. from the beg. (33 sts. now on needle).

Cast off 4 at the beg. of the next and every alternate row following until 21 sts. remain. Work 5 ins. on these 21 sts.

SHAPE NECK (wrong side facing)

Cast off 3 at the beg. of next row. Work 2 ins. on the remaining sts., at the same time decreasing 1 st. every row at the neck edge until 14 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER (right side facing)

Cast off 7 at the beg. of the next and every alternate row following, until all sts. are cast off.

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 3 needles cast on 60 sts. Work 4 rows plain knitting. Work as for the back until work measures 5 ins. from the beg.

1st dec.—* K. 8, k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to end (54). Work 5 ins. without dec.

2nd dec.—* K. 2 tog., k. 7; rep. from * to end (48). Work 5 ins. without dec.

3rd dec.—* K. 2 tog., k. 6; rep. from * to end (42). Continue now until work measures 18 ins. from the beg. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row, until 16 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE FRONT STRIPS (2)

With No. 3 needles cast on 8 sts. Work 23 ins. in plain knitting. Cast off.

THE POCKETS (2)

With No 3 needles cast on 20 sts. Work 4 rows plain knitting. Continue in stocking st. for 6 ins. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

With No. 3 needles cast on 12 sts. **Rows 1 and 2,** k. to end. **3rd row.**—K. 9, turn. **4th row.**—K. 9. Rep. these 4 rows until short side measures 14 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew seams, sew in sleeves, arranging fullness at top. Sew on the front strips. Sew on collar. Sew on pockets. Sew pads in top of sleeves.

Curly Cat

Quickly made in plain knitting with "Kwiknit" wool, big needles

SEQUINS

flash discreetly on a bouclé wool evening blouse, fuchsia on green

MATERIALS

10 oz. Bouclé wool ; 12 buttonmoulds ; 1 pair No. 9 and 1 pair No. 12 Double Century needles ; 1 small crochet hook ; sequins ; beads.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 19 ins. ; across back under arm, 17 ins. ; across right front, 8½ ins. ; across left front, 9½ ins. ; sleeve from shoulder, 12 ins.

TENSION

For No. 9 needles 13 sts. to 2 ins.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 84 sts. Rib 4 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Continue in the following patt. :

1st row.—K. **2nd row.**—P. **3rd and 4th rows.**—* K. 3, p. 3 to end of row. **5th row.**—K. **6th row.**—P. **7th and 8th rows.**—* P. 3, k. 3 to end of row.

These 8 rows make the patt.

Continue until 3 ins. from the beg. Change to No. 9 needles, and inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row, until 108 sts. Continue without further decreasing, until 12 ins. from the beg.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Work 7 ins. on the remaining 84 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 6 at the beg. of the next 8 rows, cast off remaining sts.

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 48 sts. Work as for the back until 12 ins. from the beg., increasing at armhole edge only until 60 sts. on needle.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (wrong side facing)

Cast off 3 at the beg. of the next and every alternate row following until 45 sts. remain. Work 5½ ins. without shaping.

(Continued on page 58)

Marzipan

Three colours—maple red, maize, and grey—mix adroitly in a slick jumper

MATERIALS

2 oz. maize, 2 oz. grey, 2 oz. maple 3-ply La Laine Super wool ; 1 pair of No. 9 and 1 pair of No. 11 needles ; press studs.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins. ; length, 20 ins. ; sleeve seam, 4½ ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE FRONT

Cast on 24 sts. in grey with No. 11 needles, then join in maple and cast on 8 sts. Then maize and cast on 57 sts. Then 8 maple, then 24 grey.

1st row.—* P. 1, k. 1 ; rep. from * for 22 sts., then p. 2, k. the 8 maple sts., p. 2 maize, then * k. 1, p. 1 ; rep. from * until there are 2 maize sts. P. 2, k. the 8 maple sts., p. 2 grey, * k. 1, p. 1 to end of row.

2nd row.—Use colours as on needle and k. the p. sts. and p. the k. sts. of previous row as in stocking stitch.

Rep. these 2 rows until there are 10 worked.

11th row.—As first, but twist the maple sts. as follows : S. first 4 on to short spare needle with 2 points, k. 2nd 4, then k. those on spare needle.

12th row.—As 2nd row.

Rep. these 12 rows until there are 6 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and every 6th row after until there are 12 sts. increased on each edge, making 145 sts. Work straight until side seams measure 13½ ins. Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 105 sts.

Now, with right side facing, start row in maple in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 30 sts. Then k. 1, p. 1, rib in maize for 45 sts. then maple p. 1, k. 1, rib for last 30 sts. Work in this manner for 2½ ins. Cast off the maple sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Now with a fresh pair of No. 9 needles, cast on 30 sts. with maize, and work 2½ ins. Work another piece the same. Now sl. the remaining maize centre st. on to same needle as these 2 pocket linings, with one on each side of centre,

(Continued on page 59)

Vegetable Matters

This month we have the first delicate broad beans, early peas, young turnip tops and a delicious array of fresh salad stuffs. Not to mention green gooseberries, lending their fresh tang to fish sauces as well as to pies and fruit fools. The American vegetable plate is an easy way of serving vegetables attractively. You first cook them separately and set them in colourful heaps round a large dinner-plate, either hot or cold, with a little bowl of mayonnaise in the centre. Remember that cabbage and other greens cooked "conservatively" in a very little water, with the lid on, may look discoloured. Do not be tempted to add a pinch of soda. Your trouble is overcooking. To clean green vegetables remove discoloured outside leaves and soak in about two quarts of salted water. Leave them for not more than half an hour in the water. Scrape young root vegetables. It is unnecessary to take the outer skins off broad beans after shelling them. In fact, young broad beans needn't even be shelled. They are delicious cooked in their skins when small and tender.

SAVOURY JELLY. Cooked peas, a plain jelly, sugar and milk; an ideal warm weather dish

COOKED VEGETABLE SALAD. Broad beans, potatoes, peas, asparagus tips, lettuce and young carrots make a decorative display, and are packed with vitamins and food value

Cooked Vegetable Salad. 1 cup each of cooked broad beans, cubed potatoes, peas, asparagus tips and young carrots (sliced); leaves of cos lettuce, 1 teaspoonful chopped chives or green part of spring onion.

Line a large flat dish with lettuce leaves. Arrange the vegetables on this in heaps. Add french dressing and scatter chopped chives over.

Vegetable hors d'œuvre. Grated raw carrot, shredded cos lettuce dressed with Heinz mayonnaise, radishes, left-over cooked peas and broad beans mixed together with mayonnaise, asparagus tips with french dressing (if you live in the country, pick hop shoots from the hedge and use them instead); cubed potatoes in mayonnaise, with chopped chervil or parsley scattered over.

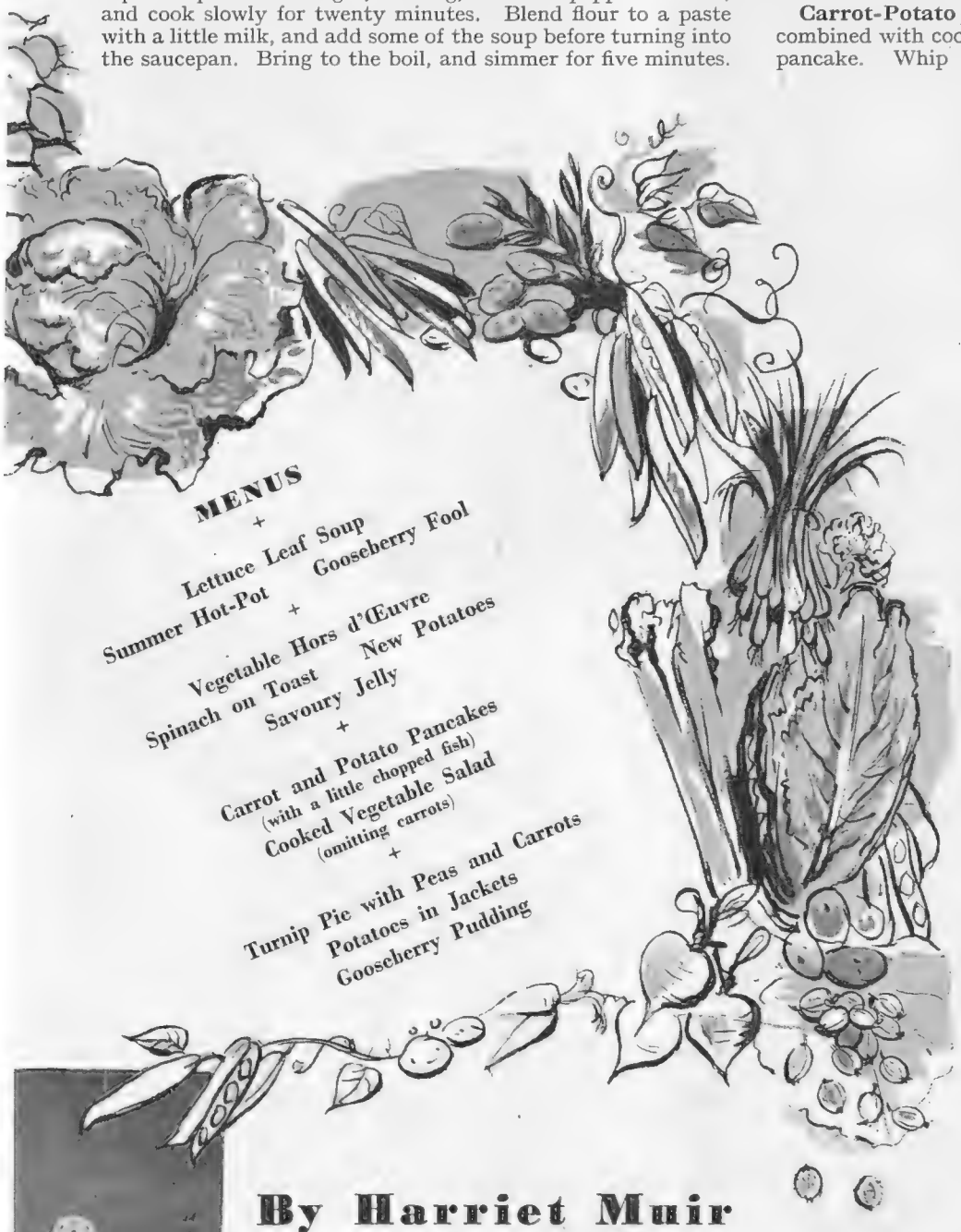
Savoury Jelly. 1 pint cooked new peas, ¼ pint milk, 1 plain Chivers's jelly, 1 oz. sugar.

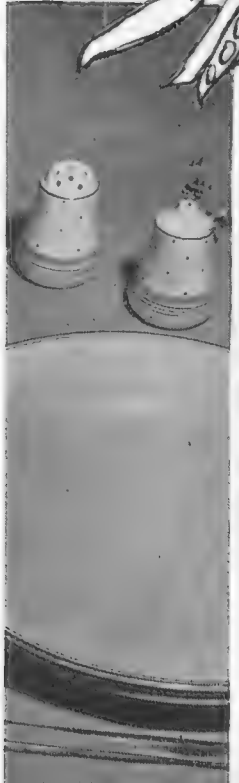
Rub peas through a sieve into a bowl. Melt the jelly (according to instructions), add the sugar and milk to it, and

pour all over the peas. Mix ; pour into a wetted mould, and turn out when set. Garnish with lettuce leaves, beetroot and whole peas.

Lettuce-leaf Soup. Ten or so outside leaves of lettuce, 1 quart stock or water, 1 gill milk, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 oz. fat, pinch each of sugar and grated nutmeg, salt and pepper, 2 teaspoonfuls chopped parsley, 1 onion (or 6 spring onions).

Melt fat in soup-pan, and then put in the lettuce (shredded) and the onion (chopped). Fry gently for a few minutes before adding the stock, which you have brought to the boil in a separate pan. Add sugar, nutmeg, salt and pepper. Cover, and cook slowly for twenty minutes. Blend flour to a paste with a little milk, and add some of the soup before turning into the saucepan. Bring to the boil, and simmer for five minutes.





By Harriet Muir

A very good and economical vegetable soup is made by Poulton and Noel ; if you can get it, you will find that a 10½ oz. tin, price 7½d., can be diluted with an equal quantity of water. If a cold soup is wanted quickly, prepare this and pop it into the refrigerator.

Turnip Pie. 6 small new turnips, salt and pepper, 1 teacupful milk, breadcrumbs, a little grated cheese.

Scrub turnips, and boil in salted water till nearly cooked (about thirty minutes). Peel thinly, and slice. Put in a pie-dish, season with salt and pepper, pour milk over and top with breadcrumbs and cheese. Put in the oven to brown.

Peas and Carrots. 1 lb. peas, 1 lb. young carrots, a little margarine, a pinch of sugar, 4 tablespoonfuls top milk, salt and pepper according to taste.

Cook vegetables separately. The peas should be put into a very little boiling salted water—just enough to cover them. They should be ready in ten minutes. Cook the carrots in a very little salted water, with the lid on, for about twenty minutes until tender.

Drain thoroughly, and rub the skin off the carrots. Melt a little margarine in a pan and put in peas and carrots, with the sugar and a little salt and pepper. When heated through, add top milk and serve.

Carrot-Potato Pancake. Well-seasoned mashed potato combined with cooked carrot makes a wholesome and savoury pancake. Whip the mashed potato to a loose creamy consistency, season with pepper and salt, according to taste, and add some diced cooked carrot.

Melt a little dripping or bacon fat in the frying-pan, turn in the pancake and fry very slowly until the base develops a crispy crust of appetising golden brown. Serve very hot, for a tray-lunch or the evening meal. For a more substantial dish, fold in a little flaked fish or minced liver in suitable sauce to make a surprise filling.

Summer Hot-pot. 1 lb. new potatoes, ¼ lb. broad beans, ¼ lb. green peas, 1 small cauliflower, 6 young carrots, 3 young turnips, 12 spring onions, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 oz. margarine, pepper and salt.

Melt margarine in a saucepan and fry onions, chopped, for a few minutes. Scatter flour in, and mix well together. Divide cauliflower into sprigs. Shell beans and peas and scrape potatoes, carrots and turnips. Add all to saucepan, pour in a little water and cook gently together until soft (about an hour; don't allow to boil furiously). Season with salt and pepper before serving.

Gooseberry Pudding. 2 pints green gooseberries, 3 oz. sugar, 1 oz. margarine, ¼ lb. breadcrumbs, 2 eggs.

Stew fruit gently in a little water, and when done beat to a pulp. Take 1 pint of pulp and add sugar, margarine and crumbs.

Stir, and when cool beat in the eggs, which you have whisked. Stir again, thoroughly. Put into a greased pie-dish and bake for half an hour.

Gooseberry Fool. ½ pint purée of gooseberries, ½ pint Bird's custard sauce.

Rub the stewed fruit through a sieve with the back of a wooden spoon to make the purée. (This gooseberry purée, incidentally, makes a delicious sauce to go with mackerel.)

When quite cold, gently beat in the custard.

Serve in individual glasses with McVitie and Price's rich tea biscuits. These biscuits, if you can get them, are an ideal offset for the tartness of a gooseberry fool.

The makers, by concentrating on the plainer sorts of biscuit and cutting out creams and other fancy kinds, are managing to produce almost as many biscuits as before the war. It is only because the demand is so much greater that you may not be able to get as many as you would like.

To Save Sugar. When cooking green gooseberries or rhubarb, you can save a third of the usual amount of sugar by adding half a level teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to each pound of fruit.

Top and tail the gooseberries and stew in half a teacupful of water until tender. Remove from heat and stir in the bicarbonate very slowly, so that it won't froth. Then stir in the sugar.

Spinach On Toast. 2 lb. spinach, 2 oz. flour, ½ pint brown gravy, 1 oz. margarine, salt and pepper, 4 slices toast.

Wash the spinach and then cook (Continued on page 52)

BY LOUISA KAY

No reasonable person can deny that mothering is the greatest boon that any child can enjoy. The security and the practical stimulus to development that a mother's care affords are not to be measured in mere words. What is open to question is whether or not mothering can be overdone.

If we go to Nature for guidance, and there is no better court of appeal, there is plenty of evidence that civilisation has put an unnatural emphasis upon mothering. In animal life, it is Nature's way to throw the very young upon their own resources at the earliest moment. No coddling is reported from the animal ménage.

Granted that circumstances are very different in the human sphere where development is slower and more deeply fraught with danger yet we are, perhaps, too ready to overlook or to under-estimate the very astonishing powers of self-reliance with which the human being, like the animal species, is equipped. It is these qualities which too much mothering tends to swamp.

One is always hearing of children who are backward in this or that respect. It may be in walking or talking. Vague reasons—or no reasons—are given for this backwardness; sometimes "laziness" is said to be the trouble. What nonsense. No human creature in the first critical years of development is ever lazy without some physical or psychological cause. Mostly, the reason is psychological. Mothering, which so easily develops into coddling, has, perhaps, checked some of that healthy design on the part of Nature to fend for itself.

Throughout life we meet with this tendency in Nature to slacken her endeavours if the vital impulse is removed. If we discontinue the use of our eyes and ears for any reason, blindness and deafness quickly ensue. If we lie in bed even for a few weeks, the muscles of the legs lose their enthusiasm for work and have to be coaxed and cajoled to function again.

So it is with the unfolding mind and body of a child. Nature's chances to assist in the development of the child's faculties are encouraged by throwing him to a reasonable extent upon his own resources, by encouraging personal effort and initiative.

The baby who is never permitted to help himself, but is waited upon, anticipated in every need, is well in the running to become a backward child. There are even bigger things at stake.

Deep down there is an emotional conflict brought about by the perpetual frustration of the natural impulses of development. At this crucial point there is an upward surging consciousness of effort, an imperative urge to adventure and to discover and experiment for himself. Dawning faculties are struggling for expression and yet everywhere meet with discouragement. All around like a constricting garment is this mother-love, which swamps initiative, thinks for the child, acts for him, deprives him at every point of the sweet joy of acting for himself. The emotional conflict which follows is deeply laid. Complexes and inhibitions come to life.

Still later in life we see the schoolboy embarrassed by the solicitous attentions of his fond mother. Later still, we find him struggling again between loyalty and an irritable impatience with her "fussing." Babies and young men, as well as young women, share a healthy and understandable impatience with that variety of mother-love which demands and gives too much and which, above all, denies to the child the supreme happiness of fending for itself.

Such are the responsibilities of motherhood. To mingle with love and tenderness, enough restraint and courage—call it self-effacement if you wish—to establish the mutual confidence which assures the perfect relation between mother and child.

THESE LITTLE PIGS

are orphans, but Nature's resources will build them up to fine healthy specimens. So with your children. Too much mothering can hamper Nature's plan for them. Teach them independence from the start

BRIGHTER FOOTSTEPS

In Light Brown Suede strapped with Green Calf. Crepe rubber sole and heel.

Fawn Karung Snake Skin with green piping, elastic side gusset. Also in other materials and combinations.

In Blue Suede piped with Red Calf. Crepe Rubber sole and heel. Also in Petunia, piped with yellow.

Sand Suede with wedge heel and piping in blue kid.

In Wine Suede with perforations on vamp. Also in Black or Blue Suede.

Brown Java Lizard Skin with green piping. Crepe rubber sole and heel. Also in other materials and combinations.

THESE BRIGHTER SHOE-FASHIONS are representative of the styles and colours now appearing in the Manfield displays all over the Country.

The prices are attractive too. Manfield's only regret is that present conditions do not make it possible to promise that every shoe illustrated will be in stock at any time or place.

But the selection shows the kind of shoes you can get and the fashions that are current.

You are invited to visit the nearest Manfield branch, in London or any town in the British Isles where they are situate.

MANFIELD

1941 Brevets vests and panties. Miracles of skilful tailoring. Perfect under uniform!
All the crisp appearance of hopsack – but divinely soft to wear – that's the art of Wolsey's Jersey Suits!
Sigh no more lady, for pure silk. In this year's new rayon Klirsheers you won't know the difference
Fashion News by Wolsey
T.Y.

PURCHASE TACTICS

Here's a pretty thing to buy for spring. To wear the summer through. To bring out, with gleam in eye, next summer and the next. For, frail as the second blouse may look in the picture, and cobweb-fine as it feels in the hands, it will wear and wash and wear. It is made of crisp British voile with a tiny drawn-thread pattern, and its workmanship when you wear it, is something to make you stick out your chest and feel proud of British tailoring. Yes, it is a tailored affair that has been discreetly seduced into beguiling feminism, by the tiny lace frilling that edges the Trubenised collar, short sleeve turn-ups, and the double pockets. The blouse comes in white, pink and blue : in bust sizes 34, 36; and costs 39s. 6d. If you like a flash of bright colour under your suit, I commend the eye-taking cotton plaid shirt, from the same source, at 29s. 6d.

Song of a Shirt

Most faces need medical attention round this time of the year. And most faces don't get it. Those spots, those blackheads, that sallowness, those lurking lines, which take the ting-a-ling out of May every time you look in the mirror, could be banished by a course of radium. *Radium?* Yes, and you don't have to go to a doctor for it, and you don't need a prescription; neither need you fillet the housekeeping allowance to pay a fancy price for it. The cost is less than many women pay for their ordinary cosmetics. The radium is injected into the lower tissues of the skin through the medium of creams that contain one microgramme of radium element per ounce. You can take your medical radium treatment in a cleansing, a night or a day cream. In any one of these ordinary looking jars you have everything for spring cleaning the face and rolling out the wrinkles, at a fraction of a doctor's or skin specialist's fee.

Roll out the Wrinkles

For what it is worth, I forecast a return to foot elegance this summer, as a change from our winter clodhoppers. And in this connexion, draw your attention to the slender, punched number with high all-leather heel, in the sketch, herewith. It comes in tan, black and navy, at the reasonable war-time price of 35s. But if you want to keep to your comfy flats, they will be just as fashion right. I must confess that the colours of the new Cubits are irresistible. The word "Cubit" does not mean that these shoes add anything to your stature, but it does mean, in the shoe world, that it adds a lot to foot slenderness while keeping the heavenly comfort of the cubby wedge style

If you'll look at the picture, you'll see that the wedge is now concave instead of straight; thereby giving the foot slimness and comfort and the back view effect of an ordinary low heel. The "Cubit" comes in several colour combinations, piped with leather. Price is 40s.

High heels and Scooped

My dog thinks I'm acting Mother Hubbard more and more realistically as time goes on. Not that the poor dog has none, but it is all very difficult. How to put the protein in the dog's bowl every day, is certainly a headache. A new food concentrate, praise be, is taking some of the creases out of my brow anent this problem. I feed my dog with it regularly and he now puts his muzzle into his food with a show of interest instead of approaching it with that what-are-you-fobbing-off-on-me-to-day look on his face. The concentrate is added to the bulk food; scraps, biscuit, and so on, and, it is claimed, one ounce of it is equal in protein value to three ounces of solid beef. Anyway, *they* seem to like it and do well on it. And that's the main thing. In cartons at 6d. and 1s. 6d.

Me and My Dog

Lovely as a rainbow—sheer enough, you would say, to go through a bridal ring, are the nightgowns that ended my search for glamorous lingerie at pedestrian prices. Practically any lingerie worth looking at twice, nowadays costs about twice as much as pre-war—a third look, especially if it drifts to the price ticket, often tips the scale against buying. At one store nightgowns are different. They bear inspection (so does the price ticket), whether you are looking for cut, unusual colours, design, or, wistfully, for all three. Consider the value you get for your thirty-three and ninepence. Material : pure silk chiffon; colour : a riot from which to choose—all the lovely purple and fuchsia tones, cool greens, rosy reds; *cut* low square neck, edged self-frilling and satin ribbon; ample fullness in the skirt, with its enchanting ruffled hem; and while you are pondering on which colour becomes you best (for that will be your only hesitation) cast an eye on the bird's eye spot pyjamas in the same department. Made of thin, warm-to-the-touch material, with no tape nonsense round the waist, and short sleeves, at 16s. 11d., they are a good put-by for later in the year. Five shades from which to choose, including navy blue.

Glamorous Lingerie

By Mary Young

If any of the subjects answer your current problems write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. I shall be happy to send further information

Motors Again By Alan Hess

IT is very nearly eighteen months since —just before I went to France—I wrote my last motoring article for BRITANNIA AND EVE.

In that article I advanced a number of reasons why it was well worth while to continue to keep one's car in commission.

Since then motoring conditions have altered appreciably. Petrol has become even more precious; new blackout restrictions have been introduced; schemes such as the free lifts one have come—and gone!—and, altogether, the motorist's lot has become no easier than it was before.

Nevertheless, I see no reason now to modify one single word of what I wrote eighteen months ago.

Motoring still provides an enjoyable relaxation, and still constitutes an indispensable convenience. *And it is still a sound economic proposition to keep your car in use.*

Doubtless, there are a number of motorists among the readers of BRITANNIA AND EVE who laid up their cars during the winter and are contemplating re-licensing them now that the longer evenings are upon us.

In the interests of economy, no less than of safety, here are one or two points to watch when you get your car out of "cold storage."

Let us assume that all the usual precautions were taken when the car was stored away.

Right, then; the first thing to do is to wipe off the grease which was smeared over all the chromium parts to prevent them corroding.

Next you must formulate some system for tackling the remainder of the job in hand.

The whole car must be looked over carefully, of course, but the work to be done can be summarised, for convenience sake, under half a dozen heads:

1. Engine and transmission.
2. Chassis.
3. Road wheels and tyres.
4. Brakes.
5. Lights.
6. Body.

Here, briefly, are the points to watch:

Engine and Transmission

Flush out the water system thoroughly until the water which pours out is absolutely clean. Then close the taps and fill the radiator.

Remove the plugs and insert a teaspoonful of upper cylinder lubricant into each cylinder. Clean the plugs thoroughly, checking the points and wiping them dry before replacing them.

This is the time to get a carburettor expert to set the carburettor of your car for the most satisfactory mixture for the particular type of motoring you wish to do. When all the other points I enumerate have been seen to, therefore, I suggest you would be well advised to drive your car to the nearest reliable garage where a good mechanic is still available, and get him to make the desired adjustments.

At the same time the ignition should be looked over.

The contact breaker gap should be checked and the platinum points might well benefit from being cleaned up with a nail file. The carbon brushes should be examined for wear and renewed where necessary.

Care should also be taken to ensure that the governor on the contact breaker is doing its job properly, or loss of power, over heating and heavy petrol consumption will result.

Chassis

Make sure that all external grease is wiped from chassis joints and springs to prevent dust accumulating there and working its way in.

No less important is the task of ensuring that all the parts which *should* be receiving grease *do* receive it. Go round thoroughly with the grease gun—*and don't be lazy about those inconveniently-situated nipples which require contortions on your part before you can get the gun to them:* your safety may depend on them and, more important still, the safety of your passengers.

Remove the battery from its box, thoroughly clean the connexions, replace it and refill it, being careful not to spill any of the acid, as it burns everything it touches. Then smear the terminals with vaseline.

Examine the gear-box and back axle and fill up with the correct grade of oil.

Wheels and Tyres

Take off the wheels and pack the hubs with grease before replacing them. Whilst the wheels are off, take the opportunity of giving the tyre covers a careful scrutiny. If by any chance you find a flint or small stone embedded which you have not previously seen, remove it. Examine and tighten up the valve nuts. Make certain that all wheel nuts are secure when you replace the wheels.

After replacing the wheels, and when the full weight of the car is resting upon them, pump up the tyres to the prescribed pressures. Do not overlook the spare tyre. Check the pressure of this at the same time and—remembering that it is carrying no weight and that some of the air may seep out before it will be called into service—give the spare wheel about five pounds higher pressure than the others.

Too great care cannot be taken over this question of tyre inflation.

Remember, unequal inflation on the back wheels imposes continual wear on the differential as well as causing the tyres themselves to wear more rapidly.

Uneven alignment of the front wheels or uneven inflation of their tyres not only greatly accelerates cover wear, but renders the car far more tiring to drive.

The great secret of elimination of the risk of skidding and of maintaining stability on corners, is a scrupulous attention to tyre inflation *all round.*

Brakes

Unevenly adjusted brakes are a menace not only to the driver himself, but to every other road user.

Now is the time to have your brakes relined if they need it.

In any case, it is well worth the few shillings involved to have them equalised in pull on all wheels.

The psychological effect of *knowing* the brakes on one's car to be as near perfection as possible adds enormously to the pleasure of motoring.

Lights

Make sure your lamps accord with the prescribed regulations. Examine the wiring, wherever visible, and clean and tighten all connexions. Check up on all the bulbs and equip yourself with one or two spares, for the authorities are particularly sensitive on the subject of car lights just now.

Body

Go round the body, inside and out, with a screwdriver and tighten up all screws, inserting Rawlplugs where necessary.

Brush out the interior thoroughly, not forgetting to remove the anti-moth powder from the upholstery, the roof and the rear blind.

Check up on the interior lights and the dash-light.

Set the trip recorder on the speedometer back to zero and wind and set the clock.

Adjust the mirror to your personal convenience and test the windscreen wiper, horn and dimmer switch.

Finally, grease the door hinges and renew the white paint on those parts of the body, wings or bumper so picked out for blackout purposes.

In conclusion, make sure your driving licence is still valid—*and signed*—and that your insurance is in order.

And now, let me wish you "Happy Motoring."

Dressed in Perfect Haste

(*Continued from page* 36)

1. A straight button-down frock, cut with no regard to fit or styling, is worn beneath a sleeveless, shapeless cardigan jacket. This sort of ensemble never had a point of view. A two-piece is best value when its dress has short sleeves to wear solo on warmer days, and its jacket is a proper jacket, not a half and half affair. The tricky veiled hat, as out of place here as the ice-man in Siberia, adds its own note of protest.

2. Yes, long sweater lines are in, and very becoming they are to the right ribs, cut on the right lines. But this bodice needs gathers, ruchings or some seaming to help its blank tightness, the skirt's fullness mistakenly bunches up on either side of the waist. A collared dress must never take a necklace.

3. Bunchy shoulders should end in short, not long sleeves, a bodice designed for a high bust line shouldn't let it slip, the print couldn't be uglier and why, of all things, a felt sporting hat?

4. A dinner dress which also suffers from a falling bust line. The square neck is not low enough, not high enough. It is just right to frame salt cellars. The skirt needs the hips of a Ginger Rogers. The bulky sash gets in the way for dancing, bunches under a coat . . . why go on?

5. The jacket had one virtue, that of colour. It is warm raspberry. But that does not excuse its collar, its dreary one button fastening, its hideous gauntleted stitched cuffs. The felt hat looked fine with its floating back veil until they decided to add a high quill to it.

END

Vegetable Matters

(*Continued from page* 47)

(no water is needed except that left in the leaves after washing) with a little salt. Rub through a sieve, and return to the pan, adding the margarine, gravy and a little more salt and pepper. Sprinkle in the flour, and cook, stirring, until thick. Heap on the toast and serve.

Young nettles can be used for this dish, and very delicious they are.

Pick them with gloves on, choosing young tips only; the dark, leathery leaves are useless.

Cook the same as spinach; the nettles will boil down in the same way, and you will need 2 lb. Young nettles should take about ten minutes to cook.

Carrot Roll.—2 large carrots, 1 dessertspoonful fine oatmeal, 1 level teaspoonful vegetable extract, cold cooked mashed potato.

Grate the washed and scrubbed carrots and cook for ten minutes. Season well, and add one teaspoonful of vegetable extract and one dessertspoonful of toasted fine oatmeal.

Boil five minutes, stirring, to thicken, then set to cool. At this stage the mixture should be quite stiff.

Have ready some cold mashed potatoes, dust the pastry board and pin with flour, and roll out to an oblong shape. Place the carrot filling in the centre, then fold over and shape to a roll. Dot with a few shavings of fat and bake till nicely browned in a moderately hot oven. Serve with well-seasoned brown gravy.

Savoury Bread Pudding.—½ pint thin white sauce, 1 egg, ¾ lb. cooked mixed vegetables, 6 oz. breadcrumbs, parsley, salt and pepper.

Cook the vegetables in a very little water, and use this liquid for making the sauce. In a greased pie-dish put a good layer of vegetables, and cover with the breadcrumbs. To the vegetable liquid add a generous dessertspoonful of chopped parsley and some salt and pepper. Thicken with a little cornflour, mixed with milk, to make up the half pint of sauce. When the sauce is ready, stir in the beaten egg and pour over the pie-dish. Bake in a moderate oven until set (about fifteen minutes).

END

CVS—308

You and Your Perm

YOU must hand it to women that they submit to practically anything in the name of beauty and no questions asked. Woman, the traditionally inquisitive, is as incurious and as docile as a lamb where the mysterious operations of beauty culture are concerned. Anything can happen so long as the objective is more and more beauty. Take permanent waving for an example.

Very few women who submit themselves regularly to the expense and even the inconvenience of the permanent waving operation have any clear idea what is really going on, and yet their minds are full of queries beginning with the all important one "Does permanent waving harm my hair?" And following on with "What system should I patronise and why?" and "How much should I pay?"

The only way to settle these problems satisfactorily is to be your own judge. By being sufficiently well informed in the mysteries of permanent waving you can make an independent decision.

In case you do not know what makes a permanent wave, here are the facts in brief and with them the answer to most queries.

The human hair, as you probably know, is cylindrical and made up of overlapping scales. It is also of an elastic nature.

In permanent waving the first step is to wrap small strands of the hair round a cylinder, afterwards applying heat in conjunction with chemicals with the object of opening these scales.

When this occurs the hair stretches, but only on the upper side which is in contact with the heat. The under surface is left untouched.

When the hair is unwound again, one side —the outer side—is stretched while the under side remains as before. It is the uneven tension between the two surfaces which produces the coveted undulations.

All very technical, of course. Now we come to the part which really concerns *you*. How can this process harm the hair? This way:

Opening the scales is a very delicate operation. It must be skilfully done by an operator who has perfect control of his apparatus and an adequate understanding of the reactions involved. Then there is the important matter of chemicals. Harsh chemicals produce some very unfortunate results. They rot the hair. Kind chemicals produce the required result without any injurious effect.

The difference, then, between one system and another is, first, in the system itself (that is, the quality of the chemicals and the degree of control over the apparatus) and second, in the manner in which it is operated.

It is hardly too much to say that a good operator is as important as a good system. One is at a loss without the other.

The only form of insurance for hair, then, is in patronising a system which has acquired a reputation by reason of its reliability in these essential points and in seeing to it that it is given by a skilled operator. Eugene, for example, is prominent in this category.

The price of a perm is something else to ponder on. Prices vary to some extent, and inevitably, according to locality and the expenses incurred thereby by the hairdresser, but there is an unvarying rule that the really cheap perm is a bad one. It must be so and for this reason:

The beauty and the permanence of a wave (allowing that the system itself is good) depend upon the skill, the time and the attention given in winding the hair upon the curlers as well as in the *number* of curlers used.

To economise materials and time is to sacrifice the quality of the work, and whenever you have a cheap perm this skimping is *bound* to occur.

By reducing the number of curlers (and with it the cost) the hairdresser is obliged to wind more hair on to each cylinder. The result of this is that a large proportion of the hair is untouched by the heat and therefore unwaved.

When you are ready for a new perm first choose your system, making it the best and the safest available. Next, choose your hairdresser and be sure that he has been adequately trained in the use of the Eugene, or whatever system you select. Don't take anything for granted if you value the life and the continued beauty of your hair.

Insist upon candour from your hairdresser and be candid with him. Get him to tell you how many curlers he is using. Thirty-six is about the right number for the average head of hair fully permed. Tell him, frankly, if you have been using bleaches or dyes and what they were. It is vitally important to the result of the operation that he should know this. Don't keep him in the dark and then blame him for an inevitable failure.

Take care of your hair between perms by using a good conditioning shampoo. One with an olive oil base is the best and this includes green soft soap. This is becoming difficult to obtain now and a good substitute is pure Castile soap. If you have had a good perm, an occasional oil massage is quite sufficient to correct any possible dryness.

Keep clear of curlers, and all chemical and treacly setting lotions. They simply are not necessary if you have a good perm. Regular brushing and shampooing is enough to keep your hair beautiful and amenable and there is no more in it than that.

Soft, natural waves which retain a natural sheen, typify the healthy hair and the perfect perm. —Perm by Eugene

Britain Changing Its Face Again

(*Continued from page 5*)

bought the ground for £295,000, although it was previously assessed at a net annual value of only £3,500. Here was built a town of 150,000 people, where, when last Armistice was signed, only a remote suburb, was marked on the map—if it was marked.

But in trying to forecast the future layout of England one must remember the human factor. The other day I went into a tavern and saw a captain in a Highland regiment who came from Toronto sitting at a table with five sailors training for commissions in the Fleet Air Arm. Two were Australians, one a New Zealander, one an American and the fifth Irish. These men are going to have their influence on the future maps. First there will be the ones who remain behind when the war is over and the ones who return to the Old Country. Take two examples from the last war, one a brigadier-general called A. C. Critchley and the other a private by the name of Butlin. The first introduced greyhound racing here, while his fellow Canadian was plotting the biggest assault on the established seaside resorts by building Holiday Camps, along the coast. The point is that between them, two last-war soldiers played an important part in the social life of this country. It was an ex-Australian soldier, incidentally, who introduced the first milk bars; and a group of Canadian ex-soldiers resident in England who played the first games of ice-hockey and laid the foundation for the subsequent popularity of the game.

What new pastimes and tendencies lie ahead? We were very much under the thumb of American enterprise in the first exhausted years after the Armistice. We who had taught America golf lived to receive in return the American country club posing as a golf club, the kind of clubhouse with a dance band on Saturday nights and a cabaret in the evenings, with luxurious bedrooms and cocktail bars. Then from America came the roadhouse, each of which *had* to have a swimming bath. Between the two of them they made quite an addition to the motorist's map.

The United States has developed a popular aeroplane, a two-seater costing about £350, which may play its part in the future, for it is believed to be as nearly fool proof as it is possible to make an aeroplane. Perhaps engineers will have time, too, to evolve a crude oil air-motor which will do away with the risk of fire.

I make this prophecy: that with the replanning of the cities there will be a move to prevent the spreading of speculative building in the countryside. There are still many lovely areas of this country unprotected by the National Trust. Much was done a few years ago to discourage the erection of advertising billboards in beauty spots, and I have a feeling that the attractions of a village are seldom enhanced by the rows of harshly-contrasting petrol pumps, for twenty months now, painted the neutral colours of the "pool."

For we will have this great advantage when this war is done: we will know what an upheaval really means and how—in the precious years after 1918—we muffed so many of our chances to make it a better England.

I think that it is hardly without doubt that the east coast will suffer a little and the west coast will retain some of its importance of the present moment. Fifty years ago, England "fronted" what was called the German Ocean. Now the importance of Canada and the United States has made our western ports the strategic centres.

England's ports always have played, and always will play, a tremendous part in shaping our map. When Liverpool lost the liners to Southampton after the last war it changed the whole character of the Mersey city.

Changing Britain! Yes, it's in a topsy-turvy state to-day with a vengeance.

END

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2 *We found that digging wasn't hard work if we were all doing it together, so now we have what we call "digging parties."*

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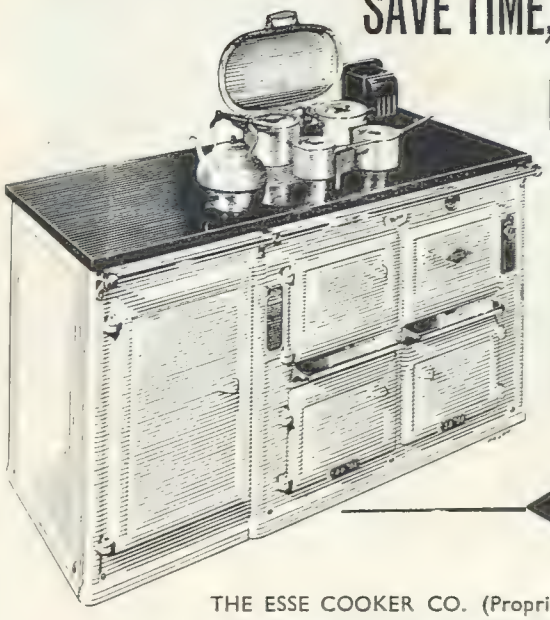

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Fighters Over France (*Continued from page 6*)

the third group. The sixth fighter pilot officer did not come back because he was over France.

Emerging from a large cloud over the Channel, he had seen the smiling coast of France in front of him, far below, and he had believed that his leader had preceded him. Unhesitatingly he flew on and found himself a lone raider on the French side of that narrow strip of salt water.

His report, later, was short, convincing and in full order; but even the most elaborate military report cannot describe such intangible things as the instinct and ambitions of a fighter. He had been transferred recently to this already famous squadron and, in his own opinion, had to distinguish himself as soon as possible.

Just off Le Touquet he was hailed by strong A.A. gunfire. He dived from his height of 2,000 feet into the midst of the gun positions, and roared over the artillery farther on, in low-level flight.

Such a flight, with the plane only a few dozen yards above the earth's surface, is hell for the artillery. The machine suddenly appears right over you, streaking out from the roof of some nearby house, or some huge roadside tree, dealing death and destruction without a second for you to escape. It is hell, of course, for the diving pilot, too. He must show his experience and skill with iron nerves and steadiness, the slightest tremor of fear or indecision at this moment and both plane and pilot are lost.

The pilot officer had nerves of iron, his hands did not tremble, but his heart leapt, for he saw, a minute or so after his dive, a vast, smooth surface stretching before him—an aerodrome. On it sat five Messerschmitts lined up and waiting to take off.

Attack was already impossible. The Hurricane roaring flat out above the treetops was past the German machines even as they were sighted. The pilot turned instantly in a sudden wide semi-circle, his wingtip almost skimming the treetops. And now at last, with a groan of almost human satisfaction, the Hurricane's gun spluttered hundreds of deadly bullets into the immobile mass on the ground.

Panic struck the aerodrome. Germans ran as if they were dazed and blinded. Some tried to cover themselves in ditches while others fled like hares into the surrounding fields. The Germans know how to run if fear gets them.

Some tried to shoot but their aim was wild and unsteady. Before the first shock was over, the attacking Hurricane had swept out of range and, like an evil ghost, vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

Continuing at low level, the pilot searched over the calm landscape of France for new prey. He spotted a rather narrow but somehow important-looking road which he decided to follow. Following an unknown road, even from the air, is full of adventure, offering all manner of surprises; it may be void and dull; it might repay one well.

Presently a small dark point appeared on the highway. It grew larger, took form and he recognised it as a French peasant on his wheelcart. The pilot passed in an elegant swerve, laughing at the good Frenchman who greeted the British colours with a broad flourish of his hat.

An empty road again for some miles and then another dark spot on the horizon. A truck. No, two trucks. Suddenly the pilot became tense, straining to see. Yes, they were troop-carriers, camouflaged grey-green. Inside the vehicles figures moved and he recognised them as German soldiers. With cold excitement he concentrated his attention on the ring-sight. Now the first truck was in the sights and he pressed his finger on the firing button. In a visible spray the bullets ripped into the interior, humming like malicious hornets. Continuing the burst, he directed a stream of lead into the second truck. Next second he was past and once more an empty, ordinary French road wound away beneath him.

Presently the pilot turned northwards. On some railway station he noticed several halted trains but they were all crammed with civilians. French girls waved their handkerchiefs, and the stationmaster endeavoured to signal something, his hands gesticulating over his gold-braided cap.

Suddenly the ground grew hostile and noisy. Everywhere German guns popped up, fired, then disappeared as quickly as they had appeared. The pilot became cautious. He chose effective tactics. Without waiting for the enemy's fire he tried to discern the gun-positions from a distance and attacked them. They had a characteristic shape and were mostly constructed on the hills. He riddled them with his bullets. The effect was always the same—the Germans hid and did not even open fire.

Sweeping on in his low-level adventure the fighter returned to the Channel. German boats and barges, crawling along the coast, made an easy target; he finished up his ammunition among them.

The sea became empty. The middle of the Channel was deserted. At last the Hurricane climbed the skies, regaining its true element like a bird of prey.

England was still shrouded in dense grey clouds. Into their defending curtaining, like the arms of a wary mother, the Polish fighter glided home from his short but great and dangerous adventure.

TWO hours later the flight leader had to face a grave decision. The flight was up again, the ambitious fighters craving action; over the Channel, clouds and sunshine patched the sea but nobody could tell what the weather over France would be like. Would he throw his fighters into the attack or turn back once again?

Knowing that his pilots would obey even the most hazardous order made the leader even more cautious. His coldly calculating mind reasoned with his own desire for action. Then came his decision and he signalled "For France."

The flight dispersed like a pack of hounds released from the leashes. In twos, the three groups flew fan-like each towards a given area. After a few minutes they all knew that the attack signal had been wise—France was now under heavy cloud. Even the already alarmed Messerschmitts and German A.A. batteries, still on their toes from the earlier attack, could not hinder the fighters from crossing the French coast in the milky obscurity of the clouds.

The first group, led by the flight officer, was disappointed for a little while. Leaving the clouds they found nothing to attack. The railways were empty. The roads were empty. Not a sign of a German appeared. At last, amidst the chaotic medley of fields, meadows and bushes, the suspiciously geometrical form of a smooth surface could be seen. Their hope became a certainty; it was an aerodrome.

At this moment the Germans fired a green rocket signalling some mysterious order. Avidly the fighters looked around for enemy planes but not a single plane was visible. They were probably hidden in the woods somewhere nearby. Then the Germans opened fire. The earth started to blink with intermittent malicious flashes of machine guns. Red flashes from A.A. guns began to cross the air.

The pilots attacked from a height of 300 feet. They sprayed firstly the gun positions and then some wooden huts from which "Luftwaffe" soldiers ran like frightened rats. The fighters fired directly into their midst and the crowd vanished leaving dark patches of fallen bodies behind them. The Hurricanes passed on undamaged.

The second group came out of the clouds to the north of the first. Meeting no enemies in the air they dived into a low-level flight over a broad highway. In less than a few minutes they had passed a military lorry. German soldiers hurried out of it but the pilots were ahead of them before they could shoot. They were just wondering if it would be worth while to turn back, when they saw a second truck. Again greenish figures scattered themselves towards hedges and ditches but—too late. Before they could reach any cover they had encountered the deadly stream of bullets.

The third group, with the pilot officer who had made the lone attack, was the most northbound. Reconnoitring for aerodromes they found one almost immediately with two Messerschmitts on the runway. They dived, riddling the planes with their good English bullets. One of the Messerschmitts rolled on its side like a broken toy. The pilots then attacked the gun positions for a while.

The first pilot found some other planes hidden among trees and swooped to attack them; with intense satisfaction he saw smoke rising from them as they lay riddled with his bullets. At the same moment as a grin was covering his features, his own plane shuddered—a terrific flash—then nothing happened. He had flown into electric high-tension wires at the edge of the wood but his splendid strong Hurricane carried on; the only difference being that it was rather difficult to steer.

The pilot felt a little sick and rose as quickly as possible into the clouds to hide his damaged plane. There was heavy gunfire, but he reached the required height safely. Back in England he discovered some twenty yards of twisted copper wire hanging on the wings of his machine—involuntary loot.

The raid on the aerodrome had lasted only a few seconds but in that time they had shattered a fair number of German planes, and had stared death in the face at least three times.

Adventure over France was ended. All pilots, all machines were home safely, after some really good work. Dare-devil courage, blended with cold deliberation—both top-qualities in a first-class airman—had crowned their first daylight raid with success.

Tired out, the pilots heard the encouraging greetings of their English chief, and instantly their weary eyes sparkled with the desire for new flights, new fights, new victories.

END

In Wartime Singapore (*Continued from page 11*)

The man-eating tigers were for years a veritable curse. They often carried off as many as 250 to 300 natives in the course of a single twelvemonth. It was quite an ordinary thing for a settler to return home and find his veranda and sometimes his bathroom in possession of some fierce poisonous reptile.

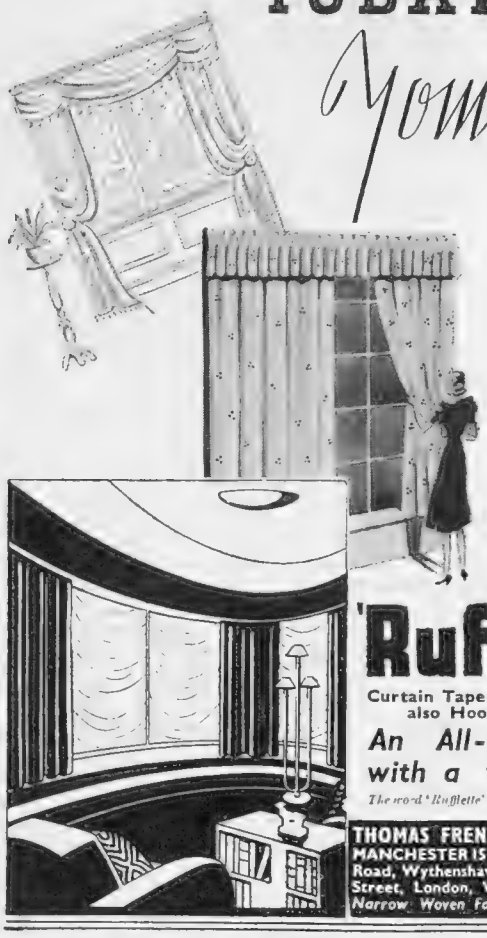
Not only is Singapore a go-ahead and fascinating city, a busy port, but it is the world's greatest mart for rubber and tin. Every time you open a tin you make business for Singapore. It boasts the biggest tin smelters in the world and three-fourths of all our rubber comes from there. Some 14,000 to 15,000 vessels, exclusive of native craft, make use of the port every year. It is the maritime junction for steamers going to and from Europe, the Far East and Australia. The average annual tonnage of shipping which enters and clears amounts to approximately 18,000,000 tons. In the harbour may be seen ships of every nationality, from the primitive native dugout-catamaran and the clumsy Chinese junk to steam-driven freighters and palatial ocean liners.

When you step ashore at Singapore you see very little of the preparations which have been made for its defence. True, there are (*Continued on page 58*)

YESTERDAY

TODAY

Tomorrow



Yesterday — hangings of crimson serge fringed with 'bobbles'. Today—a gay cretonne framing a sunny casement. Yesterday's latest fashion is today's back number. What new creation will tomorrow bring? Who knows? One thing we do know—good curtains will always be fitted with "Rufflette" brand Curtain pocket tape, also hooks or rings.

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Oh — and I say — could you take charge of this money for me?

Reception Clerk :

Certainly, sir! . . . £100 in notes.

Visitor :

Yes — I always keep it by me — you never know when you'll need it these days.

Reception Clerk :

If I may say so, sir, isn't it a bit risky? You might easily lose the lot in the blitz. Our safe's not bomb-proof.

Visitor :

Yes — but if I invest it in anything I might need it in a hurry. I shouldn't be able to get it.

Reception Clerk :

Why not put it into War Savings, sir? Your money will be quite safe then and you can always get your money back when you need it. Besides, it will be earning good interest and helping to win the war.

Save regularly week by week

Make your money fight! Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into 3% Savings Bonds 1955-1965, 2½% National War Bonds 1946-1948, or 3% Defence Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.

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PATENT PENDING

PLEATED SKIRTS

more troops about and heavily-laden army lorries are continually passing through the streets. There are A.R.P. demonstrations by which the natives are being taught how to black-out their homes, what to do in air-raids, and how to deal with incendiary and other bombs. The great guns are cleverly hidden among palm and rubber trees in the surrounding hills, and also among trees in the innocent-looking islets that lie along the channel approaches to the city. Neither do you see Seletar, the mysterious naval base with its 1,000 foot long graving dock and the monster floating dock towed out from England a few years ago. They are hidden away at the north-eastern corner of the island.

With its cosmopolitan population of some 600,000 souls Singapore is, perhaps, the most colourful city in the East. Down by the water's edge you have the native quarters and the business section and, beyond, the beautiful residences of the officials and merchants. The latter are invariably surrounded by extensive grounds, gay with the growth of tropic flowers. Here, too, are the Botanical Gardens, one of the largest and most representative institutions of its kind in the world. There are a couple of monkeys in the gardens who have been taught to pick mangoes and coconuts from the tall trees. Not only do they work high up in the treetops, collecting and throwing down desired herbarium specimens, but they also understand and obey certain orders. The story is told in the Straits Government's Gardens Department Report for 1938.

It is the native city with its Oriental life that appeals to the ordinary visitor. For the most part the streets are narrow, bordered by semi-native houses, bazaars, Malay mosques, Hindu temples and Chinese joss-houses. The streets are gay with banners decorated with dragons, elephants and other weird signs. The native population represent many different races. The Chinese are the most numerous. Next comes the Indian population, chiefly Tamils and Sikhs. There are also Dyaks, Malays, Siamese, South Sea islanders and other races.

Each race keeps to its own particular section, or "kampong" as it is called. In the "kampong" China silks are everywhere displayed in the stall-like shops, and the sandalwood-perfumed atmosphere mingles pleasantly with the odour of burning joss-stick and rose-water. In the Indian section Benares brass work is conspicuous, while the Siamese shopkeepers exhibit pottery, ivory carvings and curios innumerable. All the products of the East, from birds of bright plumage in wooden cages to dainty silver models, cloisonné work, stone Buddhas, coloured beetles and curious ornaments of Confucius are all on show.

One of the sights of the city is the native craftsmen toiling at their various vocations upon the pavements of the streets. True, modern factories are rapidly rising, but your native workman simply ignores them and apparently finds a ready market for his wares. To enumerate the various kinds of articles manufactured by these outdoor pavement craftsmen would entail the naming of virtually everything considered necessary by the dweller in the East. There are tinkers, tailors, cobblers, cigarette-makers, workers in metal and ivory, stone-carvers and a host of others, while if you possess a watch, lock,

In Wartime Singapore

gramophone or wireless set that is not working properly you will find a native craftsman quite capable of repairing it.

In the streets also are the open-air restaurants, an improvised table and half a dozen stools upon which the diners sit or squat on their haunches. Upon the table is an assortment of enamelled bowls or dishes filled with all sorts of concoctions which could appeal only to a Chinaman. The principal dishes are rice and dried fish. It is certainly surprising how fit a Chinaman keeps on such a meagre diet. But in addition to rice and fish there are all kinds of soups, preserved eggs, vegetables and meats. It would hardly do to inquire into the composition of many of these dishes. In the better class Chinese restaurants wealthy Chinamen dine off birds'-nest soup, sharks' fins, soles of pigeons' feet, frogs, smoked duck, chicken, rice and other weird dishes.

It is the Chinese ricksha men who convey you about the city. There are ten thousand 'ricksha coolies in the city. They wear but two garments—a straw hat, shaped like an inverted washpan and varnished with fish oil to make it waterproof, and a pair of knee-length blue cotton pants. They will trot their six miles an hour, drawing two passengers, from sunrise to sunset, with only brief rests, on their meagre diet of rice and dried fish.

Despite extensive Christian missionary work among Singapore's native population by far the greater majority adore their graven images and worship their own pagan gods. Quaint, too, are many of their shrines. One of the most remarkable is the Sri Mariamman Hindu Temple, the finest, it is said, in all Malaya. Life-size cow figures, some with wreaths about their necks, lie around on top of its walls. Over the gate to the compound rises a high tower, tapering upward, set with life-size sculptures of men, women, and beasts. In amazement you count literally hundreds of these bizarre figures, all in colours. You see a girl holding a green parrot on her wrist; other girls hold what look like torches and fly swatters. A blue-garbed woman has her left foot in her lap; a blue man has four hands. There are men and women with wings and soldiers in what seem to be British uniforms and caps carrying rifles; nude men with spears and tridents and green parasols. The curious ensemble has somewhat the appearance of an outdoor waxworks.

A Tamil shrine swarms with people praying for luck. Gamblers are in the majority, but the daily crowds also include the sick and jobless. Girl dancers from the cabarets drop coins into a money box beside a lamp and pray for a rich partner. In one Chinese temple, at a statue of the Mercy Goddess, Chinese women pray for children. Here are set rows of baby shoes. Sometimes a shoe thus deposited is borrowed by a barren woman and kept by her till her prayer is answered. Then she returns it, together with a new shoe. The Siamese pray to Buddha in their Tiger Temple. Here is a 40-foot-high image of Buddha, built of concrete, flesh coloured, decorated with gold-leaf and hung with yellow silk. A truly colourful city is Singapore with its polyglot population.

END

Sequins (*Continued from page* 45)

SHAPE NECK (right side facing)
Cast off 9 at the beg. of the next row. Work 1½ ins. on the remaining sts., at the same time decreasing 1 st. every row at the neck edge until 27 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER (wrong side facing)
Cast off 6 at the beg. of the next, and every alternate row following, until 9 sts. remain. Work back. Cast off 9.

THE LEFT FRONT
Work as for the right front until 12 ins. from the beg.

SHAPE ARMHOLE (right side facing)
Cast off 3 at the beg. of the next, and every alternate row following, until 45 sts. remain Work 5½ ins. without shaping.

SHAPE NECK (wrong side facing)
Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next row. Work 1½ ins. on the remaining sts., at the same time decreasing 1 st. every row at the neck edge, until 27 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER (right side facing)
Cast off 6 at the beg. of the next and every alternate row following, until 9 sts. remain. Work back. Cast off 9.

THE SLEEVES (both alike)
With No. 12 needles cast on 78 sts. Work 1 in. patt. Change to No. 9 needles, and inc.

1 st. each end of every 4th row until 90 sts. Work without further shaping until 5 ins. from the beg. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 30 sts. remain. Cast off.

THE COLLAR

With No. 12 needles cast on 120 sts. Rib 2½ ins., k. 1, p. 1, increasing 1 st. each end of every alternate row as you work. Cast off loosely and in rib.

THE SLEEVE EDGINGS (2)

With No. 12 needles cast on 8 sts. Rib 9½ ins., k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

THE UNDERWRAP

With No. 12 needles cast on 12 sts. Work 18 ins. plain knitting. Cast off.

BUTTONHOLE CORD

Take 5 strands of wool 1¼ yds. Twist very tightly. Fold over and it will twist.

BUTTONMOULD COVERS

With small crochet hook, make 10 chain. Miss 1st chain, 1 d.c. in each of next, 1 chain, turn. **2nd row.**—Miss 1st st., 1 d.c. in each of next, 1 chain, turn. Rep. 2nd row 4 times. Break off wool, sow over the buttonmoulds.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams, sew in sleeves, arranging fullness at top. Sew edgings to sleeves. Sew underwrap to left front. Stitch cord to right front, leaving 12 spaces for the buttonholes. Sew on the collar.

Take each buttonmould. Place a sequin in the centre, draw cotton through, thread bead, and pass needle through the hole of sequin. This fixes the sequin. Sew sequins round until mould is covered.

Sequin the edges of the collar in the same way, starting at the corner and fill in for several rows. Sew on the buttons.

Marzipan

(*Continued from page 45*)

and work until armholes are 6 ins. round curve. Now work 43 sts. Cast off 19, work 43.

Continue on these last sts. and k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row at neck edge until there are 28 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve.

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of every other row at armhole edge 4 times. Work other side the same. Pick up 64 sts. round front of neck with No. 11 needles and maize and work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4 rows. Cast off.

THE BACK

With No. 11 needles cast on 24 sts. in grey, then join in maize and cast on 64 sts. in maize, then 24 in grey. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib, using the colours that are on the needle and twisting wools at change of colour for 6 ins.

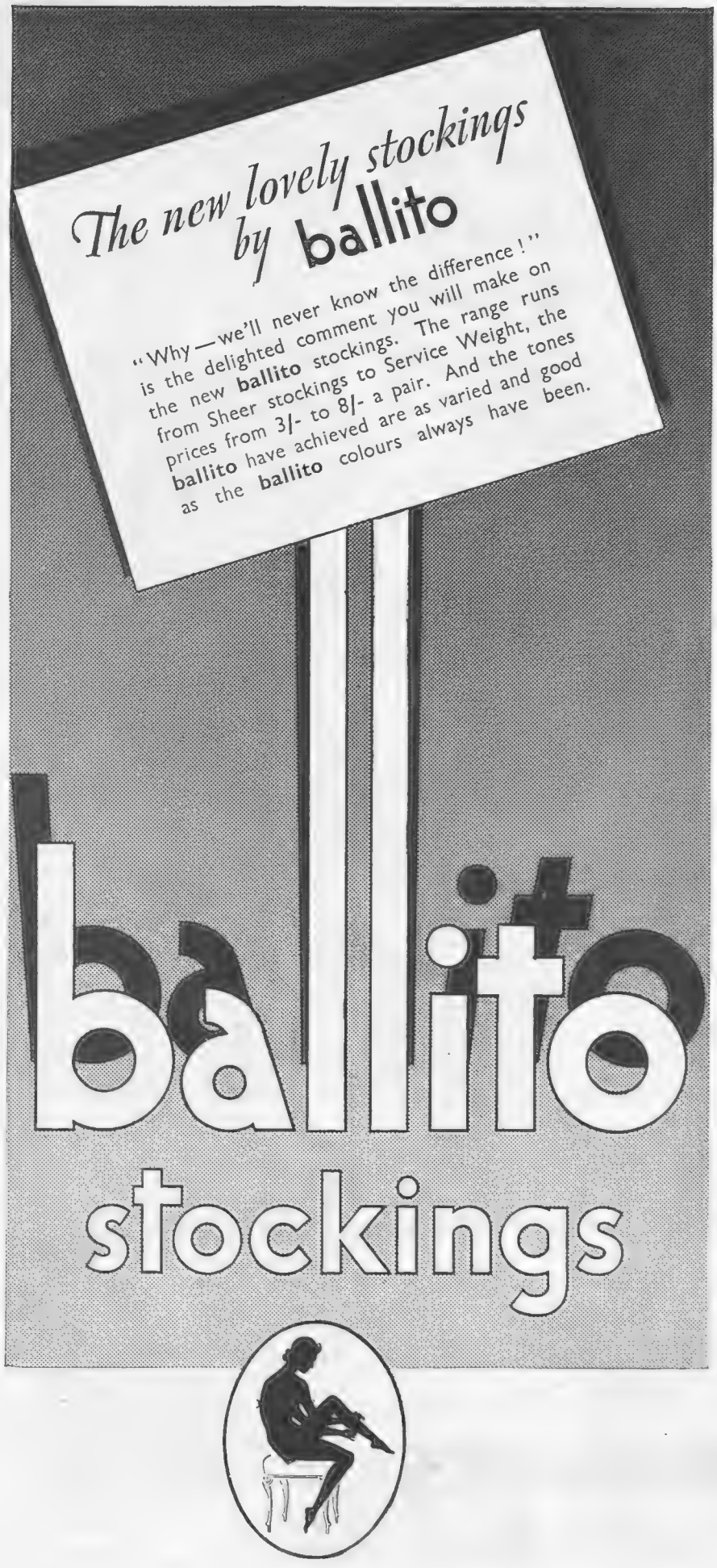
Change to No. 9 needles and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next row and every 6th row after until there are 130 sts. Work straight until side seam measures 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 sts. Now work on half the sts. only (52), leaving others until later, until armholes measure 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of every other row at armhole edge 4 times, leaving 24 sts. Cast off. Return to other 52 sts. and cast on 6 sts. at centre. Work in same manner on these 58 sts., leaving 30 sts. to cast off at end.

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 9 needles and maple wool cast on 80 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 94 sts. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 30 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve, and one shoulder seam. Sew pocket linings to pockets on wrong side, not taking sts. through. Sew press studs to back opening. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders.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Transatlantic de Luxe

(*Continued from page 25*)

by snags of all sizes and shapes; problems of neutrality; landing on blacked-out airfields; the menace of anti-aircraft fire at night; the task of navigating for thousands of miles without the invaluable weather reports . . . It says much for the courage and far-sightedness of both the private companies and the two governments that civil aviation has not only continued but has taken on a new lease of life.

The maiden flight of the unarmed flying boat *Clare* did more good to our cause in America than a thousand closely reasoned pamphlets. Our European allies had crumpled, one after another; the men of Dunkirk were among us, battered, a little bewildered, but eager for another "do" on more equal terms; Europe was being gulped down before our very eyes; the Nazi bombers were dropping tons of explosives on London; and every man and woman smiled bravely but with an odd feeling in the pit of the stomach.

While America's isolationists were enjoying a field day, and even our staunchest friends in Washington were asking themselves whether it was wise to send precious aircraft to a plucky but doomed nation, a little miracle happened—if one can apply the adjective "little" to a forty-ton winged giant! The British flying boat *Clare* alighted gracefully on the doorstep of New York and calmly announced that we were resuming our regular mail service with the United States! That did not seem to suggest that Britain was at the mercy of the *Luftwaffe*. Each of those bulging mail bags told America that we were "carrying on" and that business was very much as usual. It was the message our friends were waiting to hear.

Since then British Airways have maintained a regular mail and passenger service with the United States. Nor have we been content to span the Atlantic alone. Three thousand miles, often in foul weather, is a longish hop, but the Empire "buses" cover far greater distances. Marseilles, Brindisi, Stockholm are closed to our pilots, but Lisbon has become an important springboard for our transatlantic services, while the farthest corners of the Empire are brought close to us by the great link through Cairo, Khartoum, Karachi, Bangkok, Singapore, Sydney and Auckland. At the same time Pan-American Clippers have blazed a trail across the vast Pacific from California to New Zealand. Between them, these two great civil air services have brought the English-speaking peoples of the world within "hopping" distance of each other.

Because travel by air liner is certain to be popular after the war, and the luxury of today may well be commonplace tomorrow, I want to take you on a conducted tour of a flying ship. Let us assume that we have pulled countless strings and that Whitehall agrees that our trip to Australia or the United States is in the national interest. A few things are tossed into a light fibre bag—and the less you carry the more popular you are likely to be with the officials!—and you are on your way to meet the giant who will race you across the seas. If you have decided to go by Clipper you will first have to go to Lisbon by boat; only the *very* mighty are flown to Portugal in wartime. At Lisbon the officials are ready for you, whether you are doing the "short hop" to New York or linking up with a British Airways flying boat which will fly you to New Zealand or anywhere en route.

I think you will be impressed, as I was, by the super-efficient organisation behind the planning of these mighty routes.

Of course, they don't worry about maps if you are just doing the little transatlantic hop of 3,000 miles. If you're going by the *Clare* you will only land once, and the liner will refuel before covering the next 2,000 miles to Newfoundland.

The very first glimpse of the flying boat reminds you that there's a war on. The gleaming silver bird has donned a checked overcoat of camouflage. Many of the "de luxe" fittings have also been put into storage for the duration. Every inch of space is needed for mail bags and other cargo. The officials are still polite, of course, but they are not quite so patient with passengers who make difficulties. Your luggage is weighed before being scrutinised by a keen-eyed censor who also looks through your personal papers, books and even magazines unless your baggage carries the magic talisman of diplomatic immunity.

While you are snipping through this very necessary red tape the giant is being tuned up to receive you. The mechanics are testing and retesting to ensure that all is ship-shape. The engineers are tuning up the four 2,000-h.p. engines. On the flying bridge, which is lined with black to eliminate glare, the two experienced pilots are at the dual controls, making certain that no detail has been overlooked. In a room at the back of the bridge the pilot-navigator is studying his complicated charts—his is a great responsibility in wartime when he lacks the usual weather report facilities to a great extent. Another sharp-eyed young man, the flight engineer, is gazing at a formidable panel of instruments. A single panel carries over sixty indicators, and one is left marvelling at the mind which can seize upon any one of the delicate controls with such unerring precision. At the same time the radio officer is busily checking up on *his* apparatus.

The luggage and mail are taken aboard to be stored in spacious compartments within the wings. Behind these compartments are the crew's quarters. Under the main deck are watertight compartments which run the whole length of the ship. Passengers like to know of these safety features but the record of British and American flying boats is enough to reassure all but the most anxious passengers.

The motor launch comes alongside the Clipper and you climb on deck. The giant bobs gently on the water and the engines throb a promise of enormous power, but in a minute or two you are swaddled in all the soft comforts of a Pullman car. There are two decks and twenty cabins with excellently upholstered armchairs. The carpets are soft and tasteful, and a first-class interior decorator has spent anxious months selecting the kind of colours and materials most likely to produce the "home away from home" illusion on the Clipper. As one sinks into an armchair everything is at hand to ensure complete comfort. A neat table is provided if you want to play a rubber of bridge or read a novel. A reading lamp sheds a soft glow over the printed page. Your berth has its own window in case you want to look at the scenery. A clothes rack reminds you that clothes are liable to be ruined if kept too long in a case. One touch of the steward's bell brings you smooth attention and the experienced sympathy which is ready to deal with any situation from an attack of indigestion to trouble with the baby! If you are faddy about ventilation an ingenious gadget permits you to adjust the temperature in your berth to your own taste.

Noise doesn't worry you on the Clipper. The walls are sound-proofed, and a system of double insulation cloaks vibration and other reminders that you are hurtling across the ocean at a speed of over 250 m.p.h. The arched doorways leading into the lounge and dining-room help you to imagine that you are walking through the rooms of a well appointed mansion flat. The dining-room is about twelve feet square, and half a dozen families can be served comfortably at the same time. The tables are of polished walnut and I found the glass, napery and cutlery beyond reproach. The chairs were also beautifully sprung and a guarantee against vibration and swaying.

If all this sounds like a scene from a movie let me point out that flying boat travel is rapidly being developed to make it cheaper, safer and even more comfortable.

END

Old Tales Re-Told

(*Continued from page 24*)

pillage, plunder and slaughter, all in the name of restoring order and justice.

Thus, while King Vortigern spent his days and nights under the spell of Rowena's beauty, the unhappy Britons were left prey to this new terror that had been unleashed upon them.

London had at the time an archbishop by the name of Vodine, who was venerated almost as a saint throughout the Christian world. As a minister of God, he took upon himself the duty of opening the eyes of the misguided king to what was going on.

At their meeting he tackled the question with fearless frankness. The king kept his temper—until the affair of his marriage to Rowena was alluded to as the main cause for reproach.

Sensual love is one of the most violent emotions; and when condemned or forbidden it can produce a reaction capable of any extreme of folly. Vortigern had been touched on his tenderest spot, and he was seized with a fit of blind rage. Unable to see in the brave old man anything but an enemy, he struck him brutally down. Having already bartered his country, this wicked man consummated his life of crime and dissipation by an act of murder.

This act aroused such a wave of indignation that the nobility and the common people unanimously divested the king of all authority, renounced their obedience to him and elected his son Vortimer as their leader and governor.

The prince accepted the offer of the throne very willingly. He hated his father, not only because of the repudiation of his mother, but because he loved his country and hated to see it under the heel of the foreigner.

The first clash with the forces of Hengest took place near Ailsford in Kent. It was there that a dramatic scene was enacted which caused both sides to stop fighting for a while.

Catigern, a younger son of King Vortigern, who was amongst the leaders of British defenders, came forward and challenged Hengest to single combat. Hengest, being general-in-chief of his forces, could not accept the challenge, but his brother Horsa appeared in his place. We are not told if any conditions were stipulated, or if the duel was of especial importance from the political point of view.

It was clear, however, as the two protagonists approached each other, that they meant to strike to kill. The impact of these two individuals seemed to personify the clash between their respective races. Both were clever fighters, and the speed of their passes made it difficult to follow every move with the naked eye. After a while both were bleeding profusely, but still attacking each other vigorously. At one point Horsa fell to his knees, rousing his partisans to a pitch of apprehension. The Britons were urging their champion to finish off his enemy. The Saxons shouted to their man to get up. Horsa tried to rise, but instead fell forward and lay motionless. Catigern had not moved. He stood rigid as though mesmerised by something unseen; then he turned as if to leave, staggered and fell prone. Each had slaughtered the other and they died at the same instant.

In four years of continuous struggle the valiant Vortimer succeeded in freeing a large part of Britain from the Saxon grip. He would undoubtedly have completed his task if the beautiful Rowena, in true Teutonic fashion, had not played her dark part in the affair. The fact that she was a British queen meant nothing to her. At most, it was but a means of facilitating her work for the fatherland.

And so history repeats itself, century by century—always setting forth the lessons that humanity refuses to learn. The story that I have told was followed chronologically by another one of Saxon treachery. Over and over the tale is told. Over and over.

END

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Books (*Continued from page* 20)

struggles to live while he wrote "Ulysses," and all the battles that followed its completion, the high-flown praise, the resounding encomiums, and the damning criticisms, make a picture worth studying, even admitting the author is an admirer. And behind it the shy, obstinate Irishman, teaching English by the hour for a few shillings in order to live to continue his work, suffering from eye trouble and ill health, but always battling through. I never expected to be so enthralled.

HOW do you like your sex? Ripe, almost frank? reasoned? romantic? or just relevant? Take your choice remembering that one-word descriptions can never be quite fair.

Angela du Maurier in "The Little Less" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.), and frankly I wish there had been a little less, tells a good story well. In one facet or another every angle of sex crops up. Not that there is anything indecent, or even verging on it, for the problems are all modern problems that can be seen, and are being faced every day, and the writing is clever and true to life, with plenty of light touches. But there is almost too much crammed into one very readable book, of which the scenery descriptions are outstanding.

WHAT a contrast is "Last Year's Rose." (Robert Hale, 8s.) in which Margaret Ferguson tells of the problem of Domini, who at eighteen married an explorer, and at twenty-four, when her marriage looked like breaking up, went on an expedition with him, which ended in his sacrificing his life for her apparently. A year later she marries her rescuer, with whom she is deeply in love and all looks well for the future of her and her son—when she recognises in India her real husband, who has escaped the snows after terrible suffering, with a memory that is lost and a mind unbalanced. She gives up her second "husband." She alone can nurse the sick man back to health. She has to face a mother-in-law who hates her, a mentally unsound husband. I must not spoil this tale of endless problems nor hint at the climax, but it is a good one and sensible and nice—without being prudish.

TURN to the romantic, "Findernes' Flowers" (Hodder and Stoughton, 8s. 3d.) by George R. Preedy, a first-class story with most of the time the gentle smell of lavender competing with the artificial scent of "Nuits d'Italie." Sir Philip Finderne is an Englishman born and bred, a country gentleman who worships his home, his ancestors, and his two "flowers," his daughters Fanny and Stella, as beautiful as they are good. Lady Finderne suffocates in the country and wants town life and Courts, which, with the help of a French maid, she hopes to get through her daughters.

First she secretly marries as a child her elder daughter, Fanny, to a semi-Italian who agrees to wait three years. Father plans to engage Stella to her cousin, the handsome Stephen, so that the name of Finderne may not die out, and his home may continue in the family. But Lady Finderne, risking the smallpox, takes Stella to London to marry her into the peerage, a plan which does not succeed. Stella catches the dread disease and only just escapes with her life.

The devotion of the two sisters to each other in the same house as the hatred of husband for wife makes a vivid contrast. The atmosphere, the planning and scheming, the innocence and the worldliness, make a period-piece portrait that can be enjoyably studied, as well as the artistry with which it is written.

"REAP the Wild Wind" by Thelma Strabel (Collins, 7s. 6d.) is a straightforward book and none the less happy for that. It tells of the wreckers, or what we should call the salvage ships, of Key West, off the coast of Florida, and more particularly of Loxi, the lovely daughter of one of the chief owners. At times a gale blows through the book, at others there is the sweet scent of tropical flowers, and the high colours and contrasting black background of slaves, of those exotic climes in the middle 'eighties.

But whether moving at speed before the wind, or drifting calmly along, the story of Loxi and her two lovers, the handsome wrecker captain, and the equally handsome sea lawyer, moves sweetly and easily along to the inevitable clash, which might have proved the biggest wreck on the coast. You won't think of the war while you're reading this book.

END

British History in Stone (*Continued from page* 3)

times forty is sixteen hundred. As three to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman."

Johnson tried to get Lord Chesterfield as his patron. His vigil outside Chesterfield's door is subject of a famous and familiar painting. Chesterfield took no notice of Johnson until the task was finished; whereupon Johnson wrote a snubbing letter to his "patron" which was long the talk of the town. In his dictionary he had these definitions:—

"Patron: a wretch who supports with indolence and is paid with flattery."

"Lexicographer: a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge."

"Oats: a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people."

Not all the entries were so whimsical. He threw in such pleasantries only when he was in the mood. Nor was he pompous about his *opus*. A lady once asked him how on earth he came to define "pastern" as the knee of a horse. "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance," he said blandly.

Boswell had a mild rival in David Garrick, who amused the town with his imitations of the great scholar. Johnson had some manner of northern accent that made him say "poonch" for "punch" and "woonce" for "once."

Johnson, for all his love of London, made two historic journeys. He was taken by Boswell for a tour of the Hebrides, and later went to Paris. "The French are an indelicate people," he reported to his listeners. "They will spit upon any place. At Madame ——'s the footman took the sugar in his fingers and threw it into my coffee. The spout of the tea-pot did not pour freely; she bade the footman blow into it. France is worse than Scotland in everything but climate. The great may live very magnificently, but the rest very miserably. There is no happy middle state as in England."

But his heart remained wrapped up in London. "By seeing London, sir," he would say, "I have seen as much of life as the world can show. When a man is tired of London he is tired of life."

He was, indeed, with his contempt of foreigners and his staunch loyalty to the throne (and firm hatred of those who spoke against it) a John Bull in everything save ruddy health. "Our nation may boast, beyond any other people in the world, of a kind of epidemic bravery, diffused equally through all it's ranks," he said. "We can show a peasantry of heroes, and fill our armies with clowns, whose courage may vie with that of their general. Courage is reckoned the greatest of all virtues; because, unless a man has that virtue, he has no security for preserving any other."

Dr. Samuel Johnson, of Lichfield and Fleet Street, would have heartily approved the more stirring speeches of that descendant to-day of the Churchill whom Johnson as a small boy knew as Corporal John, first Duke of Marlborough.

END

Laughing Venus

(*Continued from page 17*)

photographs and other authentic records, future generations may be misled by our laughter, as the Americans were misled by the late Mr. Chamberlain's complacency, and they simply will not believe in the grim realities of the giant totalitarian–democratic war, and the great Nazi bid for world conquest, according to the plan of that plump, bespectacled old geographer and professor of frightfulness, August Banse, Hitler's military brain-truster Number One.

They will look for hate-inspiring cartoons, and find few, the cartoonists concentrating on the comic aspects of Hitler, the Berchtesgaden Atilla, and Mussolini, the frog who thought he was a Cæsar. They may call this a "phony" war, if only because the women, instead of weeping, laughed.

But if one examines the phenomenon more closely, one finds that it was not born in the explosion of the second world war. It was incubating long before Munich. It came gradually but decisively, like the stream lines which distinguish our world, and mould equally the design of the newest aero engine and the latest woman's frock. But if you compare a cross-section of the belles of yesterday, and to-day, you see the sharp difference. The Diana Coopers and Paula Gellibrands maintain a masklike calm; the Zena Dares and Gladys Coopers look pleasant and provide a toothpaste smile. In the whole of yesterday's socialite and showgirl gallery, no real laughter, no abandon, no frank amusement or jollity. They are guarded faces, in a guarded age. Official women looked grave, resolute and frozen. Every one was damn careful: someone might find them out.

Men did their own laughing, among themselves, at their own jokes. They didn't like women to laugh with them, still less at them. If a lady got tight—but, of course, no lady got tight.

Sweet little women were popular; or supposed to be. There was sweet Alice, who, you remember, wept with delight when you gave her a smile, and trembled with fear at your frown. Sweet Alice seems now to be sunk without trace. She wouldn't have been much good either with the fire watchers, or at a munition lathe.

What has happened? A few score things apart, companionship has been developing very fast between the sexes. And this is a new thing. I'm afraid for a moment we must accompany Professor Edward Westermarck back quite a way. Professor Westermarck, the famous Finnish biologist and anthropologist, is one of the world's leading authorities on marriage. Accepting the theory that man and the apes have evolved from a common type, he starts his explorations on sex relationships at the gorilla and chimpanzee. He finds that these higher apes, although they often united in herds, marry, and maintain the unit of the family throughout their lives. He concludes from this that, while sex appeal brings about the original union, what keeps male and female together is a greater and more enduring force, the desire for parenthood and companionship.

Sex appeal may be, often is, utterly humourless. But laughter bubbles from companionship like sparkling water from a woodland spring. This explains to-day's Laughing Venus, and may explain the riddle of the Solemn Venus of the Greeks.

Poets sing about laughing Greek girls prancing on the golden shores of Hellas; but all the evidence seems to indicate that there was not much laughter among the women of Greece. That was a male civilisation—more male than the Roman or any other civilisation, not excepting the excessively male civilisation of the English age when men owned their wives as chattels and might beat them (the law against beating a wife was enacted, not out of regard for the wife, but as an anti-noise law, wife-beating usually occurring at night, and the resultant row disturbing the neighbours' sleep). To an old Greek officer, the notion of coming home on leave, and taking his wife out to dine and dance at the (*Continued on page 64*)

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Dorchester, would have seemed absurd.

A gentleman took his pleasure among the hetairae: that is what those cultivated courtesans were for. Family life as we know it did not exist. Wives were jealous. When the lovely Lias gave up all for love, and attached herself to one man, the local wives ganged up on her and stoned her to death. Kronos, predecessor of Zeus, discovering the approach of his wife when he was dallying with the sea-nymph Philyra, in the greatest alarm turned her into a mare and himself into a horse, with the result that their child, Cheiron, was born half-man and half-horse.

If Greek love stories, either mythological or real life, lack anything, it's laughter and the happy den.

Historians to-day cannot detach Mr. Churchill, great leader of the British in the Anglo-German war, from Mrs. Churchill, who accompanies him everywhere, smiling, vigorous, good-looking, wife and comrade; nor President Roosevelt, inspirer of the American movement to back the democracies against the oligarchies, from Mrs. Roosevelt, his indefatigable and laughing helpmate; nor Chiang Kai-shek from the tall, beautiful Chinese woman, who, besides being his wife, is also his chief aide, spokesman, adviser and propaganda minister; nor King George VI from Queen Elizabeth.

But look back over the centuries and try to glimpse the womenfolk of the great men of Greece, and all you see is shadows. We know nothing of Mrs. Pericles. The wives of Demosthenes and Alcibiades do not make a scratch on the great etched copperplate of Greek history. Where there is no companionship there is little laughter.

That was the Greek error, and tragedy. They failed to solve the problem of blending mistress-woman and wife-woman, mother and companion, mate and playmate. So they fell through the decay and extinction of their families. Or, put another way, Hellenic civilisation crumbled because the men married one set of women, and had their fun with another set. The family unit of society cannot flourish under such conditions.

Our development is in precisely the opposite direction. There never was a time when women shared the lives of their menfolk so fully. Even the night pleasure life that was a male preserve up to and into the last war—like divorce, smoking and drinking in public, and a few other things—is now enjoyed in common. And now the youths go into the army, and the maidens into the war factories. Short of arms-bearing for both sexes, the association could scarcely be more complete.

Families multiply under this development. The marriage rate is breaking all records. Some of these war marriages will not survive. They will go to swell the total of separation orders—running 11,000 a year, thrice the divorce rate—and increase the £12,000,000 a year now being paid out in alimony by ex-husbands to former wives. But that's to be expected, like a percentage of accidents in any hazardous activity. An average 14,000 marriage breaks a year is not so high measured against the 350,000 of annual marriages (the figure may run 400,000 now).

The percentage of failures may not be so high in this war as in the last one, if the majority of girls are as cheerfully disposed as they seem to be—and as I have just been told by a London registrar they are. He is an old friend of mine, and I had speech with him in his office a few minutes before he was due out in his marriage room with his clerk to make the first couple of a long list man and wife. I commented on the light-hearted atmosphere, and he said wartime marriages were always more cheerful than peace time ones. "A great time for the plain girls with happy dispositions," he chuckled. "The boys have no time for glamour girls." I should like to have discussed that with him, but he had to go off and start marrying.

Probably a capacity for fun and companionship is the key to the riddle of those legendary women whom poets have entangled in the immortal love stories of the world. These women must have had something more

Laughing Venus

than beauty to have inspired these tales, poems and passions.

What the average man wants the products of the Hollywood dream factories reflect. In that fabulous industrial centre psychologists reach out everywhere, testing audience reaction to facets of character and situation. These synthetic dreams, to carry conviction, must be attuned to the public mood, and key into reality there. Well before the war began the experts knew that passion flower sirens, and sweetly simple village maiden types, the Pola Negris and the Mary Pickfords had followed the moustache plucking villain into the ash can.

In the summer before Munich one large film exhibitor is said to have sent this laconic telegram in reply to a query from a film factory chief: "Keep your Garbos stop Our demand is for giggle women." This brought the answer: "Garbo can giggle"; to which the retort was: "Then what's she waiting for?"

The capacity of the ineffable Garbo to giggle has yet to be tested, at least publicly; but she certainly can laugh, and in the film which had so sensational a success prior to the Polish blitz, she proved it by a great laugh which measured with all previous women's laughs on the films as Caruso's head notes compare with a drawing-room tenor's warblings. She immediately ceased to suggest the Ice Maiden, or the unattainable and lethal Queen of the Snows, and become human, alluring, and even marriagable.

The momentous conference which decided the Garbo laugh must have been guided by the logic of events. The fascinators of the day are the comediennes: the Myrna Loys, Irene Dunnes, Jean Arthurs, Claudette Colberts—extraordinarily good-looking, but always good fun. Miss Katharine Hepburn then followed Garbo, and achieved her outstanding triumph, all the more terrific because she was regarded as "out," and this was a come-back. Her *Philadelphia Story* film is a fairly free adaptation of a successful stage play about an heiress who has to face some home truths about herself, and is considerably shaken up thereby: a tale which has reminders of a film called *It Happened One Night*, which made both Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert. It is a film with plenty of laughs, and Miss Hepburn contrives to provide the laughs, mostly against herself. In New York, a blasé city, the film proved the hit of hits. At the gargantuan Music Hall the previous box-office record was held by Walt Disney's *Snow White*. The Hepburn comedy broke that record. By February more than 800,000 people had paid to see it in that one showplace alone.

Carole Lombard was a glamour girl—still-faced, beautiful, excitant, remote. Possibly in that mood she married Mr. William Powell, who himself at the time was usually cast in the role of a poker-faced villain. Mr. Powell discovered his sense of humour; and he and Mrs. Powell decided to get divorced. Mr. Powell was promptly paired off, for screen purposes, with Myrna Loy, who had been even more glamorous than Carole—a breathless cosmopolitan adventuress, in the Oppenheim tradition, when she was not a harem houri or an Oriental dancer. Miss Loy immediately leapt to fame as the woman every man would love to marry—life with her would be so pleasant and amusing: plenty of drinks, and laughs.

At this juncture Miss Lombard let down her hair, dropped her mask, and hit up a series of successes in roles where laughs followed her like firecrackers. She also won the heart of Mr. Clark Gable, who married her when he had made the necessary arrangements in connexion with his second wife. It is told of Mr. Clark's fiancée that, while wooing, or being wooed by, her present husband, she went with him on a duck shooting trip, and, his dog failing him on a far shot, she plunged in, swam out, brought the bird back, and remarked, as she scrambled ashore and shook the water off herself "You'll have to go a long way, my lad, before you find another blonde retriever to do that for you." Things were not like this in the

old Gaiety Girl days. In that old tradition, Mr. Gable should have been drinking champagne out of Miss Lombard's shoe to display his surrender to her charms.

The situations the playwrights devise—torturing their brains to hit a new one—to strike the right keynote at the outset, when boy meets girl, are attuned to these good-fun girls. Miss Stanwyck bounces an apple off a gentleman's head, then trips him: thus heroine meets hero in a typical popular love story in this age of Armageddon. Miss Ginger Rogers smells smoke, runs into her father's library, and is so excited by a fire in a waste-paper basket that she fails to notice the presence of a strange man, or to realise that she is wearing only a slip: and so, amid the death struggle of two rival civilisations, the roar of warplanes, clangour of tanks, crump of high explosive, male and female come together in a way which contemporary folk find both entertaining and romantic.

It goes deep, this laughter business. We even have Wavell, the one brilliant general the war has thrown up so far, disclosing a sense of humour: his famous staff lectures about generalship actually contain jokes. Shades of Kitchener, Clausewitz and all the military pundits!

It's the vitality in laughter that attracts in dangerous times—the escape back to life from the dark shadow of death. Anybody can be grave: but it takes courage, vigour and a strong nervous system to cut through layers of depressants, and break surface smiling. Only humans robust enough to cope fully with life and its complex problems can manage it; and when men in tough times discern the quality in a female of the species, they are apt to feel the pull of iron towards the magnet.

END

The Giraffe-Necked Women

(*Continued from page 15*)

Nowadays each Padaung village which possesses a Christian community also boasts a village band, consisting of drums, flutes and cymbals all of local manufacture; and on special occasions such as the visit of a touring official, this band is much in evidence and puts up quite a creditable performance of Western music.

The time to see the women to advantage is in the evening just before sunset when they assemble in crowds at the village pond to draw water, wash, polish up their ornaments and exchange gossip. The water they draw in large bamboo jars and carry five or six of these in a basket on their backs supported by a broad band crossing the forehead and taking most of the weight. The strain thrown on their necks must be considerable but they do not appear to mind it.

In the absence of metal polish the women use straw and water for their polishing and it appears equally effective; and they always keep their rings burnished to perfection. In addition to their necks, the women also clothe their arms and legs below the knee in brass rings, and the weight of metal that they carry is enormous.

On festive occasions the Padaung woman dons her ceremonial dress which is very striking and handsome in appearance. Her brass rings are now supplemented lavishly with silver ornaments and beads, and green velvet-like cloth, which gives a touch of colour to the otherwise sombre hue of her garments. Her hair she does in a top-knot, surmounted by a little silver spike, giving it a helmet-like appearance; and the lobes of her ears are stretched to take enormous silver ear-rings.

Although shy of having their photographs taken the women are friendly and natural and will readily put on their best clothes for the entertainment of visitors and will crowd eagerly round the latter's tents admiring and being admired. Their greatest treat is to have the gramophone played to them and they will listen to this enthralled for hours.

END

HOW TO SPEND LESS ON SHOES - even with prices so high

She put her foot in her letters until . .

IT IS SO DIFFICULT TO KEEP OFF MONEY WORRIES WHEN I WRITE TO JACK
WHY-WHAT'S WORRYING YOU DORIS?
WELL, SHOES FOR INSTANCE IT'S TERRIBLE HOW MUCH MORE THEY COST
FOOTWEAR REPAIRS
BUT THAT'S JUST WHERE I'VE FOUND I CAN SAVE MONEY. I'M JUST CALLING AT THIS SHOP COME ON IN WITH ME
PHILLIPS SAVE YOUR SHOES AND KEEP THEM WATERTIGHT. THEY ARE QUITE INVISIBLE IN WEAR. MOST OF MY CUSTOMERS BRING IN NEW SHOES TO BE FITTED WITH PHILLIPS RIGHT AWAY; THEN THE ORIGINAL SOLE NEVER GETS WORN DOWN
3 MONTHS LATER
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Summer Afternoon

(*Continued from page 14*)

Monte Carlo. I'll explain it if you like, but take it from me it's a winner. Only needs capital. I thought you might like to come in on it with me——"

"Go on!"

"I mean, you've got a screw that would make an Indian rajah jealous. You could easily spare something—say a couple of thousand—and then we'd clean up . . ." He ran on hypocritically persuasive, as though he were really trying to enlist the other's support.

But Arthur Phillips only sat there in stunned amazement. He'd never met a real blackmailer before. They existed—in novels and in police court reports—but it wasn't the sort of thing one encountered oneself.

"Well, about my little proposition?"

"Eh? Oh! I don't know." An extraordinary indifference to the conversation was stealing over Phillips. The day was blazing hot and he suddenly felt bored with the whole incident, anxious to get back to his work, which was really important. An interruption like this was the limit. He tried to pull himself together—no blackmail victim ought to be so apathetic—but he just couldn't interest himself. His mind experienced one of its sharp switches, abandoned completely consideration of Marjorie's letters and Mr. Palante, and became perversely busy with the knotty point in the experiment he'd been trying out when intruded upon. . . . He suddenly saw a new possible line of approach to it and walked into the laboratory and began a test, quite absorbed.

Palante followed, astounded. "Look here, old man, pay attention to me."

Phillips continued to juggle with a large test-tube and bottles.

"You'd better, you know. Otherwise those letters will go to her husband." Phillips merely switched a bunsen under a flask, poured the test-tube's contents in and watched.

Palante, suddenly, angrily, seized his arm. "You can't put me off like this," he was beginning, when the other rounded on him. The flask and clamp fell over, smashed.

"God damn you to hell! I'll have to do that all over again. Get out or I'll——"

The other recoiled an instant, then laughed derisively. "You'll throw me out, was that it? You and who else? Why, you half-portion, I could knock you cold in ten seconds. Not that I'm going to: the point is you can't do it to me. I'll go out by myself and I'll go straight to Captain Maguire with these." He again tapped his pocket.

Arthur Phillips, already busy repairing the damage, did not take in half of this, but at the last words he stopped what he was doing and with an effort recalled his mind to the problem of Palante. He thought a moment. "I suppose I'd better pay you," he said mildly. "After all, you're wasting a lot of my time." He went to his office.

"Attaboy! Thought you'd see reason. "A cheque?" he said a moment later. "Too bad! I thought you might have the stuff in a safe or something." He tucked it away in his cigarette case. "Well, it means you'll have to wait till Monday for the letters."

"Monday? Why?"

"Do you think I'm a fool? Because you'll stop the cheque if you get them now."

Quite frankly, this hadn't occurred to Phillips. And somehow it was the last straw. He'd have to give his full attention to this matter. "One moment!" he said authoritatively. "I want to think."

He concentrated his whole mind at last on the problem. He could see he had no real guarantee with a fellow like this that he'd get the letters even when the cheque had been cashed. He might go on for years paying up—just like the novels. Yet there were the letters a few feet away: once get them and he knew Palante would never say anything—unbacked by evidence. The other was far too burly for him to take them by force. So he must use his own particular qualities, and his brain . . .

"Is the thinkin' doin' any good?" came the sarcastic interruption. "I can't wait." He began to move to the door.

"Don't go," cut in Phillips, "or I'll stop the cheque and be damned to you." He obviously meant it and Palante hesitated. He wanted the money. "I must get this experiment going again." He started taking bottles down, mixing, filling flasks, corking them tightly, arranging peculiar apparatus. "I may have some money in the safe, so you'd better wait," he added, in such a quiet voice of reasonable authority that the other came back and stood beside him in silence.

For a while Phillips was busy, then he said: "There, everything is ready for my experiment," went over to the door, locked it and took the key. "Now we can talk," he went on, as he came back to the far side of the bench.

"What's the idea of locking the door?"

"I don't want to be disturbed. You see, I'm not going to give you any money and you're going to give me those letters."

The other laughed. "Not likely, old man. But if you've got any reasonable sum in the safe, I may do a deal; save risking the cheque——"

"I've got nothing in the safe."

"Then unlock the door." Phillips shook his head. "Or I'll come and get that key . . ." The words died on his lips as he saw the key spin glittering through the open window, arcing down to the yard below Calmly Phillips picked up one of the flasks.

"What is this dam' game?" The bluster held puzzled uneasiness. He looked at the apparatus on the bench between them. "Were you just fooling about getting an experiment ready?"

"Oh, no, I wasn't. It's ready. Now give me the letters."

"Come and get 'em!"

"You know I'm not big enough—physically." His voice was precise and metallic and the usually dreamy eyes were concentrated in the pale clear-cut face. "But I'm big enough—mentally."

"You're talking nonsense."

"No. I simply mean I'm cleverer than you. I'm going to use my own weapons—my brain and my knowledge. See this!" He held up the flask. "Know what's in it?"

"What the hell's that got to do with it?"

"A lot. It's concentrated H2 SO4. But as you said you knew nothing about chemistry, I'll give it its other name. Vitriol."

"Vitriol!" The other recoiled, eyes suddenly fixed on the fragile glass sphere.

"Yes." With his other hand he picked up a small jar, half full. "So is this." He tilted a little out on the floor. It ran oilily over the surface, then there was a faint hissing and fumes rose as the concentrated acid bit into the wood. He put the jar down.

"That's what it would do to your clothes and body and face if I were to hit you on the head with it." He raised the flask menacingly.

Palante instinctively drew back, though his fascinated gaze barely left the hissing eroding pool on the floor. "You—you wouldn't dare." His arrogant self-confidence was peeling from him. "Why, you'd—you'd . . ." he clutched wildly at a straw . . . "you'd get it on yourself too—your hands."

"Ah, but I know the right stuff to put on to counteract it. You don't. That's it!" He pointed to another jar, and the other began a stealthy movement. "Or again, it mightn't be. It might be an even stronger acid, a solution of irritant salts which would maim you even further. You see, you just don't *know*."

The other stopped, tried to collect himself. "You can't do this sort of thing," he said hoarsely. "You're mad!"

"Then there's this dodge," Phillips was saying, "I think I've improvised rather well, but then, as you said, I'm one of those brainy fellows. Glass splinters impregnated with a little known but swift and deadly poison—C6 H5.CO.C6 H5. A deadly poison. A

scratch with one of these—and good-bye to you." He leaned earnestly across the bench. "Don't think I'm bluffing. Believe me, nothing would be easier to explain than your death here, because as I'd have the letters back by then and as we're really strangers, there'd be no possible motive attributable. Just an unfortunate accident. And it's going to happen unless I get those letters."

But Albert Palante had had enough. It wasn't his idea of blackmail. With an oath to cover up his fear, he drew out a small packet and flung it on the bench.

"You win, blast your soul!" he snarled. "Now put that stuff down."

Phillips, however, did not relinquish the flask. He checked the letters. They were all the missing ones. He put them in the bunsen flame and reduced them to a crinkle of ash. "Yes, that's all right. . . . Oh, one minute! Better have the cheque—I'm quite likely to forget to stop it." He reached across, quickly put his hand into the other's breast pocket and drew out the cigarette case, slipping it into his own, while Palante's anxious gaze was still riveted to the glass sphere.

"How do I get out?" was all he said, as it was at last placed carefully on the bench.

Phillips went to his coat and took out a key. "I always keep spares in my pocket," he said mildly, handing it over. "I'm so confoundedly forgetful. Leave it in the door, will you . . .?"

As the other's hurried footsteps died away on the stone stairs, Phillips began to clear away the mess of apparatus, smiling to himself. C6 H5.CO.C6 H5, the little known deadly poison! The first formula that came into his head—nothing more terrible than Diphenyl Ketone. Why, the name was the worst part!

Next moment he had forgotten everything in the resumption of his experiment.

He did not really recall it till he was with Marjorie that night and dived into his pocket to offer her a cigarette.

"Congratulations!" she suddenly said with her warm chuckle. "So you've really remembered to get it then?"

After a puzzled moment staring at the gold cigarette case in her hand, Arthur Phillips suddenly threw back his head and laughed out loud. Blackmailers, he was thinking, often failed to get tangible results, but it was seldom they actually lost financially on the deal.

"Yes, I managed at last to pick one up," he said, and with a sudden surprise added: "And, by gosh, I had my initials put on it too." He raised his glass to Albert Palante's god-parents. Difficult to explain things to Marjorie, if they'd called him Marmaduke!

END

Life Goes On at 3 Acacia Gardens

(*Continued from page* 39)

Mrs. Spenlove, Mrs. Snooks and married daughter whose husband is in the Air Force. Arrival synchronises with siren which has not been heard for some days. All comfortably settled in reinforced lounge with coffee and knitting. Considerable though intermittent activity overhead.

9.35 p.m.—Mrs. Jitters pops in to say that she has heard from her friend whose husband has a friend in the Intelligence that the Invasion is expected at any moment and she is sure if there were less gunfire the church bells could be heard.

9.50 p.m.—Calming of Mrs. Jitters coinciding with apparent end of blitz.

10 p.m.—Children to bed, followed by an hour of quiet conversation with guests.

11.20 p.m.—Mrs. Spenlove wide awake in bed pondering upon rare Canadian dishes as visualised by evening's guests and futile regrets that golden syrup must have been Maple.

11.35 p.m.—Conscious of nagging in head again and no head rolling exercises yet accomplished. Thinks of doing them first thing in the morning.

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The White Lamb Sahib

(*Continued from page* 30)

the grave of my father that those rifles are not in Pur Than."

Subahdar Nur Din caught Filgate's sleeve.

"Don't listen to him, sahib. A Mahsud's oath is not worth the hum of a mosquito. If the rifles are not in Pur Than they are hidden in a cave or buried in the ground close by."

"Your words are like the stench of a dog's vomit, Pathan," Shere Gul cried. "Leave the questioning to the sahib. It is for him and him only to decide. Sahib, you *must* believe me. By the beard of the Prophet, the ashes of my ancestors and the Black Stone of Mecca, those rifles are not in Pur Than, nor are they hidden in any cave or buried in the ground. May I never enter Paradise if I have spoken a lie."

There was a deep-throated mutter of assent from the other Mahsuds. Tempers were rising; the situation becoming strained.

Filgate lit a cigarette to give himself time to think. He knew his men were watching him eager as a pack of hounds. He felt he was poised between the devil of D Company's contempt and the deep sea of Shere Gul's cunning.

But was it cunning, or was it genuine innocence? Those tremendous oaths! Surely no Mussulman, not even a Mahsud, would dare to utter such blasphemy!

"*Baa-aa!*" called Sepoy Mizzan Ali, who had edged near the dispute. "There is a little white lamb who has lost his mother."

As the sides of the hill crowned by Pur Than were dotted with sheep tended by the women of the tribe, no one could have proved he was not making a perfectly innocent observation. But Filgate flushed darkly.

He turned to Shere Gul.

"I am not satisfied you speak the truth. We will keep a watch on the village and tomorrow when the men are rested we will enter and make a close search. If there is any opposition I will take it as a sign of guilt and act accordingly."

Shere Gul shrugged his shoulders.

"As you will, sahib. Since the rifles are not there we have nought to fear. But since these Pathans are all thieves and rascals, I would ask you to be present yourself while the search is being made. And if there is any looting or any damage is done, I will claim compensation from the Raj."

"Very well," said Filgate, but *Subahdar* Nur Din turned away and spat on the sand. Not thus would Hogan sahib have handled this affair!

If the rifles really *were* in Pur Than, they must have been hidden with amazing cunning.

All the next day the Pathans searched the village and its environments with more zeal than consideration. They thrust their bayonets into walls, ceilings and floors; they opened bales of wool, they examined the bottoms of wells, they dug up every likely spot, they invaded every privacy and generally poked, pried and peered in a way a Scotland Yard detective must have admired.

It was a dirty, tedious business and productive of a great many "incidents" with furious Mahsud housewives that almost led to bloodshed. And they were not rewarded by finding so much as one sling swivel. . . .

When there was nothing left to search Filgate returned to his tent. He was worn out, weary, depressed. He knew his men felt they had "lost face" to the Mahsuds and were blaming him. It would be a semi-mutinous company he would have to march back.

The sight of *Subahdar* Nur Din looming in the tent entrance did nothing to console him. He knew Nur Din had come to say: "I told you so," and he was right.

Nur Din gave a perfunctory salute.

"Well, sahib," he said, "we have failed just as I thought we would. It's a pity you allowed yourself to be tricked by that fatherless son of a Mahsud snake. Now our name is blackened and I foresee great trouble with the men. Wah! had only Hogan sahib been in command! *He* wasn't a sahib to be deceived by lies and flattery. He'd have made Shere Gul produce those rifles, or——"

There comes a time when the gentlest worm must turn. Filgate overturned his chair as he sprang to his feet.

"Shut up!" he roared. "What do I care what Hogan sahib would have done, and who are you to dare to offer me advice? Your business is to obey orders and not weary me with your chattering. Do you understand?"

He burst out of the tent, leaving Nur Din to stare after him open-mouthed with amazement.

"It might have been Hogan sahib himself who spoke!" the Pathan muttered.

FILGATE was already repenting of his outburst. After all, Nur Din had only meant well. He decided to take a walk to cool his head and his temper while there was still light.

Obsessed with his gloomy thoughts he took a track that meandered round the hillside out of sight of both camp and village. It was a relief to get away from mocking eyes. A relief not to hear:

"*Baa! . . . Baa! . . . Baa!*"

Filgate flashed round with his fists clenched. By heavens, this was a bit too much! He'd teach that Pathan humorist!

But then he saw whence the sound was coming and had to laugh at himself. On a ledge below the track a big ewe had wedged herself between two rocks and was calling plaintively for assistance.

D Company had not destroyed all Filgate's kindly instincts. At some risk to life and limb he climbed down to the ledge and lifted the struggling, bleating creature from the trap.

SIX o'clock next morning found the camp struck and D Company standing in column ready to march off.

Sulkiness brooded over them like a cloud. Standing "easy" they leant on their rifles and scowled at the Mahsuds.

All Pur Than had risen early to watch the departure. Shere Gul himself was there, grinning like a triumphant fox.

It was like a retreat, a surrender. The Pathans fidgeted and longed for the order to march.

At last Filgate appeared. But even then their shame was not quickly ended. For he made them slope arms ten times before he was satisfied.

Shere Gul smiled and stroked his beard while the children jeered from the village wall.

"I will now inspect the company," Filgate told *Subahdar* Nur Din.

He went very slowly down the ranks, staring into each scowling face. Not a dirty button did his eyes miss.

He stopped longest before Sepoy Mizzan Ali. He looked him up and down from the peak of his turban to his boots before he gave his verdict.

"Is this a soldier, *Subahdar* Sahib? To me he looks more like a camel that has been rolling in mud. A stupid, ugly, knock-kneed camel with green teeth . . ."

D Company held their breath. This was a new White Lamb sahib they didn't know.

Filgate returned to the front of the company and mounted his charger. He looked round, saw Shere Gul and beckoned him to approach.

The Mahsud came eagerly. He had a long list of things he claimed to have been stolen or damaged by the Pathans during the search ready in his hand.

Filgate waved aside the list. He spoke loudly, and when D Company heard his words they thought he had gone mad.

"Salaam, Shere Gul," he said. "This is the White Lamb sahib who addresses you."

"The White Lamb sahib?" Shere Gul repeated.

"Yes, and before Il eave Pur Than I must say farewell to the sheep who are my kin."

Shere Gul's mouth fell open, his eyes bulged and his face turned the colour of mud.

"Sahib, I don't understand," Shere Gul gasped. "Sheep? What talk is this of sheep?"

"It's the talk of the White Lamb sahib!" Filgate's voice was very harsh. "Don't move, Shere Gul. . . . The kin of the White Lamb are coming to his aid."

He called up a *jamadar* and gave an order. The man gaped at him. Then comprehension jumped into his eyes. He ran back to his platoon, and in another moment the sepoys had grounded their rifles and were scattering across the hillside.

With yells and stones they rounded up the sheep while the Mahsud women screamed abuse. At a gallop they drove the flock to where Filgate was. Big shaggy ewes for the most part who ran clumsily as if gravid with lamb.

But fecundity was not the reason. Suddenly a roar of laughter went up from D Company such as had surely never been heard in Pur Than before.

Shere Gul's disgruntled face was the last straw that broke the back of discipline. The ranks bowed like corn in a high wind. As the bleating ewes surged round their knees, men rocked and bellowed, smote each other on the back, wiped their streaming eyes, and stamped in an agony of mirth.

For beneath each ewe, muzzle to the front and barrel to the rear, secured by cords and almost hidden in the deep fleece, there was a Government rifle. Shere Gul's hiding place had been disclosed.

And Filgate, listening to the cheers and laughter, was very content. He knew that he had won. He would be the White Lamb sahib to the end of his career, but it would be a title of love, honour and respect.

END

Mainly Off Duty

(*Continued from page* 31)

IT seems to me that Lord Woolton is in grave danger of over-publicising his favourite carrot. He is like an anxious mother trying to make a good marriage for a debutante daughter. But too much publicity can put off both the eligible bachelors and housewives. Nothing can be said against the carrot It is a nice-looking little vegetable and extremely healthy, but it should share its publicity with a lot of other foods, such as honey, Marmite and almonds. Any number of people are keeping bees nowadays and honey is extremely good for your looks as well as your health.

Marmite is one of the star sources of vitamin B, and this particular vitamin guards against constipation which is likely to be on the increase now that so many fats are rationed and fruit has been so difficult to get during the past few months.

The greatest enemy to health and good looks is constipation and unless this problem is taken into consideration when foods are rationed the health of the nation is going to suffer badly. Brown bread, oatmeal and Marmite are particularly valuable in this connexion.

Unless breakfast, lunch, tea or dinner include a good proportion of minerals, both tooth brush and dentifrice are working against hopeless odds. The circulating fluids in your body depend on the minerals you eat and these are found in nuts, green vegetables, and oatmeal as well as milk, cheese and egg yolk.

MOST nurses suffer with their feet, and yet the fact that they know the cause of the trouble and the correct medical remedy for their discomfort does not seem to help them in the slightest degree with the problem. In these days you cannot afford to suffer with your feet and the business of taking care of them properly by choosing the right shoes, doing the right exercises and paying attention to pedicure is of the utmost importance to your health as well as to your good looks.

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Son of a Tinker (*Continued from page 19*)

"That's the first time I've been called that," said Old Matt.

Eamon Oge emptied his budget four or maybe five times that first week, and besides he got orders and the promise of orders.

On Saturday evening Old Matt called him into the office.

"Good work, Callahan, me boy!" he said.

"I'll do better yet when I'm organised proper," said Eamon Oge a little boastfully. "How much?"

The old man counted out twenty-seven shillings and four coppers.

"Begobs!" cried Eamon Oge. "I didn't see as much money at one time since I got me bounty out of the Kerry Militia."

"You'll see more yet if you disremember the dishonest place of your nativity. Listen now; don't waste your money on drink."

"I will not," said Eamon Oge, "but all the same I'll have a single solitary pint to take the country dust out o' me mouth, an' if it's a stale pint I'll wet the eye o' someone with it."

"Leave you Natty alone!" warned the old man. "He might hurt you bad, an' no man likes to see his son hurted—much."

Eamon Oge had his one pint of stout, but there was the taste of dust still in his throat, so he had another; and then a man he knew came into the bar, and that meant two more pints—and then two more. And when he waked up on Sunday afternoon his throat was like a limekiln, and he walked three miles to a *shebeen* and got drunk on villainous new poteen. And when he waked early on Tuesday morning in a hayshed he had not as much as a brass farthing in his pockets. He was tattered and torn, and there was white hayseed in his black hair, but his face was not haggard, and his eyes were not bloodshot, for he was one tough and seasoned man.

He went directly and unhesitatingly to Murnahan's store.

"Ah! There you are at last," said Old Matt sadly stern.

"I came to get the sack out o' your own mouth," said Eamon. "I been drunk since Saturday."

"What do you think I expected from a tinker boy?" inquired Old Matt. "You'll get sacked for only one thing, and if you want to know what that is cheat me of a penny and you'll find out. Give me that budget, and away in to your breakfast."

"Be the Lord Harry!" cried Eamon Oge. "You're the man for me, Matthew Murnahan."

And so Matthew Murnahan was. The two pulled amicably together for three years. Eamon Oge was no longer a peddler; he was a pedestrian commercial agent, and the budget mostly carried packed samples. He was many times a better business-getter than son Ignatius, and Ignatius knew it and hated him for it.

In his private life he became more or less civilised. He no longer drank—like the tinker—while he had money in his pocket. He was even saving a little; sometimes forgot that he was a tinker, and ran the risk of being ashamed of the tribe from which he sprang.

And then, and it is a pity that the so obvious has to be stated, Eamon Oge noticed that Matthew Murnahan had a daughter. He had been seeing her for all of three years before he noticed her; for she was callow and bony under a thin freckly skin, and had red hair without a sheen.

Matthew Murnahan could have given his daughter an expensive college education. "To hell with that," said he. "She'll be like her mother before her, God rest her soul—good behind the counter, better in the kitchen, and—well! I won't go further." So at the age of sixteen, he installed her behind the office window.

She took to the life of the store like a duck to water. for she was sensible and her father's daughter. In no time at all she was running the office; and soon she was doing all the ordering for the business; and on busy market days she was not above giving a hand behind the counter. She, rather than Natty, was her father's right hand; for Natty had a vice in him, and his father knew that if the whelp got a chance he would make ducks and drakes of the business.

And then, almost overnight, Roisin Murnahan was a young woman. She blossomed like the rose her name, and old Mother Nature stood back brushing her hands at a neat job, as much as to say: "Off with you now and do a neat job for me!" And the first job Roisin set about was on Eamon Oge Callahan.

Eamon Oge really looked at her for the first time. He blinked and looked again, and it was the man's look. She was lank no longer and freckled no longer, but her hair was redder than ever. Her skin was delicately fine now, and the thinness of it was a translucence; her eyes had the virgin dreaming lustre; and when she smiled, any one would know that her smile was priceless.

Though Eamon Oge hadn't noticed Roisin for three years, she had noticed Eamon Oge. He had that something in him that took a girl's eye and fancy: the fine pallor of his grave face, his lashed devil's eye, these, or maybe something else altogether.

So now, when he looked at her with that new look in his eye, she blushed; and Eamon Oge was knocked right off his perch.

"Why Roisin Rhu!" said he, and he put a twist into that Roisin Rhu—his little red rose—that made her blush again. But in her own mind she said: "Time for you!" and proceeded to do her woman's work.

Now, Eamon Oge was into her office every chance he got, cheek by cheek with her over a book of patterns, his brown hand touching her white one; or arguing with her over his week's commission, and she not yielding him a penny more than his due; and sometimes he would tease her, and she, the quick learner, was able to pay him back in his own coin. But always he could bring the colour to her face and the shyness into her eyes with his tongue round Roisin Rhu; but that blade was double-edged.

He grew civilised altogether. His shapely round jowl was blue shaven each morning. He sported a sound pair of worsted trousers and a homespun sports jacket; and his tie was a brilliant red against a shirt of dark green. Any woman at all would look at him twice. So.

One evening in May, Eamon Oge, sort of by accident, met Roisin Rhu coming home from a mission sermon. He turned and walked home with her. That religious revival lasted ten days and it damn near made a Christian out of Eamon Oge—and maybe not. He went every evening and listened to the hour-long sermons and walked home each evening with Roisin Rhu. And on the tenth night his arm was round her waist, and at the gable-end of the house he kissed her ear and then her chin and at last her mouth. And there they were.

Eamon Oge had started that philandering just out of natural devilment. For, how could a tinker youth aspire to his boss's daughter? And how could a merchant's daughter stoop in marriage to a tinker's son? They were in no hurry to stop all the same, but they were very careful to keep their courting secret. Eamon Oge, clear eyed, began to curse himself at last, and Roisin Rhu knew she was head over heels in love. The first time they were careless they were caught.

That was a night in the fall with a full harvest moon—the lovers' moon—and they paused for a last kiss. And as bad luck—or good—would have it, her brother Ignatius came round the corner. And there was a tinker with an arm round a respectable girl's waist, and her red head under the tinker's ear. Natty let a bellow out of him and leaped.

One great hand clutched the tinker by the collar—clutched and squeezed so that Eamon Oge strangled until a stud gave way.

"Into the house, you slut!" Natty roared. He shook Eamon Oge. "The tinker at his

THERE'S

a little house that I pass every day—red roof, and white walls with green shutters—you know the sort of house I mean. It's set in a pleasant spot, nearly at the top of the hill that looks down into the village of Somney. A very attractive garden too, not too formal. It's a credit to young Mr. Wise, the occupant. I usually see him, clad in an old suit and a very old hat, pensively studying his garden and looking as if he is wondering what he is going to do next. But I have never actually seen him doing anything yet.

Occasionally a trill of song comes from the house, and once I saw Mrs. Wise, a pretty, happy-looking little person. Yes, she was leading the infant Wise (a merry youngster of three or so) out to the garden for his father's inspection. There were traces of jam on the infant Wise's face.

I often sigh a deep bachelor sigh of self-pity as I pass the Wise household. They seem to have discovered the secret of complete contentment.

Oh, and did I tell you? I saw on their bathroom window ledge one morning a red and white tube. That's why I christened them the Wise Family.

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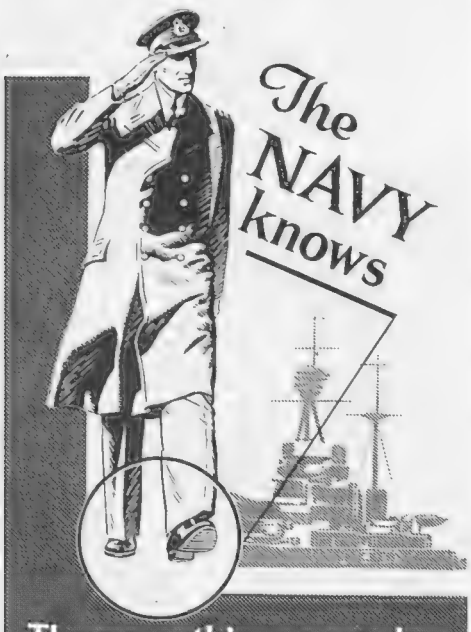

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tricks! Come on you swine, an' let me da' talk to you."

Roisin looked at Eamon Oge and saw his arms were hanging idly.

"Eamon Oge!" she cried at him, her voice a bugle.

"I will not, Roisin," said Eamon Oge firmly. "What's the good o' beltin' him now? Go on in. I'll talk to your da'."

"You will that," growled Natty, giving him another shake. "You will, and after that meself will kick you a mile o' the road."

Roisin went in then by the kitchen door, and Eamon Oge let Natty drag him in by the side door to the store. Old Matt was in the front office looking over his books under an electric bulb. Natty thrust his captive inside. The old man looked up, and one hairy eyebrow came down.

"Look at him, da'!" cried the son. "I caught him coortin' Roisin, an' the both o' them kissin' like hell an' all."

The other eyebrow came down, and the grey gimlet eyes pierced into Eamon Oge. Eamon Oge nodded at him and spoke quickly.

"Your daughter is a respectable girl, Matthew Murnahan. We're fond o' each other, and I'm to blame."

"Respectable!" cried Natty, "an' she kissin' a tinker!"

"I'm not surprised at that one bit," said Old Matt equably. "I noticed them circlin' round one another, but I thought Roisin would gather a bit o' sense along the way. I dunno about you, Eamon Oge?"

"I do," said Eamon Oge. "I haven't enough sense to blind the eye of a needle."

"When did you find that out?"

"This very dam' minute," said Eamon Oge. "I know dam' fine you won't give your daughter to a tinker."

"Small right have I to talk down to tinkers," said Old Matt. "My own gran'-father was a trick-o-the-loob man, an' spent six months in jail—a year it should be. Do you want my daughter, Eamon Oge?"

"Stop your blatherin', an' give me the sack," said Eamon Oge.

"I'm not deceivin' you, I can see that," said the old man. "If the truth has to be told I don't want my daughter to marry a tinker's son."

"I'd marry her in spite of you if I could keep her dacent."

"Not while I have a hand on me," threatened Natty.

The old man tapped on the desk, making up his mind. At last he spoke.

"This is bad work, but I want to be fair, and I will be fair. Listen to me, Eamon Oge! When Roisin marries I'll put five hundred pounds into her hand." He tapped the desk again. "Put your five hundred down on that desk and we'll talk match-making."

"You've said enough," said Eamon Oge, to whom five hundred was as much as a million. "The sack it is."

"I keep my business in its own department," said Old Matt, "and you the best business getter I ever met. Man alive! I was thinking o' getting another van and it for you. I'd be patient, Eamon Oge. You ever hear of the lad that worked seven years for a father's daughter?"

"That's only a story," said Eamon Oge. He looked keenly at Old Matt. "You're not sackin' me?"

"Sack yourself if you want to. I know how to take care o' my own daughter. Go on into the kitchen now, and she might have your supper ready for you. Natty, you'll go to your bed, for gom an' all as you are I wouldn't like to see you hurted—much. Off with ye!"

Eamon Oge found Roisin in the kitchen, but she had no supper ready for him. She sat at the end of the table, her chin in her hands, and looked unsmilingly at him as he came in the door. She had character.

"What did my father say?" she asked.

"He's a man in his own way. He only asked me to buy you for five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred! You've only forty."

"Begobs! when I marry you, Roisin Rhu, I won't be able to hide a pound from you." He hopped on the (*Continued on page 72*)

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table at her side. "The oul' fellow was talkin' of a lad that worked seven years for a father's daughter."

She slapped the table as he had seen her father slap it.

"You could do it in five years."

He put his hand over hers on the table.

"Would you wait five years for me, Roisin Rhu?"

"I would." She put her other hand over his and pressed gently. "I would do more than that." Her hand tightened. "If you say the word I'll run away with you this very night. Amn't I the fool o' the world?"

"You are. You know what it means?"

"Hunger and want, I know well."

"You don't know at all. Me hands are soft for pick or spade, but I might get a job in Cork or Dublin; and live in a tenement house, with families like rabbits above and below. You'd be lonely, and I'd take to drink, and in the end we'd come to hate."

"We wouldn't, and I don't care," said Roisin stubbornly.

"I do. I'm a rogue, but I'm not that sort o' rogue." He pushed her hands away roughly, and hopped off the table.

She rose to her feet too and turned to him; but before they could put a hand on each other Matt Murnahan opened the door from the store. He looked at them, but all he said was:

"Go to your bed, Roisin."

"I'm off to me bed, too," said Eamon Oge.

Old Matt put a staying hand on his arm.

"I'll not be deceivin' you, Eamon Oge Callahan," he said.

"I'd deceive you, you oul' divil, if I could," said Eamon Oge.

"I know. I had no conscience myself at your age, an' now I'm findin' it a dam' nuisance. Listen to me! There are three things you can do. You can steal Roisin from me—and that is the end of her. An' second, you can work your seven years saving your money. 'Tis there that I'll not be deceivin' you. Listen, boy, again! I am goin' to marry off Roisin before two months are over your head. I have the man in my eye, and him ready."

"And that's the end o' her as well. What is the third thing?"

"You'll have to find that out for yourself." He opened the back door and pushed Eamon Oge out. "Off to your bed now."

EARLY on Saturday afternoon Eamon Oge was footing it back to Cairnglass from Moynalty way. His budget was empty, and all his loose ends were tied.

At the crossroads of Curraheen he sat down for a last rest before facing the final three miles into Cairnglass. Inside the fence a farmer and his son worked across towards him and paused to pass the time of day. Then the purr of a motor engine came to them, and they turned to see a green motor van exceeding the speed limit.

"Natty Murnahan!" said he.

"You'll get a lift in?" said the farmer.

"I mightn't, but there's no harm in tryin'," said Eamon Oge.

He slipped off the fence, and held up his hand. Natty saw him, but he only hooted his horn, and the van seemed to come faster. The van took the turn on a wide tyre-screaming curve, came over to the wrong side, and . . .

Eamon Oge had to leap for his life.

He had time to leap, there is no doubt about that. But his foot twisted on a stone, and he went down on his hands. He leaped from there forward and aside, and just made it. The mudguard brushed his shoulder. But his empty budget leaped above his head and hooked the handle of the cab as it flashed by. Luckily the shoulder strap broke at the wrench, but Eamon Oge lifted into the air, turned a clean somersault, landed with a jarring shock on his heels, and fell forward on his face.

He lay flat for a moment, lifted himself on his hands, looked at the van sliding to a halt, and quickly fell on his face again.

Natty and the harvesters arrived together. The boy—a tall young fellow armed with a two-prong fork—was furiously white.

"You'll hang for this, Murnahan," he shouted.

"I barely touched him," Natty shouted back. "He thrun himself under the wheels, an' I had to swerve to avoid him."

"Look at your wheelmarks, you rotten liar! I got a dam' good mind to bed the prongs of this pike in your yalla gizzard."

The farmer was turning Eamon Oge carefully over. Eamon Oge's face was white, but it always was, and blood was trickling from his nose. His eyelids flickered open.

"Am I kilt dead?" he inquired faintly. "Me back is broke, I can't move me legs."

"I barely touched him, I tell ye," wailed Natty.

The farmer looked up at him with a savage eye.

"You can tell that in court an' perjure yourself," he said, "an' we'll swear to what we know and saw."

"But I'm tellin' you——"

"Shut up! You'll take him to hospital now, and we with you."

Eamon Oge was still unconscious when they got him to the hospital at Cairnglass.

THE house surgeon came into the waiting room and looked cold eyed at Matthew Murnahan slumped on a bench. Every citizen in Cairnglass had looked cold eyed at Murnahan and Son for the last ten days.

"Is he any better, doctor?"

"He'll be a lot worse, Murnahan. As far as I can judge he is at the beginning of a trouble we don't know much about on this side—spastic paralysis."

"Paralysed! Oh, murther! A cripple for life."

"Perhaps. You can scrape him with a pin anywhere below the hips and he barely feels it."

"Can't he be cured?"

"He may be. They cure the trouble in the States I believe—in three months or three years. A process of re-education."

"Three months!" Old Matt mused aloud. "That's long enough." He looked up keenly at the surgeon. "Could I talk to him?"

"You can." The surgeon smiled grimly. "He'll do business with you all right. He did some yesterday that may not please you."

Eamon Oge's still body was outlined under the white coverlet, his brown hands lay outside it, his calm face was as white as the pillow, but his blue eyes were calmly alive.

Old Matt placed a strangely gentle hand over Eamon Oge's.

"I'm sorry to see you like this, boy."

Eamon Oge looked at him unsmilingly. Only his lips moved.

"How's Roisin? Ye wouldn't let her come to see me—but she came. Murnahan an' Son ha' got me where they wanted."

"That's a lie and you know it. 'Tis yourself has got me where you wanted, but I'm not blamin' you. Natty, the gom, was at fault and you have two good witnesses." He paused, and came to the point. "I don't want this case to go into court, Eamon Oge. I'll pay any damages in reason."

"Would three thousand be in reason?"

"No, by hell! I'll fight on that. Make it half and I'll talk."

"I'll not take half. I'll take five hundred pounds—no more and no less."

Matt shook his head pityingly.

"You poor young fool. Is that notion still in your mind, and you a cripple?"

"I'll be out of here in a week, if I have to go on crutches, and for that week me offer stands. After that I'll fight you in all the courts o' earth or hell for what I can get."

"Is that your last word?"

"Take it or lave it."

"Very well so!"

IGNATIUS MURNAHAN was having his tea in the kitchen. His sister, Roisin, slapped the teapot on the stand, and hot brown liquid spattered his big fleshy hands.

"Damn you! Get out o' here!"

"I will not get out of here." She was bitter. "I want to watch you gulping your food and hoping every bite will choke you."

"Your look is enough to pison the bite in me mouth."

"Don't talk to me of poison—I'm tempted enough as it is."

"You can pison Oweny Gallon next month. His da' was in match-makin' all yesterday——"

There was a scrape at the back door, the latch lifted, and there stood Eamon Oge himself. There was a crutch under his left oxter and a hazel stick in his right hand.

"God save all here!" He gave the customary salute, glanced at Natty and added: "but maybe I'm asking too much."

He closed the door and stumped into the kitchen.

"Get out o' here—you robber!" Natty roared. "Me da' settled with you, an' I'll settle you for good an' all if you don't get out."

"Get out yourself, you slob," said Eamon Oge quietly stern. "I want to talk to Roisin."

Natty took a stride towards him, but Roisin stepped between.

"Would you hurt a man and him crippled?"

"Crippled or not, let him get out o' here."

"Whoa! Whoa!" said Eamon Oge, "and I after promisin' his da' not to hurt him—much."

He stumped to the store door and locked it, laid his crutch and stick carefully amongst the tea things, and nodded at Natty.

"I am doin' a foolish thing, I know," he said, "for I'll never make a man o' you. You're yalla at bottom, but I'll put a stake on the board to give you a false courage. Take a look at this!"

He thrust a hand into his inside breast pocket, brought forth a thick wad of bills, and ruffled the edges with his thumb.

"Look! Fifty ten pound notes I took off your da'——"

"You tricked him, you ——"

"Maybe it was a trick, an' here's your chance o' turnin' the trick back on me. See! I am puttin' the money down here on the table. Now I'll throw you out that back door or you'll throw me, an' if you do the money is yours, an' I am finished for ever and a day."

"Eamon Oge you fool!" cried Roisin, wild with dismay.

Natty gave a bellow half of rage and half of laughter, and sprang on Eamon Oge, his huge hands clutching.

Eamon Oge slipped away from the table on feet that were not crippled, but he did not slip backwards. He slid forward and aside neatly as a cat, ducked under the pawing hands, and pulled the trigger on his right—and pulled it hard. Natty's thick jowl jerked up, his buck teeth clicked, and he tottered on his bending legs.

"That was too hard, maybe," said Eamon Oge, "but we'll go easy for a bit—this way." He slid in and gave Natty a softish prod in the diaphragm, and Natty's head came forward. "I'll not hurt you—much." And he clouted Natty round-arm over one ear. "But I'll laive me mark on you where it won't show." And he bent Natty the other way with a swinging welt in the short ribs.

The big fellow did not launch one real blow, and merely pawed with his hands. And Eamon Oge, moving in and out on his boxer's feet, thumped him this way and that way in the general direction of the back door.

"Time is short, an' I hear your da'," said Eamon Oge at last. "I'm not forgettin' that you bled my nose, so here goes." And he gave Natty one real up-driven smasher on his flesh proboscis. Blood spurted, and Natty sat down hard against the back door.

Eamon Oge caught him at the back of the neck and flung the door open. He did not need to throw the big slob out, for Natty dragged free from his grip and went out of doors in a frog's leap.

Eamon Oge banged the door and turned round.

"Oh, you devil!" cried Roisin. She had barricaded herself behind the table. "You weren't thinking of me at all."

"That poor gom!" He wasn't even breathing hard. "Your money was as safe as in a bank." He gestured a thumb sideways towards the store (*Continued on page 74*)

The duchess smiles a gracious smile

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door. "Your da' will have that door off the hinges."

The rattling at the door handle had given way to bangings.

"Let us not astonish the dacent man all at once," said Eamon Oge, and propped the crutch under his arm. "Let him in now."

Matthew Murnahan stood in the doorway. He let his old eyes slide past Eamon Oge leaning against the table.

"Where is Natty?" he demanded.

"He went out to stop his nose bleeding, but he's not hurted—much." said Eamon Oge resignedly.

"Was it with the crutch you hit him?" But before Eamon Oge could answer, "Callahan, are you after trickin' me?"

"I promised to be here in a week," said Eamon Oge, calm as the sky, "and here I am."

The old man glared at him. Then he waddled solidly across the room and sat in the chair at the table-end. He sighed heavily.

"Roisin, pour me a cup o' tea, an' stop bitin' your fingers."

She hurried to do that, and the two men, ignoring each other, watched her deft hands. The old man took a deep mouthful.

"Blast it! 'Tis as cold as bedam."

"'Tis your own temper that's too hot," his daughter told him.

"Now then, Roisin! The timper is dead on me." Without looking at Eamon Oge he put him a carefully casual question. "I suppose you made sure to cash that bit of a cheque, Eamon Oge?"

"I did so," said Eamon Oge. "Look at it!"

He reached a hand towards the table and blinked.

"Begobs alive! 'Tis gone——"

Roisin laughed half-angrily.

"You poor gamblin' fool! Did you think I'd let Natty take it, and I was afraid he would?" She touched below her young bosom. "I have it here safe for you."

Old Matt leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"It was her own money anyway," said Eamon Oge.

Son of a Tinker

"You're beat, Eamon Oge," said Old Matt, "and so am I. What'll she do to us next?"

"I'll tell you," said Roisin. "My husband and myself——"

"Would you marry a cripple?"

"Ask Natty the sort a' cripple I am," suggested Eamon Oge.

"Be quiet, you two!" Roisin slapped the table. "My husband and myself——"

"Wait, my girl!" said her father. "Don't go too far. If I was in your place, and driven to it, I'd buy that van you're thinkin' of an' cut the business in two. But I'm not drivin' you—though mind you I could hold you for a year. You're only twenty."

"Will you try?"

He rubbed his hand through his hair.

"Let us keep our tempers." He turned to Eamon Oge. "I'll talk to a man, and I need a man, and I have proved a man. I'll do business with you, Eamon Oge. I'll buy that third van, put you in charge, and pay you ten per cent of the takings."

Eamon Oge reached his hand out and had his mouth open to accept, but Roisin slapped his hand aside, and her voice was dominant.

"I'll do the bargaining. Listen, father! There's you, and there's Natty, and there's my husband. You'll assign him—my husband—one third of the business now with a controlling share when you retire—say fifty-one per cent." She smiled at her father but her eyes were watchful. "You'd give me more if I asked it."

Old Matt shoved his tea cup away and rose to his feet.

"Damn cold tea anyway! Eamon Oge, I have it in my heart to be sorry for you, and the wife you're gettin'. Come on out an' have a drink with me—an' bring your crutch, for I wouldn't like to be laughed at outside the family."

"One drink only," said Roisin.

"Whatever you say, Mrs. Callahan, ma'am," said Eamon Oge mildly.

END

The Anglo-Maniac (*Continued from page 27*)

become so tarnished in the mouths of your politicians and alleged statesmen. It had moved down into a place where it was becoming a synonym for hypocrisy. But—once you defend it, the word 'Democracy' takes on a new lustre. Roosevelt used it frequently in his last great inaugural speech; what is more, he actually defined our 'American' democracy. The first time I've ever heard it put into words.

But, for me, to define British democracy, I would go to Africa. I'll take Tanganyika as a case in point; that altruistically administered Mandate—and the black man.

For days, weeks, months I had been listening to German and Italian colonists saying what *they* would do if they had South West Africa, *if* they had Tanganyika, *if* they got Togoland and the Cameroons back again. They were so precise, concise (and bloodless) in their programmes; *they* had a plan.

"If *we* had this Mandate," boasted a huge Italian nobleman to me in Tanganyika, "we would have 50,000 Italian settlers here."

"But what would happen to the natives?"

"Natives?—they would work on farms."

And when I got to Dar-es-Salaam the white *British* settlers there button-holed me and all complained that the Government had no plan: "They have no plan for a white development of this country."

It did seem lamentable; the apparent official apathy, the absolute non-appearance, after holding the Mandate for twenty years, of a plan for a white development. But a weary Provincial Commissioner said to me:

"Look here," he said, "of course we've got no plan. I won't say we have all-embracing plans even for the native. And why should we? Has it ever occurred to you that what those fellows are yelling for (the white settlers) is just one half-step this side of Fascism? Fascism in Africa. Forget it."

Then he went on: "It *may* look sloppy, it *may* seem lack of initiative—this absence of plans. But believe me, the African is a lot happier under it. Better off, too. We as well. I tell you that if we rule justly—but with not too tight a rein—we will give the African a chance to evolve *his own* development. Otherwise, we are going to force him into the straitjacket of ours."

Now, if you can find anything more diametrically the opposite than that to Italian and would-be German colonization I would like to know what it is.

HELEN KIRKPATRICK made another interesting point when she said that one reason for your lack of understanding about America and Americans was that you did not teach American history in your schools. In all American schools of the 'public school' species, English History is a major subject; flunk that course, and your next year will be a horror to you—because, in addition to your next year's course, you will have to study English History as well. I know because, at Andover, I did flunk it. And I've always held a secret grudge against you English ever since; you have such a dramatic past. Blessed is the people who have no history.

But I was nothing like so mad as when, engaged to an English girl here, I discovered she had never heard of John Paul Jones. (At least, she pretended she hadn't.) Have *you* ever heard of John Paul Jones?

But, in a way, we are even worse. In the American municipal schools all the school books are selected by the School Board. The School Board used to be one of the great bits of graft in American politics. Get the elections to the School Board—and you had thousands upon thousands of dollars to spend every year: buildings, repairs, new equipment, books. Civic politics in the United States, especially in the big cities, were almost entirely in the hands of Irish politicians—the 'professional Irish.' And they were good English-haters.

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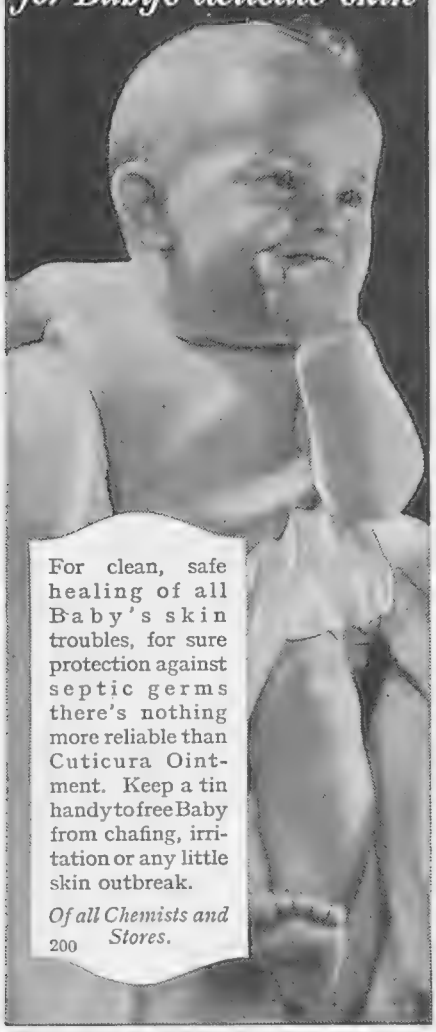

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The result was, that when History books came to be selected, those that showed the British up as dirty dogs in the war of 1776 were put on the roster. The result was that I grew up to the age of fourteen, I think, before I ever knew that when England was fighting against us in our war of the Rebellion she also had her hands full with other wars on the Continent. All I knew was that the English had brought over Hessian *Mercenaries* to kill American patriots—and that we chased them like hell, up Bunker Hill.

BUT, as this was not to be an emotional article, let's give something constructive. I do not think we will get very far—even with the present state of good-heartedness between us—if we just talk in grand generalities about bringing the two nations together. We must particularise. For example, as an American journalist I feel much closer to my brother English journalists than I do to an American banker. I never feel close to bankers. But bankers feel very, very close together. We have, for instance, the Bank of International Settlements—with the Basle mentality. And I heard an economist say the other day he was sure that Montague Norman felt much more of an affinity with Dr. Schacht than he felt for Ernest Bevin, and that Dr. Schacht probably felt a better understanding with Montague Norman than he did with Hitler. All of which sounds very ominous.

My practical suggestion is this: These big bankers and the big business men have long, long ago had good understandings, usually secret understandings, between themselves. They don't need any encouragement. But we do. Therefore, send more of your men like Sir Walter Citrine to talk to the labour men in the United States. Arrange to see that English, American, Canadian, Australian, New Zealand journalists get together—have an interchange, especially a frequent meeting between these men who, after all, do shape the opinion of their different countries. You are at the commencement of a mutually-understanding block of the English speaking people. That is a combination that no crunch of war will crack. And just because the statesmen failed to form this combination that is no valid reason why we should not succeed. The average good journalist is, in fact, always at heart an internationalist. *He has seen through too many statesmen.*

Form such combinations. Don't let all this get-together business be carried on at the top.

END

A Memory for Faces

(*Continued from page 9*)

preferred not to be overheard by the hotel operator. He walked back very slowly, his mouth set in a hard thin line.

His secretary's eyes were cold and watchful when he tried to apologise for his hasty departure the night before.

"Forget it," she snapped. "You're entitled to ditch me if you wish. After all, I'm only a twenty dollar a week machine that does shorthand and typing. I've no feelings."

Her bitterness startled him a little.

"Look here," he said urgently, "I can't explain now. But will you dine with me tonight?" She hesitated, but his eyes were pleading. "I know you'll forgive me when I explain."

She tossed him a nod, but it was enough.

They dined in the Astor Grill. Linda looked a dream in a new olive-green frock which showed off her red hair.

The turbot had disappeared before he ventured to say what was in his mind.

"Linda, my dear," he stammered; it was the first time he had called her by her Christian name, "I'm sorry about last night, but the fact is that I saw someone I knew and couldn't afford to let him get away." He halted lamely. "I know this is awfully thin but I can't say any more. Do forgive me, please."

Her face had softened when he called her "Linda," and she did not seem to hear his words. Only when (*Continued on page 76*)

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he paused did she look up, her hand on his.

"That's all right. I guess I was a bit upstage this morning."

He smiled gratefully. "I'm afraid you'll think this awful cheek," he said, keeping his eyes on her face, "but I want you to do something which you might not like."

"You're the boss," she smiled across the table.

He hesitated. "This doesn't come within your duties. It's a personal matter." She said nothing. "Could you move out of your apartment for a week or two?"

"Move?" she gasped.

He nodded. "I want you to take a room at the Lexington Hotel and try to get friendly with a man named Lupagos."

She screwed up her eyes. "What on earth——"

"Look here," said Cunningham briefly, "I can't tell you much now except that this man's dangerous and I believe he's up to no good in New York." The quick sharp way he talked kept her from interrupting. She contented herself with a short nod.

"My idea is for you to get into this man's suite." He looked a little embarrassed. "You might have to lead him on a little, and, I'm afraid, it won't be awfully pleasant. I suggest that you tell him you're a chorus girl out of a job. If I'm not mistaken, he won't give you much peace after that."

She looked at him keenly. "I guess it's pretty important to you, isn't it?"

He nodded. "I have a shrewd idea that Lupagos is engaged on some crooked work that means no good for England."

Linda inspected her fingernails. "If I manage to vamp this snake, what then?" she said slowly. "And what about my work?"

"Don't worry about that," said Cunningham. "I'll report that you're ill or something, and get a girl from another department."

TWO days later she rang him at the office. "I can't say much," she said urgently. "But I've contacted our man." Her rich laugh drifted towards him. "He's a mean guy alright. I haven't been in his rooms yet, but I think he'll spring the idea any minute now. He lunched me today and wants me to go to a movie with him tonight."

"Splendid!" Cunningham broke in excitedly. "If he takes you back to his suite after the show, find some excuse to get him out for a few minutes. Send him down to your room for your powder puff or something. You've got the wax?"

"Yes, leave it to me, Sherlock!" She tried hard to keep a little shakiness out of her voice. "Let's hope this doesn't go on for long. He's an ugly wop."

That little catch in her voice worried Cunningham. He had half a mind, even now, to call off the whole thing. But he felt in every fibre that his hunch about Bellini was sound. If Linda succeeded in making a wax impression of the lock, it might only be a matter of hours before he was on to something important.

It seemed an eternity before she called him next morning.

"It's okay," she announced. "I've got the impression, but I'm through with this job. I'll tell you all about it at lunch. I think I deserve a meal at the Waldorf-Astoria, don't you?" She laughed.

"Meet me in the lobby at one," he jerked back.

Only when he saw her did he realise how much he had missed her. "It seems like ages since Thursday," he said quickly, steering her towards a corner table.

"You're telling me!" she smiled, a little ruefully. "That Lupagos certainly expects action from his girl friends." She shuddered with distaste. "We danced in his apartment, and he tried to introduce a lot of ideas they don't teach you in dancing school."

"You've been marvellous, my dear," he said quietly, "but you mustn't let me down now. I've got the impression of the lock and I'll get a key cut today, but I must get into Lupagos's suite while he's out. Do you think you could stand just one more evening with him?"

She crinkled her nose. "Well, if I must. . . ." She raised her glass. "Anyway, Jack, here's to whatever you're after."

He set down his glass with a little laugh. "I may be mysterious about this, my dear, but you don't say much about yourself, either."

"There's nothing to be mysterious about. My father was killed in the last war, at Neuve Chapelle. Mummy died last year, here in New York." Her voice failed but she clung to the smile. "I've got an uncle who's in the War Office or something in London, and he wangled me a job with the Purchasing Commission."

Cunningham said nothing, but his eyes were warm and sympathetic. He broke the tension by returning to the job in hand.

"Could you get Lupagos out of the hotel for an evening, tonight or tomorrow?"

"Sure. He's asked me to go with him to Madison Square tomorrow night. Max Baer's fighting." She seemed to be reflecting. "The suite ought to be empty by nine o'clock. I'll ring you if there's a hitch. By the way, 'phone me at the hotel about midnight. I'll make up some sort of a tale and get away from Lupagos when we get back. I'm not spending more time with that bird than I need!"

"It's a bargain," grinned Cunningham. "And one of these days I'm going to give you a meal without trying to persuade you to do something beastly in return!"

JUST twenty-four hours later, Cunningham was in the Italian's suite.

He stayed there an hour without finding anything of interest. The safe behind a picture looked promising, but he was unable to open it.

He was about to leave the suite, feeling most dejected at his lack of success, when his eye lighted upon the blotting-pad on the desk. Bellini seemed to be a "doodler;" there were several crudely drawn designs of what looked like cigars divided into three. On the pad by the telephone Cunningham spotted more of these curious patterns.

He took a last look round to make sure that the rooms appeared undisturbed, then he switched off the light and pulled back the curtains. By the door he paused for a moment, startled by something rustling outside. He strained to hear, but there was nothing, and he dismissed the rustling as a product of his imagination. As he closed the door behind him, Cunningham nearly tripped over something soft and sprawling on the mat. Straightening, he was surprised to see a big Alsatian wagging its tail and nuzzling against the door.

Cunningham was afraid that the dog would start barking, but it seemed to have a large juicy bone between its jaws. As he stooped to pat its back he noticed something white in its collar. Conscious of a strange excitement, he extracted a tiny slip of paper attached to the dog's collar with a paper-clip. In red ink was written:—

"23. wgqdyn. 21 h. ghkl. B."

Hastily replacing the message, he jotted down the mysterious letters on a slip of notepaper and entered the lift. Back in his own room, he tried to decipher the message but could make nothing of it beyond a feeling that something very strange lay behind that cryptic paper in the dog's collar. His voice trembled when he rang the Lexington at midnight. If anyone had told him a year ago that a seasoned criminal lawyer could feel so nervous he would have laughed out loud.

"Is that you, Linda?" he burst out. "I'm so glad! Where's L.?"

"He brought me back half an hour ago and said he was tired. My feeling is that he's busy tonight. He was as jumpy as a kitten all the evening."

"Good," he snapped, as something crossed his mind. "Check out of the hotel tonight and report to the office in the morning as usual." As if aware that he had spoken sharply in his excitement, he lowered his voice. "Goodnight, my dear child, and thanks for all you've done."

But when they met in the morning he flashed her a quick smile and was gone. Linda did not see him again that day. At

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eleven o'clock he had acquainted the head of his department with what he knew about Bellini.

"Once things entered the code stage I knew I was out of my depth," he said with a boyish smile.

"Quite right," grunted the Chief. "This may be dynamite. I've sent for Thomson and he'll be here soon. He's one of the best men in the counter-espionage business."

Fifteen minutes later, Thomson arrived. Nothing more unlike a secret agent could be imagined. He pocketed the code message at once but, to the amazement of the lawyer, seemed most interested in the Italian's "doodles."

"A cigar-shaped pattern, eh?" he kept repeating. "Divided into three sections, you say?"

Cunningham nodded impatiently. "But what about that message?" he inquired, a little tartly.

Thomson did not look up. He was drawing something on the Chief's blotting-pad.

"Would it be anything like this?" he demanded, pushing the pad towards Cunningham. The latter nodded, still mystified.

That nod seemed to galvanize Thomson. He sprang upon the telephone, dialed a number, and drummed restless fingers on the desk while he was being put through.

"Headquarters?" he said crisply. "Give me Inspector Ames at once. You bet it's urgent. Tell him it's Thomson. Yes." He looked up to wink at Cunningham, then his head jerked back again to the mouthpiece. "Charlie? I want you to come over pronto. 55, Wall Street, room 224. Urgent? Say, this is a Federal business. And take down this message, will you?" He read out the mysterious numbers and letters which had been written on the slip. "Get your best man to break that message. Okay."

He smiled as he replaced the receiver.

"I've got the Federal Bureau working now," he announced. "We've been watching Lupagos or Bellini since Sir Reginald King wired me three months ago."

It seemed like hours before Ames of the F.B.I. arrived; actually, it was only a quarter of an hour. He looked very tough and businesslike as he shook hands with the others. Taking stock of that thick neck, the broad shoulders and needle-like mouth, Cunningham decided that Mr. Ames, the G-man, was not a nice customer to cross.

Thomson put the facts before him with admirable brevity. Ames grunted several times, but his eyes gleamed when his colleague showed him the sketch of the cigar.

"Bone in the dog's mouth, you say?" he said to Cunningham.

"Yes."

"What's all this about a cigar," demanded the Chief.

Ames grinned broadly. "Well, if our suspicions are well-founded, that cigar design is one of the deadliest weapons in the sabotage business." Thomson nodded vigorously.

"One section of this apparatus," continued Ames, "is full of sulphuric acid. The other holds sugar and chlorate of potash. In the middle is a partition of copper through which the acid slowly penetrates. That turns your little cigar into an incendiary bomb with what is really a time-fuse arrangement."

"But what can Bellini have to do with this?" asked Cunningham.

Before Ames could reply the phone bell rang. The chief picked up the instrument and handed it to the G-man.

"Yes. What's that? Swell! Wait a minute." He fished out a stick of pencil and wrote something down on the pad. "I'll read it back. Twenty-three. Staten. Nine o'clock. Four. Signed B.' Give me O'Hara." He tilted his hat back and mopped his forehead. "This is Ames," he barked into the phone. "Take twelve men and surround the Hotel Lexington, Fifty-second Street. Watch for a guy named Lupagos, short, thick-set, height about five foot six, weight around 210 pounds. If he's ducked, contact the homicide car squad."

He grabbed his hat and jerked his head at Thomson.

"I'm coming," (*Continued on page 78*)

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snapped Cunningham. The G-man hesitated for a moment. "Okay, but it's at your own risk."

As the police car tore through the streets, Cunningham turned to the others.

"Can you give me any idea what's doing?" he grinned.

Ames handed him the decoded message.

"Twenty-three stands for the man getting the message," he grunted. "That's Bellini. Staten Island is where we're headin' for. Nine o'clock is when things are goin' to pop, I guess. What 'four' means I can't tell you. The signature, B, belongs to the man who sent the message. My men will check up on all the butchers in the locality."

It was 8.15 before they reached the foreign trade zone on Staten Island. Dimly, through the shadows, Cunningham noticed hundreds of lorries waiting to be unloaded. Thomson followed his glance and smiled.

"All that stuff's going over to John Bull," he remarked.

The car pulled up with a jerk, and Ames got out in a hurry. He returned with a posse of dock police, armed with truncheons and revolvers. "We'll need you," he told Thomson. "Our hunch was right, I guess. One of the biggest ships is leaving at nine o'clock tonight. It's loaded good and plenty with five hundred Lockheed engines."

Thomson whistled and followed Ames. Although the invitation had not included him Cunningham kept up with them. The bunkers of a large merchant vessel were being loaded when the squad arrived. In a matter of minutes the whole crew and every stevedore knew that the ship would not sail. While Ames and Thomson were cross-examining everybody on the ship the dock police made a thorough search of the cargo and hatches. It was midnight before they left the island, half-dead with hunger and fatigue. The police were still looking for infernal machines.

They drove back to the city in silence. As they swung into Manhattan the G-man turned to Cunningham.

"Maybe you'd like to come in and see Bellini," he said quietly. "My boys picked him up an hour ago."

At headquarters Cunningham snatched a cup of coffee and a doughnut; he had never been so hungry in his life. Ames led him into a sound-proof room with no other furniture than a heavy swivel chair in the centre. The Italian occupied it. His arms and legs were strapped down, and a policeman was standing over him with a rubber truncheon.

"Third degree?" whispered Cunningham.

Ames nodded miserably. "They've been grilling him for hours but he won't talk."

A Memory for Faces

"Have you searched his suite at the hotel?"

"We've been over it with a toothcomb," said Ames, "but we're licked, I guess."

"Of course, you can hold him on the faked passport charge," suggested Cunningham. He did not hear Ames's reply. One of the G-men had shone his torch full in the Italian's face. Cunningham darted forward excitedly.

"Have you examined his false tooth?" he demanded hoarsely. "I swear he didn't have that gold tooth when I saw him last."

The G-men hesitated, staring at the Englishman. Ames had gone, but Thomson moved across.

"Well, snap into it!" he barked. "Let's have a look at that tooth." A hefty policeman fell upon Bellini, who squealed with impotent rage while the tooth was yanked from his gum, none too gently. Thomson handed the plate to Cunningham in a handkerchief. Just then Ames appeared. He was beaming as he went over to Bellini.

"You'll be interested to hear, Signor," he said with mock politeness, "that the police on Staten have found several bombs made up to look like coal. But that coal won't be used as fuel when a certain ship sails for England tomorrow." A spasm of panic crossed the prisoner's face. "And your friend, the butcher, is talking plenty in the next room."

At these words Bellini trembled violently and suddenly collapsed with a low moan. Cunningham watched the G-men empty a bucket of cold water over the Italian before he grabbed Ames by the arm.

"The tooth was hollow, all right," he grinned. "Bellini rolled up a tiny thin piece of parchment paper and inserted it into the tooth. The back was fixed with a tiny piece of wax."

"You're smart, Cunningham," commented Ames, "and I'll lay dollars to doughnuts that your bit of parchment paper is going to interest some folks in Washington."

Cunningham lit a cigarette, his first in hours. "I've just got a good memory for faces, that's all."

"Let's have a drop of Scotch in my room," suggested Ames. "My mouth feels like a birdcage."

Cunningham shook his head. "I've got a call to make," he said briskly. "As a matter of fact, I'm going to ask a girl to marry me."

Ames walked out quietly. "The English are crazy, all right," he remarked to Thomson, "but, believe me, I'd rather be on their side of the fence when they're scrapping!"

END

This Year, Next Year (*Continued from page* 34)

now and then they have a half-price offer which means that they almost pay you. For instance, they only charged me 7s. 6d. for dyeing a pair of lined satin curtains, each three yards long, to a beautiful and light-proof bottle green.

Now I am planning to dig out every sweater and blouse I bought when "shocking" pink was all the go, and have them dyed brown to go with this year's tweed suit.

As far as furs are concerned, it really is madness not to have them stored professionally, if they will not be worn at all during the summer.

Pack your coat or cape off to a furrier, ask him to clean it and make any necessary repairs *now*, before bunny skins are the price of mink, and keep it in cold storage until you send for it. The cost of this is lower than you ever suspected, and you will infinitely prolong the life of your furs. Messing about with bran and other home methods of cleaning fur honestly is a waste of time and an extremely short-sighted economy, since a proper furrier's cleaning acts as a face-lift on any fur, and restores whatever lustre it may have lost in winter's fog and rain.

Clothes which are stored in drawers should have plenty of tissue paper stuffed into the shoulders and between the folds, to prevent cutting and irremovable creases, and, of course, you will put in the usual moth repeller and pack the drawer over with newspaper.

Shoes should be kept on proper trees, the kind that really fill in the shape of the shoe. If you haven't enough of these, don't use those springy heel-and-toe affairs. They put too much strain on the arch of the shoe and are inclined to bend it backwards if left in for any length of time. Stuff the toes with tissue paper instead.

If your nails poke holes in your girdles as you tug them on, slip on a pair of loose gloves for the job.

Which reminds me that gloves will be scarce, so make yours last. The tiniest wisp of cotton-wool in the finger-tips will stop your nails from wearing a hole. When holes do appear, don't throw the gloves away. Neatly patched, they will be most welcome before this war is over. Use sewing cotton for this, not silk, and buttonhole stitch round the patch.

END

1.5.41

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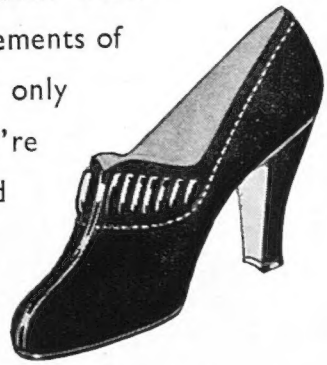

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FOOD

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QUESTIONS YOU ASK

Are potatoes really better for us if cooked in their skins?

Yes. In addition to some of the potato being wasted in peeling, cooking tends to extract mineral salts and lessen the health protection of this valuable food. The skin "seals in" the goodness and should be eaten, because it is itself of definite health value.

My child sadly misses his "apple a day" which I cannot now always manage. What can I give instead?

A well-scrubbed raw carrot. Carrots contain sugar which helps to satisfy the desire for sweets, and chewing is good for the teeth. Carrots also contain valuable protective vitamins and are good for the complexion.

My children don't much like meat. Is there any harm in their going without?

The chief value of meat is as a body builder, but the very best body building food for children is milk. As long as they get plenty of milk for building muscles, bones and teeth ; potatoes for energy; their ration of fats, and plenty of vegetables, your children should be all right. Have you taken advantage of the Government scheme for free and reduced price milk for children ?

I have heard potatoes save suet ; how is this?

Potatoes, like suet, are nourishing, warming and energising; though not quite in the same degree. Half the usual quantity of suet and an equal quantity of grated raw potato, added to your usual quantity of flour and mixed with a little water, makes a light crust, thus saving suet to use in something else. You will find many economical recipes in Food Facts Announcements in the newspapers and in the Kitchen Front Wireless Talks at 8.15 a.m. on weekdays.

Mary, Mary quite contrary,
Wouldn't learn anything new.
But Martha was wise
Used her wits and her eyes,
Her catering worries just flew.

FOOD — DON'T WASTE IT

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